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1875

# WASHINGTON

AND

# HIS GENERALS.

BY J. T. HEADLEY,

AUTHOR OF "NAPOLEON AND HIS MARSHALS," "THE SACRED MOUNTAINS,"

"THE ADIRONDACK," ETC.

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE.

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## PREFACE.

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The design of the following work is to group around Washington the chief characters and scenes of our Revolution. In all histories of that event, movements and results are given, rather than scenes; and hence, while the plan and progress are clearly developed, the heroic character and thrilling interest of the struggle are in a great measure lost. It thus *necessarily* becomes a matter of business, and the enthusiasm and fervor which characterized it, and indeed were the most remarkable *facts* of all, do not have their due prominence. In histories designed to give all the details and minutiae, both in the civil and military departments, this is almost inevitable.

It is a little strange that a war, embracing more of the romantic and heroic of any that ever transpired, should appear on record so tame and business-like. But, in the effort to render to every regiment and company its due honor, and to give an exact description of the *manner* in which every battle is fought, the *spirit* is necessarily lost sight of; yet the complete historian feels under obligation to do this. My plan does not confine me to such details; and hence, while I have endeavored to present a correct and accurate

description of every battle-field, I have often sunk minor movements and individual actions in order to prevent confusion. In writing the account of a campaign or battle for a military man, one needs to look on it from a different point of view than he would in writing for the general reader.

Again, in sketching the *men* who led our armies, I have left out those minutiae which would be considered indispensable in writing their separate lives, and preserved only their more important, characteristic acts. Hence it will be seen, that it is my object to give the eventful part of our Revolution, rather than its detailed history.

Washington standing amid his band of patriot generals, is to me the sublimest spectacle the history of the world furnishes. In watching them as they move together through the long midnight that enveloped our prospects, one finds something more to record than the chivalrous deeds of brave, ambitious men, or the triumphs of disciplined armies; there is the enthusiastic love of liberty, unconquerable resolution, the firm reliance on Heaven, together with all that is heroic in action. Risking their fortunes to gain, it might be, a halter—enduring privations, sufferings, and years of toil for the sake of principle—they present a group on which the eye rests with ever-increasing admiration.

In making out the list of those whom I should introduce, I was forced, in order to preserve any unity, to confine myself to the Major-Generals. These, under our system, correspond mainly to the Marshals of

France, being placed over wings and divisions of an army, and intrusted often with separate commands. Hence, in giving an account of their movements and their battles, the actions of Brigadier-General necessarily came in, rendering it impossible afterwards to furnish separate sketches of the latter without producing inextricable confusion. Some would think that such men as Morgan and Henry Lee, and Sumpter, and Pickens, and Clinton, and others deserve a prominent place, and so they do, but acting in a subordinate capacity, it is impossible to place them in any other relative position. Lee and Morgan especially, merit all the praise bestowed on any chief commander. I have therefore endeavored to render them and others justice, in describing the battles they helped to gain; and in an appendix, supplied their biographies. Colonel Hamilton, too, was one of the most important men of the Revolution; but as aid to Washington, his services partook more of the cabinet than of the field. As my design is to sketch the military part of the Revolution, and also to confine myself to the chief commanders, I have not incorporated him in the work.

In collecting materials, I have been surprised at the dearth of details necessary to give one a complete and clear conception of the battles fought. There is not an action in which Bonaparte was engaged, so barren of personal incident as every one of those in which Washington took a part. This is doubtless partly owing to the want of newspapers at that time. Our chief cities were in possession of the enemy, and hence

every republican press silenced. Besides it was a period of great dignity both in manner and language, and important characters were not spoken of with that familiarity they now are. This is one great reason why Washington's correspondence and writings appear so formal and restrained.

The incidents which have been preserved have come down to us by tradition. These our Historical Societies have gathered up with great care, though they are scattered over a wide space. Every one writing of a character or an event, jots down any interesting incident he may possess, whether belonging in that connection or not, solely to preserve it; and thus material lies separate and disjointed through our libraries. If I have in the present work rendered the history of our country any service, it is in gathering and grouping together those hitherto divided and diffused materials. It would be in vain for me to attempt to give all the authorities and papers I have consulted, and to which I am indebted. I have passed from one authority to another, consulting old newspapers, and a large collection of clippings of papers in possession of the Historical Society of New York, so that faithful reference to all my sources of information would be tedious and useless. But in writing the sketches of Arnold and Marion, I have followed almost exclusively the life of the former by Sparks, and of the latter by Simms. I have sought to be accurate in all the facts stated; and hence have left out many things of interest, which I believe to be true, because the evidence rests entirely

on some traditionary story. That I should frequently disagree with authorities esteemed reliable is inevitable, for they disagree among themselves. Where accounts clash, as they frequently do in an early history, one must be governed by his own views of the probabilities in the case. But my great labor has been in collecting facts illustrating the battles of the Revolution; I have avoided repetition as much as possible, but yet have chosen in some places to let this fault remain, in order to secure an object I could not reach without it. In going over the same scenes, and frequently over the same battles, it is not only inevitable but necessary to a clear narrative. A series of sketches ought never to be judged by the same rules as a connected history. They are not designed to have any relation to each other, any more than a separate collection of paintings; and to make one tame, in order to avoid repetition, appears to me a very questionable mode of treating men and their actions. Each should be judged by itself, and if it be complete, and true to nature and fact, that is all that can be expected.



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# I.

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## GEORGE WASHINGTON.

The Circumstances under which he appeared—His Early Life—Analysis of his Character—His Love of Adventure—His Impetuosity—His Self-control—Control over others—His Patriotism—His Farewell to his Army and Officers, and Congress—His Death.

THOUGH seemingly a contradiction, it is nevertheless true, that time only renders the character of Washington more clear, while the circumstances which developed it become more and more indistinct. One would think it indispensable to the correct estimation of a character, that we should have a definite knowledge of the events with which it stood connected, and of the influences that helped to form it. It is so, but we have to lose one thing to gain another—to sacrifice the right understanding which personal knowledge and direct contact give to secure the removed point of an impartial observer. In a struggle like that of our Revolution, characterized as it was by personal animosity divided sympathies, and, worse than all, by many disasters, the leader of it must always be more or less the victim of prejudice. It matters not whether he be a good or bad man, whether eulogized or condemned—feeling *will* have more to do with the verdict ren

dered than judgment. Bonaparte did not wish his life written till twenty-five years after his death, as he considered it impossible for the historians of that generation to view his career with an impartial eye. One might as well attempt to give a clear and correct description of the movements of the several columns of an army in a great battle, while he himself is in the smoke and confusion of the fight, as to be an unprejudiced historian of the times in which he lived, especially if they have been marked by the breaking up of old forms and relations, and the institution of new ideas and new experiments. Hence all great reformers are covered with obloquy in one age and canonized in another. As we recede from the scene of conflict and turmoil, we are apt to become more impartial. The point of observation is the safest point, and this cannot be secured except we stand at a distance. Thus Washington is more highly appreciated the farther removed the scenes become in which he lived. The Englishman forgets his national animosity, so bitter during the Revolution and immediately after it, and the monarchist lays aside his hatred of republican principles, to unite in an eulogy over the incorruptible patriot and hero. The whole world renders homage to the man, and will continue to do so to the end of time; yet no one can now fully appreciate the circumstances in which he was placed.

The American Revolution was an anomaly in the history of the world. For a feeble colony just struggling into existence,—without ships, without a regular army, and without munitions of war, to enter into open combat with the most powerful nation on the globe for the sake of a mere principle, was opening a new page

to the eye of monarchs, which it is no wonder they trembled to read. Bounded on one side by a limitless forest filled with hostile savages, and on the other by the ocean, whose bosom was covered with the fleets of her foes, she nevertheless stood up in the simple majesty of justice, and offered battle to the strongest empire in the world. National weakness, internal feuds and foes, the presence and power of colonial magistrates and governors, were disregarded, or seen only to excite higher resolution; and Massachusetts stood up in the midst of the gathering storm and called aloud to Virginia, and Virginia answered her, sending her cheering voice through the gloom. To bring harmony out of the discord that prevailed, produce strength from weakness, and create resources where they did not exist, was the work assigned to George Washington. How he succeeded amid the difficulties that beset his path, and for a period of seven years, filled as they were with disasters and sufferings, maintained his position, baffled his foes, and finally saved his country, will always remain a marvel to the historian of those times. Though we may now eulogize his character, we cannot estimate the fiery trial to which he was exposed. The immense burden that lay on his shoulders during those seven years of gloom and darkness, the obstacles that thickened as he advanced, the obloquy that would attend failure, and the misery that a single misstep might inflict on his country, and, more than all, the hopes of liberty intrusted to his care, combined to make him a prey to the most ceaseless anxiety, and render his life one of toil, mental activity, and fearful forebodings, sufficient to wreck the loftiest character.

All the details—those petty annoyances, hopes deferred, promises broken, aid refused or plans baffled by professed friends—are left out of the account when we reckon up his qualities and estimate his virtues. Yet these are often the severest tests of a man, and those who have stood firm as a rock and pure as gold under great trials, have fallen or failed in these lesser ones.

That was a gloomy hour for our country, when the British empire roused itself for our overthrow, and it required more than a prophet's vision to see light through the cloud that hung over our prospects. The Indian war had just closed, and the feeble colonies were beginning to emerge from the difficulties and hardships to which they had been exposed, when they were compelled to contemplate a new evil, to which all they had hitherto suffered and borne were but trifles. They had faced the dreary wilderness and lurking savage without fear, and cheerfully encountered every trial, and now, just as the night seemed past and the morning of prosperity dawning, a day so dark and appalling rose before them, that the firmest heart sunk for a moment in despondency. The little wealth they had hoarded, the few comforts they had at length succeeded in gathering around them, must be given up, and a war, the end of which no man could see, entered upon, or the liberty for which they had endured and suffered so long surrendered forever. Without arms or ammunition, without any of the means necessary to carry on hostilities, with nothing to rely upon but the justice of their cause and the protection of heaven, they nevertheless boldly entered on the doubtful contest. The trumpet of war sounded through

all our peaceful settlements, calling the artisan from his bench, the farmer from his plough, and the man of wealth from his repose, and the shock came. Our cities were ravaged, our towns laid waste, all our strongholds taken, and our citizens butchered, yet still the nation stood firm in her integrity and her purpose. At length defeat came, and with it despondency, and privations, and sufferings unparalleled, till at last the army became almost wholly disorganized, gradually melting away, and every thing trembled on the verge of ruin ; yet, serene amid the storm, stood Washington, sending his clear calm voice over the tumult, inspiring hope and courage when both seemed madness. Never before did such destinies hang on a single man, for it was not the fate of a continent which rested on the issue of the struggle, but of human liberty the world over.

Born in Westmoreland county, Virginia, February 22d, 1732, George Washington was forty-three years of age when appointed commander-in-chief of the American army. Educated only in the common schools, he was offered a midshipman's berth in the British navy when but fourteen years of age. This situation, obtained for him by his friends on account of his strong military tendencies, was at length given up at the earnest solicitation of his mother. She could not consent to have him at so early an age depart from under her influence and drift away into the temptations and trials with which his life would be begirt, and so George was kept at home, and the destiny of the world changed. Chosen by Lord Fairfax to survey his wild lands lying amid the Alleghanies, he then only sixteen years old,

departed on his arduous mission. The depths of an American forest, with its hardships and wild freedom, were a better school for the future commander-in-chief of the American army than the British navy would have been, and here he acquired that power of endurance which nothing seemed able to overcome. Now swimming his horse across swollen rivers, now struggling through swamps or over precipices, and now weary and exhausted, lying down on his bed of boughs—the trees his only covering, the young surveyor took his first lessons in those privations which he afterwards taught his army so heroically to bear. First as surveyor of Lord Fairfax, and afterwards as public surveyor, he spent three years almost wholly in the open air, sometimes in the forest, sometimes amid the settlements. Ardent, enthusiastic, and bold, the early dreamer stood amid the wilds of his native land, little thinking of the career before him, or of the glorious destiny that awaited his country. His name rudely carved on the bark of a tree, or chiselled in the rock, were the only mementoes he expected to leave of himself, while Fate was silently preparing to grave it on every foot of soil of this broad continent, and trace it above all earthly names on the scroll of fame.

Having performed his duty as surveyor so well, he was chosen adjutant-general, with the rank of major, over a portion of the militia whose duty it was to repel the encroachments of the French and Indians. In the meantime, however, he was absent four months in the Barbadoes with a sick brother. The next year, being then twenty-one years of age, he took the field with his militia to repel the French, who were establishing set

tlements on the Ohio. But first he was sent as commissioner by Governor Dinwiddie to demand of the French commander why he had invaded the king's colonies. For seven hundred and fifty miles, more than half of the distance through an unbroken wilderness, accompanied by only seven persons, he made his way to the Ohio. Across rivers and morasses, over mountains, through fearful gorges and amid tribes of Indians, the fearless stripling pursued his way, and at length, after forty-one days of toil, reached, in the middle of December, the end of his journey. Having concluded his mission, he set out in the dead of winter to retrace his dreary route. The horses after a while gave out, and the drivers were left to take care of them, while himself and Mr. Gist pushed on alone on foot through the wilderness. With his knapsack on his back and his gun in his hand, young Washington made his way through the deep snow and over the frozen ground, without a path to guide his footsteps or a sound to waken the solitude, save the groaning of trees swinging to and fro in the storm, or the cry of some wild animal in search of prey. Travelling in this manner, they came upon an Indian, who, under the pretence of acting as guide, led them off their route, and then shot at them. Sparing his life, contrary to the wishes of his friend, Washington soon got rid of him, and walked all night to escape pursuit. Coming to the Alleghany river, they found it only partly frozen over, and here the two friends laid down upon the bank in the cold snow, with nothing but their blankets over them; and thus weary and hungry passed the dreary night. The next morning they set to work with a single hatchet to build a

raft, on which they might cross the river. They worked all day long on the frail thing, and just after sunset succeeded in launching it on the turbulent stream. When nearly half across, huge fragments of floating ice came driving down the current, and jamming against the crazy fabric of logs, bore it downward and onward, threatening every moment to carry it straight to the bottom. Young Washington thrust his long setting pole firmly into the ground in front of the raft, in order to stop it till the ice and drift wood could pass by, but instead of arresting them, he was jerked overboard, into ten feet water, where he had to swim for his life. Unable to keep the raft, the two adventurers swam and waded to an island near which they were passing: here, amid frost and snow, wet to the skin, without a dry garment to wrap themselves in, or a blanket to cover them, or a spark of fire to warm their benumbed limbs—with their clothes frozen stiff upon their backs, they passed the long cold wintry night. Young Gist had his feet and hands frozen, while Washington, with his greater power of endurance, escaped. They were now without the means of reaching either shore, but the biting cold that benumbed their limbs and froze stiff the hands and feet of Gist, froze also the river so that when the morning dawned it was bridged over with ice between them and the shore they wished to gain. Escaping the shot of the Indian, the dangers of the forest, and death by cold, they at length, after an absence of eleven weeks, arrived safely at home.

When in imagination I behold this youth of twenty-one years of age in his Indian dress, his knapsack on his back and his gun in his hand, stealing through the

snow-covered forest at midnight, or plunging about in the wintry stream in the struggle for life, or wrapped in his blanket sleeping beside the ice-filled river, lulled by its sullen roar, I seem to behold one whom angels guard through the desperate training which can alone fit him for the stern trials that are before him.

The next year young Washington was made lieutenant-colonel, and at the head of only three companies boldly entered the wilderness. Encountering a detachment of the French advancing, he attacked it and took the commander and all prisoners, and thus opened the bloody French and Indian war. Soon after, however, he was invested by a superior force in Fort Necessity, a rude structure he had hastily thrown up, and after fighting bravely from eleven in the morning till eight at night in a drenching rain storm, was compelled to surrender. But the enemy obtained a barren victory, for a few pieces of artillery were all that Washington gave up, while he marched off with drums beating and colors flying.

Here Washington's military career commences. The next year he witnessed Braddock's bloody defeat, and by his boiling courage, reckless exposure of life, and firm resolution, succeeded in saving the wreck of the army. Appointed commander-in-chief of the Virginia forces, he used every effort to make them efficient, and to beat back the Indians, who were constantly making inroads on the frontier settlements and butchering the inhabitants.

But during the two years of constant toil and hardships that followed, his strength gave way, and he was compelled to retire from the service. A violent fever

laid him prostrate, and it was four months before he could again join the army. This year (1758) he commanded the advanced division of the army under General Forbes, in its march on Fort Duquesne, which he took. Returning home he retired to private life, and marrying Mrs. Martha Custis, a young, accomplished, and beautiful widow, he settled down a sober farmer, and the stirring career on which he had entered so early and pursued with such ardor, seemed ended. Nine years of quiet passed away in the bosom of his family, though he still took a deep interest in public affairs, and was looked upon as one of the chief men of the province. He was elected member of the House of Burgesses of Virginia during his last campaign, and his first introduction to that body has furnished us with an interesting piece of history respecting him. By a vote of the House, Mr. Robinson, the Speaker, was directed to express its thanks to Washington for his distinguished military services. This he did in a manner to suit himself, and poured forth such a strain of eulogy on the young commander, that he was wholly overcome, and when he rose to reply, could not stammer forth a single word. Out of this painful dilemma the eloquent Speaker helped him as generously as he had helped him into it. "Sit down, Mr. Washington," said he, in his most courteous manner, "your modesty equals your valor, and that surpasses the power of any language that I possess." Nothing could be more elegant or skilful than this double stroke, which not only relieved Washington, but paid him at the same time the highest compliment that could be bestowd.

But during the years that followed, his life, as be-

fore remarked, passed in comparative quiet. When not engaged in colonial affairs in the House of Burgesses, he was on his plantation at Mount Vernon. He was very fond of sporting. During the season of hunting, he would go on a fox chase almost every other day, and spent a good deal of his spare time in duck shooting, and was considered a capital shot.

But when the Stamp act began to be enforced, he took strong and decided ground with the colonies against the mother country, and was found among the first to lift his voice in defence of liberty. Guarding it with a jealous eye, he was ready at any moment to peril his life in its behalf. And although he deprecated a resort to arms, and looked upon it as the last argument to use, he nevertheless says, when speaking of the liberty of the people, "That no man should scruple or hesitate a moment to use arms in defence of so valuable a blessing is clearly my opinion." And when in 1774, the House of Burgesses appointed a day of fasting and prayer in sympathy with the people of Boston, whose port had been closed by act of Parliament, we find in Washington's private diary, "*I went to church and fasted all day.*" This shows how the question had taken hold of his soul, and his path from this time becomes clear as noonday. Elected a delegate to the first Congress, his calm resolute voice was heard in favor of freedom at all hazards.

After the battle of Lexington, it became no longer doubtful that the colonies must defend themselves by force of arms, and at the meeting of the second Congress, Washington was unanimously elected Commander-in-Chief of the American armies. Shrinking from

the tremendous responsibility of this appointment, he nevertheless accepted it, and from the same motives and in the same spirit he would have offered up his life. Declaring publicly on the floor of Congress, that he did not think himself equal to the command he was honored with, and refusing all pecuniary remuneration for his services, he boldly stepped into the gulf opened beneath his country, and wielded all his vast energies for her welfare.

#### HIS CHARACTER.

From this time, 1775, till 1783, when he bade farewell to his army, he moves before us like some grand embodiment of virtue and power. Whether bowed in fasting and prayer before God in behalf of his country, or taking the fate of the American army on his brave heart—whether retreating before the overwhelming numbers of the enemy, or pouring his furious squadrons to the charge—whether lost in anxious thought, as his eye seeks in vain for some ray amid the gloomy prospect that surrounds him, or spurring his frightened steed amid the broken ice of the angry Delaware in the midst of the midnight storm—whether galloping into the deadly volleys of the enemy in the strong effort to restore the fight, or wearing the wreath of victory which a grateful nation placed with mingled tears and acclamations on his brow, he is the same self-collected noble-minded, and resolute man.

Perhaps there never was a public character so little understood in the various qualities which go to make it up as that of Washington. He is called the father

of his country, and that phrase embraces the man. We contemplate the *perfected, finished* character, never thinking of the formation state. We look at the fruit alone, without asking what kind of blossom produced it. Or if we do go back to his boyhood and youth, it is to prove he was just as grave, moderate, and self-collected then as when a man. Such he is constantly held up to our youth; without passions without enthusiasm, governed always by judgment, and never by impulse; that is, a miniature man from his earliest infancy.

Notwithstanding men's intimacy with human character, so utterly ignorant are they of it, that when they find an extraordinary one, whether good or bad, they are looking out for some exception to general rules, and will insist on making it from the outset a monstrosity either in vice or virtue. But a great and good character is as much the result of a growth as a tree. It passes through different stages—indeed, through errors—acquires virtue by self-control and wisdom by experience, and matures gradually. Washington, as he appeared when President of the United States, and Washington as a surveyor, seventeen years old, amid the Alleghanies, are as two different beings as can well be imagined. There are certain moral qualities which adhere to one through life, and do not change through all the vicissitudes to which he is exposed. An utterly selfish boy, for instance, is usually a selfish man; and a child of generous and noble impulses, no matter to what depravity in other respects he may descend, generally retains these characteristics to the last. So Washington had as high a sense of honor

when a boy as when a man, and was just as generous and noble in his feelings at sixteen, as at forty ; but in other respects he was totally different. When sixty years of age, repose and calm dignity were his great peculiarities ; at twenty, ardor, enthusiasm, and love of adventure, formed his chief characteristics. In mature years, peace was his desire and delight ; while in earlier days he loved the excitement of war, and the scope it gave to his untried energies. In youth, the whistling of bullets was music to his ear ; but in riper age there was no sound so sweet to him as the song of the husbandman. Washington might have been just as good a man, though never so great a one, had he possessed the same mildness and quietness of character in his childhood that marked his later years. A certain amount of combativeness—destructiveness, if you please—is absolutely necessary to give a man energy, self-determination, and power. Every good and great man, from Moses to Paul, and Paul to Luther, has possessed it ; much more every wicked or ambitious spirit, which has succeeded in changing the world. A warm and fiery heart is necessary to great resolution and force. It is when this gets the mastery over the moral qualities and over the judgment, that the man becomes unbalanced and renders himself either depraved or untrustworthy. Had Washington been the meek and gentle child so many of our public teachers represent him to be, he would never have preferred the adventurous life of a midshipman to that of his quiet home ;—or the marshalling into companies his young playmates in mimic battle, or afterwards, the vigorous leap and stern wrestle to the more innocent sports of the fireside and

company of gentler children. The truth is, George Washington was a boy of ardent and fiery feelings, and a youth of strong and terrible passions. The military spirit, so conspicuous in the lad of fifteen years of age, reveals the temper of the steel that was afterwards so severely tried. His favorite sport, which was to arrange his companies into columns of attack and himself lead them to the charge, did not indicate any natural love of war, but simply a spirit of fire and force. His athletic sports and the character of his amusements, show even at this early age the surplus energy he possessed, and which must out in some way. This sent him off, when but seventeen years of age, into the Alleghany mountains, as surveyor. The wild bivouac in the forest, the swimming of rivers, and climbing of precipices and surmounting of difficulties, suited well his adventurous spirit. Now planting his compass on some mountain ridge, performing his duties with the skill and industry of the most laborious mathematician, and now sitting and musing over his "lowland beauty," and inditing verses to her in order to give vent to his passion; the noble young dreamer presents a perfect specimen of what a youth should be—full of enthusiasm, feeling, and daring; and full, too, of application and serious thought. Cool and correct in judgment, yet quick in his impulses; methodical and clear in all his business arrangements, yet bold and fearless in danger, he possessed the basis of a strong and elevated character. None but a man of immense energy and great courage would have undertaken as he did, at twenty-one years of age, to go as a commissioner, accompanied only by seven men, seven hundred miles, half the way through

an untrodden forest, to the French commandant on the Ohio river. It is a perfect wonder that a stripling of his years should have shown such perseverance and skill, and calm endurance and forethought, as he did, during the forty-one days he was engaged in this perilous enterprise.

But it was in the next year, when a lieutenant-colonel, he marched back into the wilderness and attacked the French, that his love of the excitement of battle most strongly exhibited itself. At the head of only three companies, he continued his difficult march until he came to the Great Meadows, where he was informed by the Half King Tanacharison, his friend, that the French were encamped within a few miles of him. He immediately put himself at the head of forty men, and set off to the Indian camp, six miles distant. It was a dark night in the latter part of May, when he started in search of his first battle. The sky was as black as the forest, and the rain came down in torrents, drenching the little band to their skins, and they stumbled on over logs and rocks, and knocked their muskets against the trees as they groped about to find their way. The pattering of the rain-drops on the tree-tops above, and their constant dripping on the foliage below, were the only sounds that broke the stillness around, save when the musket-barrel of some poor fellow, stumbling in the gloom, rung against a tree or rock; or the low word of command fell from the lips of the intrepid leader who strode on in advance. They were all night long going the six miles, and at sunrise arrived at the Indian camp. There, uniting with the friendly savages, they marched in Indian file through the forest, and fell

like a thunder-clap on the astonished French. After a sharp skirmish of a quarter of an hour, in which the French commander and ten of his men were killed, the whole of the remainder were taken prisoners. This was Washington's first engagement, and the kind of feeling he carried into it, and indeed brought out of it, may be inferred from his own language. In a letter home, said he, "*I heard the bullets whistle*, and believe me, there is something *charming* in the sound." There spoke the bold young warrior, to whom the rattle of musketry and thunder of artillery are the music that his stern soul loves.

This was the commencement of the French and Indian war, and Washington has been severely condemned by French writers for his attack on Junonville; and the slaughter of the latter and his men been termed a massacre, but the former simply obeyed orders, and did what he was expressly sent into the wilderness to do; repelled the invaders of the soil.

But it was at Braddock's defeat that he exhibited those striking qualities which form the great commander, and that cool intrepidity and reckless daring for which he was distinguished. Joined as aid-de-camp to Braddock, he started on this fatal expedition, which, though disastrous to its commander, added fresh laurels to Washington. Taken sick on the way, he was left behind, but in his eagerness to be present at the approaching battle, he started on while still an invalid, and joined Braddock the evening before it took place. The details of this fight, the blind and obstinate adherence of the British commander to his European tactics, notwithstanding the earnest remon-

strance of Washington, the ambuscade and the terrible slaughter that followed, are familiar to every one. That morning, as Washington gazed on the British columns, moving in beautiful order to the sound of stirring music along the banks of the Monongahela, the gentle river on one side and the green forest on the other, while the beams of the uprisen sun were sent back in dazzling splendor from the nearly two thousand steel bayonets that shook in their light, his eye flashed with delight. He was often heard to say it was the most glorious spectacle he ever beheld. He was at this time 23 years old, six feet two or three inches high, and strongly made. Full of fire and unconscious of fear, he thought of the approaching fray only with the joy of the warrior. As he had predicted, the army fell into an ambuscade. As the advanced party of three hundred men were ascending a hill, flanked on either side by a ravine, in which lay the enemy, they found themselves suddenly encircled by a girdle of flame. So close and deadly was the fire, that the soldiers could not bear up against it, and after a few volleys broke and fled down the hill. Falling on the columns and artillery below, they threw them also into confusion, and the whole army became a disordered multitude, driven hither and thither, while whole ranks were falling at every discharge. In this dilemma, Braddock prohibited the Virginia regiment from placing themselves behind trees and fighting the Indians in their own way and began to order up his men in platoons, and wheel them into close columns, as he had been accustomed to do on the plains of Europe. Young Washington gazed with indignation on this sacrifice of

life, and without the power to order a single company, stood and saw his brave Virginians fall. At length Braddock was struck down, and his two aids borne wounded from the fight, leaving Washington alone to distribute orders. Here his military qualities shone forth in their greatest splendor. Galloping through the disordered host, his tall and commanding form towered amid the smoke of battle, and presented a constant mark to the sharp-shooters. Men were falling like grass on every side of him, yet reckless of danger, he spurred his steed over the dead and dying alike, straining every nerve to stay the reversed tide of battle. At length his horse sunk under him, and he fell amid his wounded and dead companions. Springing on the back of another, he pressed amid the throng, pointing in this and that direction with his sword, and sending his calm and resolute voice amid the frightened ranks, but without avail. A second horse fell beneath him, and he leaped to the saddle of a third, while the bullets rained like hail-stones about him. Four passed through his coat, and he knew that he was a sure mark for the Indian rifles as he thus rode from point to point. But he seemed to possess a charmed life; for while nearly half the entire army that had three hours before crossed the Monongahela in such beautiful order and proud array, had sunk on the bloody field, and three-fourths of the whole eighty-seven officers were dead or wounded, he still remained unhurt. Cool as a rock, his inward excitement was mastered by his judgment, and he galloped hither and thither as calmly as if on a parade. Absorbed in the fate of the army, and intent only on saving it, he seemed to forget he had a life to lose.

Amid the thunder of artillery, the roar of musketry, the wild war-whoop of the Indian, and the ranks melting like frost-work around him, he never once lost his self-composure. One would have thought he had been tried on a hundred battle-fields, to see the daring and firmness with which he endeavored to stem the panic, instead of being, as he was, in his first field-fight. The officers around him struggled bravely, charging together like common infantry, to stimulate their men to bear up against the storm, but it was all in vain. The wreck of the army rolled tumultuously towards the river and over it. A rapid and disastrous retreat back to the settlements followed.

As Washington, during this engagement, was riding through the broken ranks, his tall person on horseback presented such a fair mark for a bullet, that an old Indian chief took deliberate aim at him several times, and bade his warriors do the same. But after a while, finding that none of their shots took effect, they ceased firing at him, believing him to be under the protection of the Great Spirit. Years afterwards this old chief came a long journey to "pay homage to the man who was the particular favorite of Heaven, and who could never die in battle."

Washington was not only cool in the hour of danger and utterly destitute of fear, but often impetuous, and sometimes apparently reckless. He furnishes a striking exhibition of this in the severe flogging he once gave a man who was trespassing on his plantation. This fellow was a thieving, lawless character, and was accustomed to come in his canoe across the Potomac, and landing in some sheltered nook, hunt over the grounds of Mount

Vernon. Washington was aware of this, and had frequently reproved him for his conduct, and warned him to cease, but to no purpose. One day, therefore, hearing a gun in the distance, he sprang into his saddle, and rode in the direction of the sound. The poacher was on the look-out, and seeing Washington approach, ran for his canoe, and had just pushed it from the shore when the latter rode up. Raising his gun, he took deliberate aim at Washington, expecting to daunt him; but, without stopping to think, the latter dashed up to the culprit, and seizing his canoe, dragged it ashore. He then disarmed him, and gave him a thorough cow-skinning, which effectually cured his thieving propensities. Many, no doubt, would condemn such a summary punishment of a thief; but it must be remembered this was in Washington's younger days, and that the daring and resolution which prompted him thus to seize and punish a desperate character, with a loaded gun in his hands, and raised in the act to fire, were the same that sent him like a thunderbolt into the hottest of the fight, carrying destruction in his path as he cheered on the soldiers to the charge. It was hard to rouse him, but when his anger was up, it was the more terrible, from the very strength against which it had risen. Thus, at Kipp's Bay, in New York, during his retreat to Harlem Heights, it broke over all bounds. The new levies stationed to support this point fled, and the two brigades ordered up, broke and fled also at the advance of only sixty men. Washington, astonished and indignant at such cowardice, rode in among them, and endeavored to rally and lead them back. Finding all his efforts vain, his indignation burst forth like a torrent,

and he spurred upon them with his drawn sword, and snapped his pistol in their faces. Finding all this of no avail, with his lip curled in scorn and his blue eye flashing fire, he wheeled and halted alone in front of the enemy, and there, like Murat before the Russian battery, stood and let the bullets whistle about him. At length one of his attendants, alarmed for his safety, seized the horse by the head, and turned him off the field. So at Germantown, finding his troops hard pressed, he rode into the very vortex of battle, where the shot fell like hail about him. His friends urged him away, but in a few moments that tall form was again seen enveloped in smoke, and no power could stir him from the deadly fire, till his men began to retreat. At Monmouth, where he burst in such stern wrath on Lee, and amid the thunder of artillery and shouts of the victorious pursuers, rallied his broken ranks, and rolled back the tide of battle with his mighty arm, he exhibits both the impetuosity of his character and that cool and determined bravery which made him such a fearful antagonist in the field. At Princeton, too, he performed one of those heroic deeds which spring impulsively from a soul on fire with daring, and carried away by a sudden and lofty enthusiasm. Stealing by night from the overwhelming English army, he came in the morning upon three regiments marching out of town, which he must break in pieces, or be ruined. In the very heat and crisis of battle, seeing his men begin to waver and break, he snatched a standard, and plunging the rowels in his steed, spurred midway between the contending lines, and, with his manly breast turned full on the foe, said, in language more eloquent than words, "*Follow*

*your General."* No finer subject can be found for the pencil of genius than he presents as he sits on his proud war-horse, midway between the volleys of his friends and foes, with the banner of his country waving its folds about his splendid form. I do not believe that Washington knew the sensation of fear. There was no amount of danger that could daunt him, and the great exposure of his person in battle was a source of constant anxiety to his friends. Circumstances made him the American Fabius, while nature designed him for a far different warrior. Had he in his youth commanded in the French army, he would have been one of the most terrible men in an onset, and the steadiest, coolest in repelling an assault that ever led a host to battle. Like Ney, he would have hurled his columns on the foe with a strength and majesty nothing could withstand, while, in the height of a panic and in the midst of his flying troops, he would have stood as calm and self-collected and fearless as he did on the bloody field of Monongahela. But circumstances placed him in a position where caution and hesitation and delays were indispensable. Those mistake who suppose his slowness in coming to an engagement, and his great prudence, were the result of his inclination. He dared not hazard everything on a single throw, where not himself but his country, and the hopes of freedom would be the stake at issue. Moreover, he had not the means to make a bold push with. Had he possessed a small army, composed of such materials as those which the young Bonaparte found in the army of Italy, he would not have stood merely on the defensive so long as he did. But without ammu-

nition,—without discipline,—indeed, without thorough organization,—his troops could not be relied on, and he knew it. As it was, he frequently went into battle with only a few rounds of ammunition to each man. His judgment forced him to the cautious course he pursued, though at first he chafed like a lion in the toils. Said he once, in referring to his difficulties, and the disinclination of the soldiers whose term of service had expired, to re-enlist, “Could I have known that such backwardness would have been discovered by the old soldiers to the service, *all the generals upon earth would not have convinced me of the propriety of delaying an attack on Boston till this time.*” And again, writing in the bitterness and even irritation of his great heart, as he still lies inactive around Boston, he says, “I know the unhappy predicament in which I stand. I know what is expected of me ; I know that I cannot stand justified to the world without exposing my own weakness, and injuring the cause by declaring my wants, which I am determined not to do farther than unavoidable necessity brings every man acquainted with them. *My situation* is so irksome to me at times, that if I did not consult the public good more than my own tranquillity, *I should long ere this have put every thing on the cast of a die.*” That is, had it been a matter of simple reputation with him, he would have ended the suspense he endured by one of those desperate movements that make or ruin a man forever. But his judgment and his conscience both held firm sway over his feelings, and guided him in the only safe course he could have gone.

But if his impetuosity was great and his passions

strong, his self-control was still stronger. Violent passions and ardent feelings are seldom found united with complete self-command ; but when they are, they form the strongest possible character, for there is all the power of clear thought and cool judgment impelled by the resistless energy of feeling. This combination Washington possessed ; for in his impetuosity there was no foolish rashness, and in his passion no injustice. Besides, whatever violence there might be within, the explosion seldom came to the surface, and when it did, it was arrested at once by the stern mandate of his will. He never lost the mastery of himself in any emergency, and in "ruling his spirit," showed himself greater than in "taking a city." Even in his adventurous youth he exhibits this same self-rule, and his judgment ever sits enthroned above his impulses. It is one of the astonishing things in his life, that, amid the perfect chaos of feelings into which he was thrown—amid the distracted counsels and still more distracted affairs that surrounded him—he never once lost the perfect equilibrium of his own mind. The contagion of fear, and doubt, and despair, could not touch him. He did not seem susceptible to the common influences which affect men. His soul, poised on its own centre, reposed calmly there through all the storms that beat for seven years on his noble breast. The ingratitude and folly of those who should have been his allies, the insults of his foes, and the frowns of fortune, never provoked him into a rash act, or deluded him into a single error.

His constancy and firmness were equal to his self-control. The changeless aspect and steadfast heart he

maintained during those seven years of trouble and gloom which make up the history of the American Revolution, will be a wonder to the end of time. Cast down by no reverses, elated by no successes, he could be neither driven into despondency or carried away by extravagant hopes. It is one of the remarkable traits in his character, that he never would *stay beaten*. You might drive him from post to post, diminish and dishearten his army till only a handful were left around him, he showed the same firm presence and unalterable resolution. Defeat never affected him, and his voice of hope sounded just as clear and cheerful though nothing but murmurs and complaints filled the land. Thus, just before the close of the disastrous campaign of 1776, that most critical period of the whole war, when a general gloom hung over the continent, and panic and despair were on every side, his constancy never shook. Instead of beating back the enemy, we ourselves had been beaten back at every point. Rhode Island, Long Island, Staten Island, New York, and nearly all of New Jersey, were in possession of the enemy, who were now moving down on Philadelphia. City after city had been captured, and nothing seemed able to resist their progress. Fort after fort had fallen. Lee had been taken prisoner, and the army, dwindled from twenty thousand to four thousand, was closely pursued by Cornwallis. In the midst of these disasters, General Howe issued a proclamation, offering pardon to all who would take the oath of allegiance within sixty days. Crowds, and among them men of wealth and influence, accepted the terms; and the panic spreading, all seemed lost. Yet even in this crisis, Washington

never wavered for a moment. Calm and serene, he surveyed the troubled night about him, with his eye fixed steadily on the deepening gloom, and even lifted his voice of encouragement, declaring that he saw the morning beyond it all. And when asked what he would do if Philadelphia should be taken, replied, "*We will retreat beyond the Susquehannah; and thence if necessary to the Alleghany mountains.*" No sublimer speech ever fell from ancient or modern hero. Encompassed by perils, from which no eye could see a way of escape, deserted by his soldiers till only the shadow of an army remained to him, and chased by a victorious and overwhelming foe, he still rose superior to all. He showed the same cheerful countenance to his few remaining followers, breathed the same words of hope to the House of Congress that he did in the hour of prosperity. Oh, "he was a strong man in the dark perils of war; in the high places of the field *hope shone in him like a pillar of fire when it had gone out in all other men.*"

But doubtless the trials which tested his firmness most, were those which we are least able to appreciate. Those outward public calamities which all can see, and in which we know we have the sympathies of the good, can be more easily borne than ingratitude, injustice, suspicion, and slander from those we are striving to benefit. As we have seen, when Washington first took command of the army at Cambridge, he found himself surrounded with difficulties from which he could not possibly extricate himself. The troops but scantily supplied with provisions and clothing, and having but nine cartridges apiece, were enlisted only

for a short time, and there, right in presence of the enemy, he saw one disband and another form. In this state, while his inactivity was complained of on all sides, he was not only forced, in order to prevent greater calamities, to conceal the destitution and incapacity of his troops from the enemy, but also from his own countrymen and even his officers. He knew the difficulties *he* could withstand would discourage, if not drive to despair, less resolute hearts. He bore all in silence, sustained by his conscious integrity and his patriotism. So also amid the cabals formed against him, the lies and letters circulated about him; the jealousy even of Congress, lest too much power would be allowed to concentrate in his hands; amid the open accusations and implied doubts of his virtue and ability, he moved calmly yet resolutely on. Even Congress, his last sole reliance, by its promises unfulfilled, its doubts, its hesitations, and want of confidence, sometimes seemed resolved to drive him to anger and despair. Yet he exhibited neither; he spurred up the sluggishness of the members by cheering words, removed their doubts by reason and facts, and shamed them out of their distrust by those noble sentiments and elevated principles which every one knew came from his heart. This fortitude under calamities, firm courage in the midst of reverses, and unshaken constancy in every trial to which human nature is subjected, prove him to have possessed a soul of amazing strength, and a faith in the right never surpassed. As I behold him with the army around Boston, endeavoring to bring order out of chaos and strength out of weakness, bearing patiently the complaints and even taunts which he knew

his country, ignorant of his weakness, was raining on him; or slowly retreating before the victorious enemy at New York, while his own brave heart panted for the onset—or eating his rude meal in a log cabin at Valley Forge, whither he had led his army barefoot over the frozen ground; or breaking in sudden terror on the foe; or smiling serenely on a free people intoxicated with joy, and hailing him Father! Saviour! Deliverer! or at last calmly gazing into that dread eternity on whose threshold he feels his footsteps pressing, I am lost in admiration at his unwavering constancy and the grandeur of his character. He is not the thunderbolt launched from the sky, arresting and startling every beholder, but the ocean tide in its calm, majestic, and resistless flow.

Another striking trait in Washington's character was the sway he exercised over all other men. The good yielded him that deference which noble hearts always render to transcendent virtue, while the bad had that awe of him which vice ever has of goodness. Thus Lafayette revered and loved him, and bound himself, soul and body, to his fortunes. The revengeful and conspiring Conway, thinking his last hour has come, writes to him from his bed of pain:—"My career will soon be over, therefore justice and truth prompt me to declare my last sentiments, '*You are in my eyes the great and good man.*'" One secret of his power was his dignified composure. No one approached him without being awed by his demeanor. His tall and commanding person was well adapted to the calm, almost severe majesty of his deportment. In that colorless face and in those blue eyes was a world of slumbering energy. His gigantic proportions indicated his

overwhelming physical strength; and when mounted on horseback, among his officers, his appearance was imposing in the extreme, and every eye followed him as he moved. Like Saul amid his brethren, he was head and shoulders above them all, and seemed the impersonation of physical power. Under his stalwart arm, the strongest went down, and few men could span his massive hand. Before a man of such a presence and such a soul, no wonder the most rash or impetuous was sobered. But it would be folly to suppose that mere manner could effect so much; this was but the symbol of his character. His composure inspired awe, because it was not the composure of sluggishness, of immobility, but of reposing strength. The calmness of a far-reaching and resolute mind is always more terrible than the fiercest energy. The consciousness that it sees and understands without being disturbed, and will perform its secret purpose without tumult or wavering, cannot but awaken awe, for there is not only *power* but the mystery of its working. Men fear to awaken energy that is hard to be roused, but they dread still more that power which will do its decree without suffering itself to be moved from its composure.

The control which Washington held over others was all this and yet something more. This characteristic was as strong in his joyous and unshackled childhood, and open hearted, boisterous youth, as in his sedate manhood. In wrestling, leaping, and pitching the bar, and in the familiarity of forest life, where all formality and all reserve disappear, he maintained his ascendancy. Even in his early military career, when

a subordinate in command, he was treated with a respect and deference far above his station. This doubtless, in the former case, was owing somewhat, to his superior physical strength in athletic games; and in the latter, to his boiling courage and chivalric action in battle, but still more to the superiority of his mind. A great and comprehensive mind, which seems both to understand and embrace those about it, must of necessity exert great sway. There is no need of entering into the elements of its power; its very relation presupposes it; so that a sufficient explanation of Washington's influence over others is found in his simple superiority as a man, both mentally and morally. Great reserve at times, noticed so much in Bonaparte, Cromwell, Washington, and others, is, after all, not so much an *element* of power as an *attribute* of it. It is natural, not assumed; and in the consciousness of that very fact by others, rests the secret of its strength. There are moments when every great mind lays aside its familiarity and retires within its own domain, not to inspire awe, but because its own grand thoughts and purposes are too elevated and important to be subjected to the narrow views and prejudices of others, and also because they subdue and engross itself. To suppose that Washington, when the fate of a nation was in his keeping, and affairs as multiplied as they were momentous occupied his thoughts, would be talkative and familiar, is preposterous. A man's occupations always affect his manners; a ruler becomes haughty—a warrior stern and decided; and a man pressed down with immense burdens, and entrusted with vast responsibilities, reserved and silent. Washington underwent this

change, and it is seen even in his style of writing. In youth, ardent and generous, he wrote with spirit and enthusiasm; in maturer years, he learned to guard his expressions, lest they should betray him into some error. Thus, when twenty-two years of age, in writing to the Governor of Virginia respecting the increase of the pay of the officers, he says, after stating the facts, "I would not have you imagine from this that I have said all these things to have our pay increased, but to justify myself, and to show that our complaints are not frivolous, but founded on strict reason. For my own part, it is a matter almost indifferent whether I serve for full pay or as a generous volunteer. Indeed, did my circumstances correspond with my inclinations, I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter, for the motives that *led me are pure and noble.*" So also the same year, when the expedition under Braddock was fitting out, and the army underwent modifications, by which he, then colonel, was reduced to the rank of a captain, he immediately threw up his commission and retired from the army; and when Governor Sharpe, who had been appointed commander-in-chief of the forces destined to act against the French, wrote to him to continue in his station, intimating that he might *hold* though not exercise his former commission, he replied, "Your offer has filled me with surprise; for if you think me capable of holding a commission that has neither rank nor emolument in it, you must entertain a *very contemptible opinion of my weakness, or believe me to be more empty than the commission itself.*" This was short and tart enough for the young Napoleon himself. So also, two years after, then twenty-four

years of age, when endeavoring to keep back the encroachments of the Indians, he wrote to the Governor, saying, "Your Honor may see to what unhappy straits the distracted inhabitants and myself are reduced. I am too little acquainted, sir, with pathetic language to attempt a description of the people's distress, though I have a *generous soul, sensible of wrong and swelling for redress.*" And again: "The supplicating tears of the women, and moving petitions of the men, melt me into such deadly sorrow, that I solemnly declare, if I know my own mind, I could offer myself a willing sacrifice to the butchering enemy, provided that would contribute to the people's ease." This is the frank and undisguised language of an ardent young man, whom great responsibilities and years sobered down into more moderation of feeling and expression.

Washington's influence over others was not confined to those immediately about his person. The government itself looked to him for counsel, and every department, both civil and military, leaned on him. He had to manage his army, the congress, and control the authorities of the separate States. To do this, amid the jealousies and suspicions that prevailed, was no slight task. His power was nothing, except that which lay in his character and his words; yet these were sufficient to overcome all opposition. This influence he never lost through life; even Jefferson, his strongest political foe, stood in awe of him. It did not end with his death, and there is no man whose memory is so much revered, and whose reputation even his foes fear so much to attack as his.

But the crowning glory of his character was his

patriotism. No man ever before rose out of the mass of the people to such power without abusing it, and history searches in vain for a military leader, so much of whose life had been spent in the camp, and whose will was law to a grateful nation, who voluntarily resigned his rank and chose the humble, peaceful occupation of a farmer. At first the nation, jealous of its liberties, was afraid to pass so much power into his hands; but it soon learned that he watched those liberties with a more anxious eye than itself. From the outset, his honor and his country stood foremost in his affections; the first he guarded with scrupulous care, and for the last he offered up his life and his fortune. His patriotism was so pure, so unmixed with any selfish feeling, that no ingratitude, or suspicions or wrongs, could for a moment weaken its force. It was like the love of a father for his son, notwithstanding his errors and disobedience, and who bends over him with that yearning affection which will still believe and hope on to the end. Men have been found who would sacrifice their lives for their country, and yet would not submit to its injustice or bear with its ingratitude, ignorance, and follies. Many have been astonished at the confidence of Washington even in his darkest hours; but it was the faith of strong love. On the nation's heart, let it beat never so wildly he leaned in solemn trust. Trace his career from its outset to its close, and love of country is seen to rule every act. Among that band of patriots who stood foremost in opposition to the tyrannical acts of Great Britain he was one of the most prominent. Side by side with Patrick Henry, Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, Hancock, and others, he lifted

up his voice and arm for freedom. Taking sides irrevocably with the right, from that time he is ready for any sacrifice, prepared for any trial. Speaking of the non-importation act, and advocating it, he says: "I am convinced there is no relief for us but in their (England's) distress; and I think, at least I hope, there is virtue enough left among us to *deny ourselves everything but the bare necessities of life to accomplish this end*. This we have a right to do, and no power on earth can compel us to do otherwise till it has first reduced us to the most abject state of slavery." Measuring the depth of suffering into which his country must be plunged to preserve her freedom, he cheerfully steps into it himself. He commits all in the doubtful struggle, and lays himself first on the altar he helps to rear. There is no concealment, no reservation. As he stands in the first Congress, he stands before the world. To General Gage, commanding at Boston, by whose side he had shouted years before in the bloody battle of Monongahela, he uses the same boldness that he does to his friends, and winds up his letter with a prophecy which after years proved too true. "Again," says he, "give me leave to add as my opinion, that more blood will be spilled on this occasion, if the ministry are determined to push matters to extremity, than history has ever furnished instances of in the annals of North America." Events thicken, and the prospect grows darker, but Washington has taken his course, and not all the kings in the world can turn him aside. Soon after, writing to his brother, who was training an independent company, he says: "I shall very cheerfully accept the honor of commanding it, if occasion require it to be

done, as it is my *full intention to devote my life and fortune in the cause we are engaged in if needful.*" At length civil war burst forth, and no one could see what the end would be. But Congress, true to itself and true to the country it represented, rose above passion and fear, and immediately prepared to receive the shock. Washington, as commander-in-chief of the American forces, occupied the position of *head traitor* against his government and his king. The die was cast for him; and Congress, that band of noblest men that ever stood on the earth, closed sternly around him, pledging together, in solemn covenant, their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor to him in the common cause. The vow was recorded in heaven, and the conflict set. Refusing the salary voted him by Congress, he asked only that it should defray his expenses. His labor he regarded as nothing; and indeed to one who had coolly surveyed the perilous undertaking in which he had embarked, counted the cost, and who saw clearly the result of a failure both to himself and his friends, reward for his services was of little consequence. Besides, his country demanded all, and all should be given. It was no sudden burst of enthusiasm—no outbreak of indignation against oppression, but a calm and settled determination to save his country or perish in the attempt. If he failed, he knew that his property would be confiscated, his family turned loose on the world, and himself, in all probability, hung as a traitor. But he could say, with one even greater than himself, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto me." One can never think of him in his first campaign without the deepest emotions

Tried to the utmost—crippled in all his efforts, and unfortunate in all his movements—he suffered only as great hearts can suffer, at the dishonor that seemed before him; yet he still closed his lips in stern silence over his distressed condition, lest it should discourage the nation. He exaggerated his strength and concealed his weakness even from his own officers, knowing that despondency now would paralyze all effort and all hope. As he thus stands and muses and suffers, he seems ever murmuring to himself, “Let disgrace and dishonor fall on me rather than on the cause of freedom.” Receiving and holding in his own bosom the evil that would otherwise reach his country, he commits all to that God who rules the destinies of nations.

And when the gloomy winter of 1778 set in, he shared with his army at Valley Forge its privations and its sufferings. Eleven thousand American soldiers, two thousand of whom were barefoot and half naked, stacked their arms in the latter part of December, in the frozen field, and began to look out for huts to shelter them from the cold of winter. Hundreds with nothing but rags upon their bodies, their muskets resting upon their naked shoulders, their bare feet cut by the frozen ground till you could track them by their blood, had marched hither for repose and clothing, and, alas, nothing but the frost-covered fields received them. Starving, wretched, and wan, they looked like the miserable wreck of a routed and famine-struck army. Here could be seen a group harnessed in pairs, drawing a few logs together to cover them, and there another, devouring a morsel of bread to stay the pangs of hunger. And when the December

night shut in the scene, the weary thousands laid down on the barren, bleak hillside, with scarce a blanket to cover them, their unprotected limbs flung out upon the frost. One would have thought at first sight, as they lay scattered around, that there had been a fierce fought battle, and those were the wounded or dead stripped by the enemy. As the cold morning sun shone down upon the encampment, they again commenced their heavy task, and one by one went up the rude hovels. Into these the sons of liberty crept, many so naked they could not come forth again into the camp, but there stretched on the straw, passed the weary days and nights in suffering. As the cold increased, they dared not lie down at night, so unprotected and naked were they, but slept *sitting up around their fires*. Without a mouthful of meat to satisfy their hunger, they thus passed days and weeks, and yet not a movement of dissension. On such an army, presenting such a spectacle, did Washington gaze with anguish, and his noble heart yearned towards the brave fellows who thus clung to him in the midst of neglect and suffering. Said he, in writing to Congress on the subject, "however others, who wish me to enter on a winter campaign, may feel for the naked and distressed soldiers, *I feel superabundantly for them, and from my soul, I pity those miseries which it is neither in my power to relieve or prevent.*" All this took place too while the enemy lay within a day's march of them, and it is a wonder that a mutiny did not break out, and whole regiments of sufferers disband at once and return to their homes. History cannot furnish a more noble example of the devotion of troops to their leader

and to the cause of freedom. When Congress at length mitigated these sufferings by sending clothing and food, Washington was enabled to build a log cabin for a dining room, which his wife in writing to a friend said, "*made our quarters a little more comfortable.*" But the wide-spread evils did not end here: Congress was divided and grumbling, the legislatures of the separate states often selfish and suspicious, both thwarting his plans and rendering powerless his efforts, yet he had no thought of yielding the struggle. I believe though every one of the states had sent to him saying that the cause was hopeless and ought to be abandoned, he would have stood the same immovable, hopeful, and lofty man as ever.

And when in the following spring proposals of reconciliation were made by the king so favorable in their character, that had they been offered before the declaration of independence, they would doubtless have been accepted, he at once met them with his stern opposition. Three years of war and disaster had passed, ending with the winter quarters at Valley Forge, and the struggle seemed farther than ever from a favorable termination, but Washington stood in the midst of his little army as fixed in his purpose as he was in the first Congress. Forgetting his own troubles and privations, he seemed anxious only that the country should not falter in resolution or courage. He immediately wrote to Congress, saying, "Nothing short of independence, it appears to me, can possibly do. A peace on other terms would, if I may be allowed the expression, be a peace of war. The injuries we have received from the British nation, were so unprovoked, and have been so

great and so many, that they can never be forgotten. Besides the feuds, the jealousies, the animosities that would ever attend a union with them; besides the importance we should derive from an unrestricted commerce; our fidelity as a people, our gratitude, our character as men, are opposed to a coalition with them as subjects, but in case of the last extremity." This was written two days after he had discovered what the conciliatory bills contained, written too in the gloomiest period of the struggle. Quick as lightning, when the interests of his country are in danger; patient and silent when he himself is assailed, he attempts to forestall Congress in its opinions, and throws the weight of his character on the side of freedom. The same noble disinterestedness characterizes every action of his life; he seemed to lose himself utterly in the common welfare. In 1781, when the British ascended the Potomac, burning and destroying the property of the inhabitants, one vessel came up to Mount Vernon, and by threats to burn down the house, induced the manager of the estate to furnish what was demanded. When Washington heard of this, he immediately wrote to his agent, saying, "I am very sorry to hear of your loss: I am a little sorry to hear of my own; but that *which gives me most concern* is, that you should go aboard the enemy's vessels and furnish them with refreshments. *It would have been a less painful circumstance to me to have heard that in consequence of your non-compliance with their demand, they had burned my house and laid the plantation in ruins.* You ought to have considered yourself as my representative, and should have reflected on the bad example of communicating with

the enemy and making a voluntary offer of refreshments to them with a view to prevent a conflagration." How keenly alive he is to anything that may reflect on his patriotism. "I am little sorry to hear of my own loss, but I am profoundly grieved that even my agent should have treated the enemies of my country as friends even in appearance, in order to save my house from the flames and my lands from pillage." Such language might have been used in a letter designed to meet the public eye without being the true expression of the heart, but not to a confidential agent, who might in a few days be put again in the same predicament. He has not reasoned himself into patriotism; it is the spontaneous feeling of his heart. He loves his country so well that its interests stand before his own, and his whole being is aroused in its defence before selfish feelings have time to exert their sway.

And how grieved was his noble heart when it was proposed to him to become king. The officers of the army seeing how utterly inefficient Congress had become, and how little regard was paid to its authority by the separate states, and the distress and embarrassment on every side for want of more concentrated power, assembled together and drew up an able letter to Washington, in which they represented him as the only hope of the country, and proposed that he should assume the rank of Protector. With the officers of the army sworn to his interests, and the soldiers bound to him by affection and reverence, it would have been an easy matter to have made himself king, under the title of Protector. The overthrow of the Rump Parliament

by Cromwell, and the breaking up of the imbecile Directory by Napoleon, were difficult tasks compared to that of dispersing our divided Congress. But to Washington success would be the thing he dreaded most, and now when presented to him as possible, he forgets in his indignation even the kindness which suggested it. Filled with alarm at the new evil which this state of feeling in the army showed to hang over his country, and with burning indignation at the magnitude of the proposed wrong, he loses for a moment his accustomed composure of manner. "Sir," said he, in reply to the officer through whom the communication was sent, "with a mixture of surprise and astonishment I have read with attention the sentiments you have submitted to my perusal. Be assured, sir, no occurrence in the course of the war has given me more painful sensations than your information of there being such ideas existing in the army as you have expressed, and I must view with abhorrence and reprehend with severity. For the present, the communication of them will rest in my own bosom, unless some further agitation of the matter shall make a disclosure necessary. I am at much loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address which to me seems big with the greatest mischiefs that can befall my country. If I am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable. \* \* \* \* \*

Let me conjure you, then, if you have any regard for your country, concern for yourself or posterity, or respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind,

and never communicate as from yourself or any one else, a sentiment of the like nature.

“I am, sir, &c.,

“GEORGE WASHINGTON.”

How like a thunderbolt this proposition seems to fall upon him. To his pure spirit such a result had never occurred as possible, though to all other military leaders it had been the goal of their ambition. He cannot contain his surprise, and he looks about him in amazement at this new danger which has opened so like an earthquake under his feet. Six years of toil and suffering had rolled by, and he had seen his faithful soldiers mowed down by the cannon of the enemy, his army defeated and in rags, and gloom impenetrable on every side, and now, just as the night seemed ended and the morning dawning, from an unexpected quarter arises an evil more threatening to the interests of his country than all which had passed. Every line of this letter bears indications of a powerful internal struggle; a struggle to maintain that self-composure and moderation he was wont to exhibit. Every sentence seems but the prelude to the explosion of the volcano within. Mastering himself however by a strong effort, he writes with a severe dignity and stern condemnation that must have overwhelmed the authors of this conspiracy. He is at first amazed—there is a “mixture of *great surprise and astonishment*,” and then his indignation is kindled, and he views the feelings which could originate such a proposition, “*with abhorrence*.” He then takes fire at the insult offered himself—the severe reflection it casts upon his integrity, and the implied charge of ambitious

views, and he "*cannot conceive what part of his conduct could have given encouragement to such an address.*" The next moment his thoughts revert to his country, and there is something inexpressibly sad in the close of that sentence, "*that can befall my country.*" On a noble and pure heart there could be no deeper wound inflicted than this, and the bitterest anguish is conveyed in the calm language, "no occurrence in the course of the war has given me more painful sensations." To suppose him capable of treason and compel him to receive a proposal to commit it, was striking at the very soul of that honor he held dearer than his life. To become a king over a free people who had struggled so nobly for their freedom! to dash to earth the hopes which had borne them up in the midst of such trials! and to wrong so deeply human faith, and confidence, and rights, as turn traitor at last! his whole nature turned away abhorrent from the contemplation.

That patriotism which made him endure with such patience, toil with such perseverance, refuse all emoluments, and scorn the gift of a crown, has become the admiration of mankind, and the argument the world over with which the lovers of human liberty silence the sneers of despots and revive the hopes of the desponding. As an example, it is the richest legacy he could have left his countrymen.

Washington's military genius is sometimes called in question, and though he is allowed a high rank, he is not placed among the first military leaders of his age. But he who investigates his career carefully, will come to a different conclusion. Indeed, any one can tell

where the truth lies, by attempting to put his finger on the man whom he thinks could have carried this country through the revolutionary struggle as quickly safely, and successfully as he did. In war, brilliant actions go farther to establish a military reputation than the profoundest plans, and yet nothing is more true, than that a campaign, which is a total loss all round, may exhibit greater ability on the part of a commander than a perfectly successful one. It depends altogether upon the comparative strength and character of the forces in the field, and the best mode of conducting hostilities. For the Mexican and Spaniard, the guerilla warfare is the best, because it is better adapted both to the character of the inhabitants and the nature of the country; and the commander-in-chief of their forces who adopts any other method for the sake of present reputation, will lose in the end. An enemy may take fortress after fortress, and city after city, advancing with astonishing rapidity into the heart of a country, and finish the campaign triumphantly; but the opening of the next may be his ruin, and show the wisdom of the commander who gave up immediate partial success for ultimate victory. Procrastination may be haste in the long run, and apparent inactivity the most rapid way of terminating a war. The retreat of Wellington through Spain, thus alluring Massena, by the prospect of a pitched battle, beyond the reach of supplies, finally forced the latter into a hasty retreat, and well nigh secured his overthrow. So also protracting the war in our colonies ruined the British cause, for it involved England in expenses that no nation can long endure. To support a large army so far from home, in a hostile

territory, requires too great an expenditure of money to be kept up for a succession of years. Washington understood this, and knew if he could hold the colonies together and the army firm, that he could wear out his more powerful antagonist.

Now, there are certain qualities which go to form a great military leader, whatever his career may be; the want of any one of which detracts materially from his merit. No man can become a distinguished commander without *some striking* characteristics, and the more of these he possesses in harmony, the higher will he rank. The first requisite is courage—not the dogged resolution of the brute, nor the daring inspired by sudden excitement, but that calm and lofty feeling which no surprise can disturb and no catastrophe unsettle. This is a rarer qualification than many suppose. The oldest veterans will on certain occasions be seized with a panic, and the bravest leader sometimes shows a timidity that is unaccountable. So true is this, that Napoleon once said that every one had his *moment de peur*—his moment of fear. In this moment of fear, a great advantage may be lost and a whole campaign ruined. But one cannot point to the spot in Washington's career where his firmness forsook him for an instant. If to this quality of resolute courage be added a high chivalric feeling, prompting a man, in perilous crises, to deeds of personal heroism, it adds tenfold to his power. This Washington possessed to a remarkable degree. It is a little singular that a great and daring act performed by some emperor or marshal of Europe becomes a theme of universal admiration, while the same thing done by Washington scarcely excites a remark. One cannot

mention an example of heroism that does not find its parallel in him. Murat, in a paroxysm of passion, could spur all alone into the fire of a Russian battery;—Washington did the same thing at Kipp's Bay to shame his men into courage. The world gazes with awe on Napoleon rushing over the bridge of Arcola and planting his standard amid the storm of fire that swept it;—Washington spurred up to the very muzzles of the enemy's guns at Princeton, and sat beneath his country's flag, where the shot fell like hail about him. Bonaparte rallying his broken troops at Marengo, and rolling back the battle on the foe, presents a noble spectacle; but Washington doing the same thing at Monmouth, under the burning sun of one of the hottest days ever witnessed in this country, is a nobler one.

It is also necessary that a commander should possess the power to win the love, confidence, and veneration of his soldiers. This was one of the great traits of Napoleon's character, and yet there never was an instance of such devotion of troops to their leader as was found in our revolutionary army. When Steuben arrived at Valley Forge, he declared that there was not a commander in Europe who could keep troops so destitute and suffering as ours, together for a single week.

Caution and promptness combined, in a leader, make him a strong adversary in the field. To be tempted into no rashness, yet show no hesitation or delay—to commit no error himself, yet be prompt as a thunder-bolt in taking advantage of one made by another, gives to any man tremendous power. This was characteristic of Washington, and it is amusing to see with what

caution hee British commanders approached him, and with what hesitation they gave him battle; while one gazes with admiration at the prompt and terrible manner in which he took advantage of the slightest mistake.

Perhaps a still rarer quality is that moral firmness which neither defeat nor difficulties, nor the most protracted and exhausting labor can discourage or force into cessation of effort. Yet no man took a beating more coolly than Washington, or turned on his heel with fiercer courage the moment his enemy relaxed his watchfulness. Cornwallis was one of the ablest generals of his time, yet his energies gave out at last, and he suffered himself to be cooped up at Yorktown, and captured. Had he shown but half the activity in his campaign against Lafayette that he did in the one against Greene, his fate would have been different; but he was tired out—his energies had been taxed till they were exhausted, and he relaxed into comparative sluggishness; yet one cannot designate the single moment when Washington's vigor became enfeebled by long, constant, and wasting toil.

But a man may possess all these qualifications fitting him to control a single army with admirable skill, and yet fail as commander-in-chief of forces scattered over a large territory. A mind of deep combinations is necessary to this—a mind which, embracing the whole field of operations and estimating the comparative strength of the forces that will be brought forward, and their progress, can come to correct conclusions and form accurate plans. That Washington possessed such a mind no one can doubt who reads his letters to Congress. The invasion of Canada—the de-

struction of Burgoyne—the attack on Rhode Island—the management of the southern campaign, and the control of the whole central provinces, were the work of his all-embracing plans. So correct was his judgment, that one is troubled to put his finger on a *single error* that *he* ever committed. There always must be failures resulting from the inefficiency of subordinates, and the intervention of obstacles no human mind can foresee or prevent.

Hence, in contemplating the *man alone*, one finds in him every characteristic belonging to a military leader of the highest rank. In comparison with the renowned warriors of Europe, he fails only in the number and brilliancy of his victories. Now, in the first place, taken apart from the forces which accomplished them, there can be no more unsafe criterion by which to judge of a commander's ability, than simple victories. Bonaparte considered Suchet the best general in his army, and yet how few of the mass of mankind adopt his opinion. His whole career, after he obtained a separate command, was passed in the Peninsula, in a war against walled cities and strong fortresses, furnishing no field for dazzling achievements, and where his ability can be judged only by comparing his means with his success.

Great pitched battles, in which the eye is dazzled by the movements of two vast armies, and the senses stunned by the din and uproar of two hundred thousand men mixed in mortal combat, often fix forever in public estimation the fame of a leader, while the same end reached without this tumult excites no astonishment or applause. Thus Wellington's fame, among the

mass of his countrymen, rests on the battle of Waterloo where nothing but an accident saved him from an utter overthrow, and from proving at once, what is now universally conceded, that the campaign was badly conducted, while his campaigns in the Peninsula, where his military genius shines out in true splendor, are almost entirely forgotten. Washington's situation was unlike that in which any other military chieftain had ever been placed. Napoleon, when he took command of the army of Italy, and with which he performed such prodigies, found himself over a body of veteran soldiers. His troops, it is true, were comparatively few, but they had seen hard service, and needed only a fit leader to become a most formidable army. Besides, they were well supplied with arms, and were enlisted for life. But Washington had to create an army out of raw recruits, and then furnish them with arms and ammunition. No sooner was this done, than the term of enlistment expired, and he saw with the keenest anguish the force he had collected with so much labor dissolve like mist before him. What could be done with troops that simply passed and repassed the field of vision. There was no powder even for these recruits, raw as they were, and two thousand of them had not a musket to handle in case of a fight.

I have often thought that had Washington been a less able general, or had the enemy been in less fear of him, his military career would have been far more brilliant. For then he would have been incessantly pushed inland, and battle given him on any terms, and fierce fights and dazzling exploits have kept the country in a glow, —and he, as it suited him best, been in constant action.

But all the first year in which he lay around Boston, the enemy seemed afraid to molest him; and when he at length took the offensive, and planted his cannon on Dorchester heights, where he expected the scenes of Bunker Hill over again, the British refused to give him battle, and evacuated the city. He drove them away, but they took to the sea, where his arm could not reach them. Had our country been like Tyrol or Vendée, he would have continued to push them back till they would have been forced to come to an engagement or something like equal terms.

At the hazard of a little repetition, let us take a hasty review of Washington's campaigns. In the first place, the battle of Bunker Hill, though of incalculable value in arousing the spirit of the country, came very near proving our ruin by the false hopes it inspired in undisciplined militia. Because behind breastworks, where no evolutions were to be performed, and no manœuvres of the enemy to be checked, they had broken the veteran ranks of England in pieces, it was supposed they would be equal to them in the open field. Hence the war commenced with short enlistments, giving no opportunity for discipline, and it was a long time before Washington could induce Congress even partially to correct the error. That he should be able to keep the field at all with these evershifting, undisciplined, unfurnished troops, is a wonder; much stranger is it that he should ever have risked them in an open field-fight. The difficulty was not that they were unable to fling themselves into squares to repel a shock of cavalry, or unroll into column again to make a charge, but that they could not even *change front in battle*, or execute the

simplest manœuvre to prevent being outflanked, without being thrown into greater or less disorder. Behind ramparts such men will fight bravely, and can be led to a desperate assault, but in a pitched battle, where change of position and more or less manœuvres are inevitable, they cannot be relied on, and Washington knew it. Again, his plans were continually crippled by his officers and by Congress. He dare not follow out his own suggestions, because he would be met with the clamor of "arbitrary power." Hence, he had to call a council of war on every occasion; and nothing but a victory at the battle of Monmouth, which he ventured to fight against the decision of his officers, saved him from severe condemnation. Now, placed in such a position, crippled by such obstacles, there is no way in which a man like Washington can develop all his resources and energy, but by bursting his toils with a strong effort and vaulting to supreme power. This, his integrity and patriotism would not allow him to do, and so he suffered, and endured, and delayed, and instead of putting forth his efforts in his own and the best way, often exerted them in the way marked out by others. As the war advanced, he became more unshackled, and then moved steadily on to victory and an honorable peace.

Yet his campaigns from the outset, badly as he was furnished and much as he was crippled, will bear the closest examination. From his head-quarters at Boston, he planned the bold expedition against Canada, and by sending Arnold through the forest against Quebec, showed the energy with which he entered on his work. It failed not through any error of judgment,

but by an intervention of heaven. The very day that Arnold arrived on the St. Lawrence opposite Quebec, a violent storm of wind set in, which prevented his crossing till the inhabitants could recover from their surprise and obtain reinforcements. The invasion itself was boldly and skilfully planned, and but for this would have succeeded.

Next followed the attempt to save New York, and the battle of Long Island took place—the most unskilful and imprudent one delivered during the whole war. Had the British showed the least energy and activity, not a man of the American army but those on horseback would have escaped. But this was fought directly against the wish and opinion of Washington, and hence not chargeable to him. But when the mischief was done, there was no time to call a council of war, and the whole catastrophe fell on him alone. The movement by which he extricated the army from its perilous position, and brought the troops safely off, and finally conducted the retreat to Harlaem, exhibit a skill and energy seldom equalled by any commander. Here too his great power of endurance stood him in good stead, for a less hardy frame would have sunk under this protracted physical and mental effort. For *forty-eight hours* he never closed his eyes, and nearly all the time was in the saddle, riding hither and thither, now hurrying on a column and now ordering a march, and again cheering on the men by his voice and example. Calm and collected, yet full of fire and energy he superintended every operation, and still urged on the weary thousands who seemed already pressed to the top of their speed. The fate of his army hung by

a thread, and for two days and two nights he watched it with the intensest anxiety, almost within reach of the enemy's hand.

But this astonishing retreat was safely effected, and Washington at length drew up his army on Harlaem heights. Being compelled by the passage of the enemy's ships up the river to retire to White Plains, he there with his inferior force made a stand against the whole British army. Sir William Howe closed round him in a huge semicircle, and the American commander waited calmly the approach of his veteran thousands. But Howe dared not attack him even with his superior army. His practised eye saw that he had no common military leader to deal with, and he left him in order to assail posts not so ably defended. Forts Washington and Lee fell, though the immense loss at the former place would have been prevented had Washington's advice been taken. At length, to save New Jersey, he crossed the Hudson, but finding himself too feeble to contend with his adversary, he began to retreat towards the Delaware, pressed hard by Cornwallis. His own force had gradually dwindled down to three thousand effective men, yet with these he kept the field and maintained a firm countenance. Eluding his pursuers by his skilful manœuvres, hovering around them the moment they halted, showing that though defeated he was not disheartened, he at length crossed the Delaware at night in the midst of a storm of sleet and hail, and falling like a thunderbolt on the enemy, took a thousand prisoners, and the next day reached his encampment in safety. At this critical juncture the time of enlistment to quite a portion of

the troops expired, and Washington with his utmost efforts could induce them to remain only six weeks longer. Feeling that within this time some decisive blow must be struck, even at the hazard of defeat, in order to revive the drooping hopes of the country, he waited patiently with his little band the approach of Lord Cornwallis with his veteran army. All day long the thunder of artillery shook the shores of the Assanpink, and at night, when darkness and silence again rested on the scene, a battle disastrous to the Americans seemed inevitable the following morning. Cornwallis deemed his prey secure, for with the superior discipline of his troops, added to their superior numbers, there could be little doubt of the issue. Washington stood in the deepening gloom and gazed long and anxiously on the enemy's watch-fires, now blazing cheerfully through the darkness, and thought of the coming day. Keeping his own fires burning, and sending men near the enemy's lines to dig an entrenchment in order to deceive them, he began to remove his baggage, and at twelve o'clock took up the line of march for Princeton. Silently, noiselessly, the columns moved away in the darkness, while the anxious chieftain rode in their midst. At sunrise Cornwallis, to his inexpressible surprise, heard the thunder of his guns at Princeton, telling him that his antagonist, with all the wariness of the fox, had also the terrible spring of the lion. Breaking to pieces the three regiments he found here, and chasing the fugitives before him, he passed on as far as Kingston, followed close by Cornwallis, whose troops were within hearing of his musketry. It was his intention to advance on Brunswick, where the Eng-

lish had collected their stores, but his soldiers had now been thirty-six hours without sleep, and a part of that time in battle, and needed rest, so he turned aside to Pluckenhelm, and afterwards retired to Morristown, where he took up his winter quarters. He did not remain idle, however, but sent out detachments of troops to harass General Howe, and in a short time every place in the Jerseys was cleared of the enemy except Brunswick and Amboy.

Thus, in *three weeks' time*, did Washington gain two battles, and drive the British from every post they had taken on the Delaware, and wrest the whole province of New Jersey from their grasp. With a small and dispirited army, part of which he had prevailed on to remain only six weeks longer, in the midst of general discouragement and gloom, he suddenly stopped retreating, and, breaking into a furious offensive, fell like successive thunder-claps on the overwhelming and victorious enemy. Eluding their most skilfully-laid plans, breaking whole regiments to pieces by his furious onsets, and wresting post after post from their grasp, he rolled their strong columns back at every point, while his little army shouted victory, that thrilled the length and breadth of the land. The cloud that had gathered thicker and darker every hour around our cause, suddenly rent, and the light of hope and joy shone down on the nation. The British generals were amazed at their sudden overthrow, while Europe sent up a shout of applause to the genius who had wrought these miracles, and baptized him the *American Fabius*. When his name was uttered, tears of joy and exultation fell, and not a prayer went heavenward but bore it in

strong supplication to the God of battles. Patient, watchful, provoked into no rashness, frightened into no delay, cautious in his approach, bold and desperate in the onset, calm and collected in retreat, he moves at the head of his brave but ill-furnished and distracted army like a pillar of fire.

The history of these three weeks throws more light on Washington's military character than any other portion of his life. In the first place, he dared not go into winter quarters in the midst of such general discouragement, and he suddenly broke from his cautious and careful manœuvres into one of the boldest and most headlong movements recorded in history. He *must* have the moral effect of a victory, or the army would disband, and he wisely risked all to gain it. In the second place, he showed what terrible work he could make with the enemy, no matter how superior in numbers, the moment he got them away from their ships. At Boston he succeeded in driving them out of the city, but took no prisoners, for the fleet received the defeated troops. At New York he could not, with land forces, prevent the vessels of war from outflanking him, and he was compelled to retreat. In the Jerseys, with less than half the men he had in New York, he fell fearlessly on his pursuers, and drove them back at every point. The only two places left in the enemy's possession were Brunswick and Amboy, both of which had water communication with New York. The activity, energy, boldness, and success which characterized all his movements in the Jerseys, show conclusively that, removed from the sea-board, Washington, with ten thousand men wholly under his control and enlisted for the

war, could have destroyed as many armies of twenty thousand as Great Britain chose to send against him. He appears to us calm and slow, but he possessed a mind of amazing quickness of perception, and the wonder is that it could embrace so many things at once. No complexity of affairs could confuse him, and no new and untried positions find him unprepared. Congress looked up to him as much as his officers did; and when one takes into contemplation the varied and endless affairs that asked and received his attention, he is amazed at the clearness of his perceptions and the wisdom of his views. His mind never seems to struggle with difficulties, but overcomes and dismisses them without an effort. Cramped and fettered as he was by his limited powers, and fearful of encroaching on those liberties he held so sacred, he let his ablest plans prove abortive and his fondest hopes die. Bonaparte, fettered by a weak government, boldly took the supreme power into his own hands, so that his mind could have free play, and his vast plans full scope. Had this power been given to Washington, the first nine months would have seen an army standing up on our soil, against which the legions of Europe would have dashed in vain. The resources of the nation would have been developed—order sprung out of chaos, and the somewhat jarring and unsettled union been compact as iron. But as it was, his far-reaching plans were deferred, changed, or adopted reluctantly; and though Congress stood nobly by him through the whole war, it was with such misgivings and timidity that the true mode of conducting affairs developed slowly. Yet in time everything seemed to fall into

his mind, till the nation's thought took its impress from his.

In ordinary men, multiplied objects of attention and labor divide the energies, and thus weaken the force of them in any one particular direction. Not so with Washington, for notwithstanding all those affairs of state that engrossed him, he pushed his military plans with the greatest vigor, and allowed nothing to escape his ubiquitous mind.

The campaign, which ended in the surrender of Burgoyne, was not only planned by him, but its result accurately foretold. The battle of Brandywine was lost entirely through the false information furnished by Sullivan—that of Germantown, on account of a fog which he could not have anticipated. The attack was bold and well planned, and promised almost certain and great success. The next campaign opened brilliantly with the battle of Monmouth, where his genius and energy triumphed over every obstacle. The battle of Camden was disastrous, but Gates was appointed to the command of the southern army without Washington's knowledge or wish. It was one of those brilliant strokes Congress sometimes made in defiance of the commander-in-chief, and which generally had the same termination. Mortified at the disgrace of its favorite leader, it referred the whole matter over to him, where it belonged in the first place. The latter, placing Greene over the wrecked army, planned with him that campaign which saved the south, and crowned the conductor of it with unfading laurels. As he brought around Congress to his own views, he gained every day on his adversaries, liberating steadily the entire country

from its enemies ; and finally, by one of those sudden and rapid movements in which he so much delighted closed around Cornwallis at Yorktown, and gave the finishing blow to the war.

Men may point here and there to mistakes and violations of good tactics, yet, on their own showing, there is not a military leader of modern times who committed fewer errors, or with so small means accomplished such great results. To start with raw recruits and under an army system, which, by its short enlistments, kept him constantly commanding undisciplined forces—without a consolidated or efficient government to back him, without the means and implements of war—in the midst of suspicions and despondency, to keep the field against one of the strongest nations on the globe, and during a period of seven years never meet with a defeat that disorganized his army or sent him a fugitive from the field, and finally overwhelm his adversaries and win the independence of his country—required a man of no ordinary genius, and a warrior of nothing less than transcendent abilities.

But it is not to any *one* striking quality we are to look for a true exponent of Washington—it is to the harmonious whole his character presented. As a warrior, he may be surpassed, but as a complete *man*, he is without a parallel. Equal to any crisis, successful in all he undertakes, superior to temptation, faithful in every trial, and without a spot on his name, the history of the race cannot match him. All military men become more or less corrupted by a life in the camp, and many of our best officers were demoralized ; but not a stain clung to Washington. Committing his

cause to God before battle, and referring the victory to Divine goodness, he remained a religious man through a life on the tented field.

In *moral* elevation, no warrior of ancient or modern times approaches him. Given to no excess himself, he sternly rebuked it in others. The principles of religion were deeply engrafted in his heart, and as there was no stain on his blade, he could go from the fierce-fought field to the sacramental table. That brow which would have awed a Roman Senate in its proudest days, bent in the dust before his Maker. In the darkest night of adversity he leaned in solemn faith on Him who is "mightier than the mightiest." As I see him moving through the wretched hovels of Valley Forge, his heart wrung at the destitution and suffering that meet his eye at every step, slowly making his way to the silent forest, and there kneel in prayer in behalf of his bleeding country—that voice which was never known to falter in the wildest of the conflict, choked with emotion—I seem to behold one on whom God has laid his consecrating hand, and all doubts and fears of ultimate success vanish like morning mist before the uprisen sun. There is no slavish fear of the Deity, which formed so large a part of Cromwell's religion, mingled in that devotion, but an unshaken belief in Truth, and a firm reliance on heaven.

A Brutus in justice, he did not allow personal friendship to sway his decision, or influence him in the bestowment of favors. Fearing neither the carnage of battle nor the hatred of men, threats moved him no more than flatteries; and what is stranger still, the strong aversion to giving pain to his friends never

swerved him from the path of duty. Sincere in all his declarations, *his word was never doubted and his promise never broken*. Intrusted finally with almost supreme power, he never abused it, and laid it down at last more cheerfully than he had taken it up. Bonaparte vaulting the supreme command, seized it with avidity, and wielded it without restraint. The Directory obstructing his plans, he broke it up with the bayonet. Cromwell did the same with the Rump Parliament, and installed himself Protector of England, and even hesitated long about the title of king. Washington, fettered worse than both, submitted to disgrace and defeat without using even a disrespectful word to Congress, and rejected the offered crown with a sternness and indignation that forever crushed the hopes of those who presented it. Calm and strong in council, untiring in effort, wise in policy, terrible as a storm in battle, unconquered in defeat, and incorruptible in virtue, he rises in moral grandeur so far above the Alexanders, and Cæsars, and Napoleons of the world, that even comparison seems injustice.

How noble does he seem in bidding farewell to his companions in arms, and rendering up his command to Congress. To part with his soldiers, with those whom a common suffering had bound to him by a thousand ties, was a heavy task to a generous heart like his. Assembling them for the last time at Newburgh, he rode out on the field, and gave them his farewell address. Playing the mournful tune of Roslin Castle—the dirge which always accompanies a dead companion in arms to his grave—they slowly marched by the beloved leader, and silently and sadly

filed away to their respective homes. Ragged, destitute, without a penny in their pockets, they had long revolved schemes of terrible retribution against Congress, but the moment they saw again the form of Washington, all anger died, and trusting to his simple word for redress, they turned away invoking blessings on his head. With melancholy feelings he watched their lessening files, for all their hardships and privations rose before him, while their present poverty and suffering moved his deepest sympathy.

But to part forever with his brother officers, who had so long sat with him in council, shared his toils and adversities, and become endeared to him by numberless proofs of affection, was the greatest trial to which his noble heart was ever subjected. It was the fourth of December when they, in full uniform, assembled in Francis's tavern, New York, to take leave of their commander. About noon Washington entered, and every form rose at his presence, and every eye turned to greet him. He had come to say farewell, but the task seemed too great for his self-control. Advancing slowly to the table he lifted the glass to his lips, and said in a voice choked with emotion, "*With a heart full of gratitude and love, I now take leave of you ; I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable.*" A mournful and profound silence followed, and each one gazed on the face of his leader. But that noble countenance which had moved so calm and fearless through seven years of gloom and carnage, and been the only star of hope to the troubled nation in the night of its distress, was now convulsed with feeling. There were Knox, and Greene, and Hamilton,

and Steuben, and others, the locks of many of whom had whitened in the storm of freedom's battle, gazing mournfully upon him. Shoulder to shoulder they had stood beside him in the deadly combat, and with their brave arms around him, borne him all steadily through the fight. He had heard their battle shout on the fields of his fame, and seen them carry his standard triumphantly through the smoke of the conflict. Brave hearts were they all and true, on whom he had leaned, and not in vain, in the hour of peril, and now he was to leave them forever. A thousand proofs of their devotion came rushing back on his memory—their toils and conflicts rose before him, and the whole history of the past with its chequered scenes swept by, till his heart sunk in affection and grief. And there they stood, a noble band of them—the eye unaccustomed to weep, flowing in tears, and the lip that seemed made of iron in the carnage and din of the strife, quivering with emotion. Washington gazed on them a moment in silent sorrow, and then turning to Knox, grasped his hand and clasped him in his arms. Neither could utter a word, and the spectacle melted every heart. Thus did one after another receive the embrace of his commander, and Washington, with bursting heart, turned away. As he passed uncovered through the corps of light infantry drawn up on either side to receive him, a gigantic soldier who had moved by his side in that dark and terrible night when he marched on Trenton, stepped forth from the ranks, and reaching out his arms, exclaimed, "*Farewell, my dear general, farewell!*" Washington seized his hardy hand in both of his, and wrung it convulsively. In a moment all discipline was at end, and the soldiers broke

their order, and rushing around him, seized him by the hands, covering them with tears and sobs of sorrow. This was the last drop in the overflowing cup, and as Washington moved away, his broad chest heaved and swelled above the tide of feeling, that had at last burst the sway of his strong will, and the big tears rolled unchecked down his manly face. At length he reached Whitehall, where a barge was waiting to receive him. Entering it, he turned a moment and waved his hat over his head in a last adieu to the mute and noble band on the shore, when the boat shot away, and the impressive scene was over.

Thus, link after link was severed, and there remained now but to surrender up his commission as commander-in-chief, to cut the last tie that bound him to the past. Entering the House of Congress, while a silence like that of death filled the chamber, he said, with that dignity which became him, "Having now finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theatre of action, and bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body, under whose orders I have so long acted, I here offer my commission, and take my leave of all the employments of life."

Though grave and severe when occasion demanded it, Washington had a heart full of the warmest, tenderest affections. His parting with Lafayette was another touching incident in his life, illustrating this trait in his character. The young and generous-hearted nobleman had left all the joys and delights of home to become a volunteer in a cause where renown was not to be expected. Brave and virtuous himself, he so wound himself around the heart of Washington, that the most intimate

friendship sprung up between them, and continued through life. After peace was proclaimed, the young Marquis made a visit to Mount Vernon, previous to his departure for France. Washington accompanied him on his route far as Annapolis, and there the two friends parted forever. Of their conversation by the way, and the manly grief of the final adieu, we know nothing: but Washington's letter to Lafayette soon after, shows with what strength and tenderness he loved him. Says he, "In the moment of our separation, upon the road, as I travelled, and every hour since, I have felt all that love, respect and attachment for you, which length of years, close connection, and your merits have inspired me. I often asked myself as our carriages separated, whether that was the last sight I ever should have of you? And though I wished to say No, my fears answered Yes. I called to mind the days of my youth, and found they had long since fled to return no more; that I was now descending the hill I had been fifty-two years climbing, and that though I was blest with a good constitution, I was of a short-lived family, and might soon expect to be entombed in the mansion of my fathers. These thoughts darkened the shades, and gave a gloom to the picture, and consequently to my prospect of seeing you again." How simple and affectionate is this language—it seems more like the warm and generous love of a youth, than the affection of a man of fifty-two, whose hairs had grown white on the field of battle. The whole scene reminds one of the touching farewell between him and his aged mother, at his departure for New York, previous to his entering on the duties of

President of the United States. She was at Fredericksburg, where he had gone to see her. As he was departing he told her that he had been elected chief magistrate of the confederacy, and before assuming the duties of his office, he had come to bid her an affectionate farewell. Soon as the public business was over he promised to return. His mother interrupted him in the midst of his speech, saying, "You will see me no more. My great age, and the disease which is fast approaching my vitals, warn me that I shall not be long in this world. But go, George, fulfil the high destinies which Heaven appears to assign you ; go, my son, and may Heaven's and your mother's blessing be with you always." Washington overcome by her words, leaned his head on her aged shoulder and wept. The hero and the man sunk before the feelings of the son, and tears that honored him more than the laurels he wore, stood on his care-furrowed cheek. What a scene for a painter do they present as they thus stand together. That tall and commanding form, which had been the terror of so many battle-fields, bowed over the trembling form of his mother, and that brow before which the nation bent in homage, hid on her neck in silent grief.

Of Washington as a statesman, I design to say but little. At the close of the war, public feeling was in such a ferment, and the jealousies of the separate states so strongly excited, that without the greatest care the whole fabric which had been reared with so much blood and toil would fall in ruins. But the Providence that had watched over our affairs, brought unanimity into our councils, and the constitution was adopted.

Then the general voice called on Washington to become chief magistrate of the Union. The nation looked to him as its saviour from the strife of factions, and all the perils incident to a new and untried government. The tottering structure needed his mighty hand to steady it, and public faith required his virtue to satisfy it. Against his will—yielding to the strong sense of duty, he consented to leave the private life so dear to him, and take upon his shoulders again the responsibilities he had so long borne.

Every electoral vote was cast for him, and he was chosen President by universal acclamation. His journey to New York was one great ovation—the people flocked in crowds along the way, and one exultant shout followed him from the banks of the Potomac to the mouth of the Hudson. At Trenton, the citizens decorated the bridge over the Assanpink, on whose banks he lay encamped the night before he marched on Princeton, with a triumphal arch, on which was inscribed—

THE HERO WHO DEFENDED THE MOTHERS,  
WILL ALSO PROTECT THE DAUGHTERS.

At the farther extremity stood a crowd of little girls arrayed in white, with garlands around their temples and baskets of flowers in their hands, and behind them a throng of maidens robed also in white, and still farther in the background, the aged fathers and mothers. As Washington approached, these children and maidens lifted their voices with one accord, and rolled their song of welcome to the sky, and as the chorus,

“Strew your hero's way with flowers,”

died away, they scattered their flowers in his path. Dashing the gathering tear from his eye, the chieftain moved onward through the beautiful ranks. At Elizabethtown Point, an elegant barge manned by thirteen pilots, was waiting to receive him. As he entered this the shores shook with the shouts of the multitude, and amid the pealing of trumpets and strains of martial music, the boat parted from the strand, and moved away. As it swept over the smooth waters of New York bay, it was followed by a fleet of vessels fluttering with ribbons, and gay with decorations, and crowded with spectators. Hovering around the barge of Washington, singing pæans of victory and playing triumphant strains, they seemed to waft him onward to the arms that were open to receive him. As he approached the city, the thunder of artillery met his ear, calling to mind those dark years when he so often heard it on the field of carnage. But how changed was the scene; then they swept in terror through the ranks of freemen, now they welcomed with their sullen roar freedom's champion to the highest place in the gift of his grateful countrymen. As he touched the shore, one protracted, loud "LONG LIVE WASHINGTON," rent the air, and the artillery again blent in their deafening roar to swell the loud acclaim. A long military train escorted him to the house selected for his abode, and amid the waving of standards and pealing of trumpets, he entered the dwelling prepared to receive him. Mirth and festivity ruled the hour, and all night long the blazing city shook to the shouts of the joyous populace.

His feelings under this outburst of popular en-

thusiasm exhibit a purity and nobleness of heart never witnessed in any hero of ancient or modern times.

He who passes through years of trial and change learns the fickleness of the multitude, and at length comes to despise those exhibitions of love which the first disaster will change into moody silence or open hatred. Thus Cromwell, when he was on his way to Westminster to be installed Lord Protector, gazed on a scene like that which met the eye of Washington, and as those beside him exclaimed, "What a concourse! what acclamations!" "Yes," he sarcastically replied, "but there would be much more if I was to be hanged." There spoke forth a strong soul which has lost its faith in human virtue. But Washington, equally conscious how little reliance can be placed on popular feelings, is filled with sadness instead of scorn, and says, "The departure of the boats which attended me, and joined on this occasion, some with vocal and some with instrumental music on board—the decorations of the ships, the roar of cannon, and the loud acclamations of the people which rent the air as I passed along the wharves—filled my mind with sensations (contemplating the reverse of this scene, which may be the case after all my labors to do good) as painful as they were pleasing." What a flood of light does this single sentence throw on his character. Surrounded with all the pageantry that dazzles and intoxicates the soul, greeted by triumphant strains of music and shouts that rocked the heavens above him, no feeling of pride or vanity arose in his heart. Absorbed with the responsibilities he is about to assume—thinking only of the country he loves better than his life—his mind passes on to the time

when his best efforts may be misjudged, and his fondest hopes extinguished.

His administration was distinguished by that wisdom and virtue which had ever characterized him. In carrying out the separate requirements of the constitution, he was governed by that pure patriotism which is bound by no personal feelings, or views of self-aggrandizement. Laboring assiduously to master both home and foreign affairs, he succeeded in harmonizing the discordant elements about him, and made his government steady at home and respected abroad. In forming the supreme judiciary—filling the several departments of state—in establishing a national bank—in protecting our frontiers from Indian depredations, and in developing all the resources of the country, he showed himself to be the greatest statesman of the nation, as he was its greatest military leader. When the first four years of his administration closed, he fondly hoped that he would be permitted to retire to private life; but men of all parties who cared for their country, felt that his commanding influence and wisdom were indispensable in order to fix firmly and forever that which he had only settled into repose; and declaring that, if he should not remain, the tottering fabric would fall, they with one voice besought him, by all that was dear to him in the Union, to serve another term. They knew that Washington's only weak side was his patriotism, and this they plied with all the arguments they knew so well how to use. Though he had reached his threescore years, and pined for the rest of a quiet home, he again took on him the burdens of office. The nation prospered under his rule. Words of wisdom and piety dropped from his lips, and

stretching out his arms over the Union, both the foundation and topmost stone of which he had laid, he gave it his last blessing. Had his counsels been obeyed, and all his successors followed in his footsteps, this nation would not only have stood first among the powers of the earth, but been the especial favorite of heaven.

In politics he was a strong Federalist. Knowing that in a republic the tendency is to radicalism instead of monarchy, he wished to gather around the Federal Government all the checks he could, consistent with the largest liberty. Jefferson was his bitter antagonist, and caused him more trouble and anxiety than all other things put together. If there is the same difference in their principles that there was in their characters, woe worth the day when we adopted those of the former. Full of hope and strength, we may fear nothing now ; but he who writes the last history of republics, will point to the spot where we deviated from the counsels and principles of Washington as the starting-place of our troubles.

At the age of sixty-five, having committed his country in solemn faith to the God in whom he had trusted, he bade a final adieu to the cares of public life, and turned his weary steps to Mount Vernon. As we see him approach his quiet home, his locks white with the frosts of time, and his benevolent cheek furrowed with age and the cares and anxiety of a life of toil, we involuntary murmur, " great and good man, peace be about thy declining years, and the smile of God on thy last hours."

When he gave up his command of the army and retired to Mount Vernon, to be troubled, as he sup

posed, no more with the cares of office, he wrote to Lafayette, saying, "At length I am become a private citizen on the banks of the Potomac, and under the shadow of my own vine and my own fig tree, free from the bustle of a camp and the busy scenes of public life, I am relieving myself with those tranquil enjoyments of which the soldier, who is ever in pursuit of fame, the statesman, whose watchful days and sleepless nights are spent in devising schemes, the welfare of his own, perhaps the ruin of other countries, as if this globe was insufficient for us all, and the courtier who is always watching the countenance of his prince in hopes of catching a gracious smile, can have very little conception. I have not only retired from all public employments, but I am retiring within myself, and shall be able to view the solitary walk and tread the paths of private life with a heartfelt satisfaction. Envious of none, I am determined to be pleased with all, and this, my dear friend, being the order of my march, I will move gently down the stream of life, until I sleep with my fathers." That delightful repose was broken up, and eight years more of labor and anxiety were passed. And when at last his favorite wish was gratified, and he sat down on his own farm, the tiller of his own soil, he had scarcely begun to enjoy his liberty, before death came and suddenly snatched him from the sight of the stunned and sorrow-struck nation. Only two years of rest were allowed him, and then he was taken to that eternal rest prepared for the good. His last hours were in perfect harmony with the rest of his life.

Riding out one day on horseback to visit his farm, he was overtaken with a storm of sleet and rain which

chilled him through. A severe cold followed this exposure, which settling in his throat hurried him rapidly into the grave. The efforts of physicians were powerless to arrest the disease, and it was soon evident to all, and to none more than to himself, that his hours were fast drawing to a close. His sufferings were intense, and his breath came difficult and thick, yet he bore all with the fortitude of a great mind and the resignation of a Christian. "*I die hard,*" said he, "*but I am not afraid to die.*" I believed from my first that I should not survive it. My breath cannot last long." This was said with great difficulty, and he spoke little after, and then only to thank the physicians, and request them to spare themselves farther trouble, and let him die quietly. From that time he sunk gradually away, and on the night of the 14th of December, 1799, two days after his attack, he ceased to breathe.

Not in the delirium of battle did his soul, like that of Napoleon, take its flight, but calmly sunk to rest amid the lamentations of a heart-broken people. Solemn ceremonies attended the funeral, and thousands followed the slow procession—but the mourners were not all there—they were scattered on every hill and along every valley of this free land. Minute guns were fired as his body was borne to the place of burial, and his old war horse, saddled and bridled, walked riderless beside the coffin. That noble steed he should never mount again, and to that cold cheek the loud pealing cannon could never again send the blood as of yore. His work was done—his fierce battles over, and crowned with the noblest laurels ever worn by a cre

ated brow, the more than kingly sleeper was laid in his last resting place. The land was hung in crape, and one convulsive sob shook the heart of the nation. No people ever mourned a leader so, and no leader before was ever worthy such a sorrow. Even the young republic of France, then wading in blood, put on crape, and imposing ceremonies were decreed in his honor by the young Napoleon.

No one, in tracing the history of our struggle, can deny that Providence watched over our interests, and gave us the only man who could have conducted the car of the Revolution to the goal it finally reached. Our revolution brought to a speedy crisis the one that must sooner or later have convulsed France. One was as much needed as the other, and has been productive of equal good. But in tracing the progress of each, how striking is the contrast between the instruments employed—Napoleon and Washington. Heaven and earth are not wider apart than were their moral characters, yet both were sent of Heaven to perform a great work. God acts on more enlarged plans than the bigoted and ignorant have any conception of, and adapts his instruments to the work he wishes to accomplish. To effect the regeneration of a comparatively religious, virtuous and intelligent people, no better man could have been selected than Washington. To rend asunder the feudal system of Europe, which stretched like an iron frame-work over the people, and had rusted so long in its place, that no slow corrosion or steadily wasting power could affect its firmness, there could have been found no better than Bonaparte. Their missions were as different as their characters.

Had Bonaparte been put in the place of Washington, he would have overthrown the Congress, as he did the Directory, and taking supreme power into his hands, developed the resources, and kindled the enthusiasm of this country with such astonishing rapidity, that the war would scarcely have begun ere it was ended. But a vast and powerful monarchy instead of a republic, would have occupied this continent. Had Washington been put in the place of Bonaparte, his transcendent virtues and unswerving integrity would not have prevailed against the tyranny of faction, and a prison would have received him, as it did Lafayette. Both were children of a revolution, both rose to the chief command of the army, and eventually to the head of the nation. One led his country step by step to freedom and prosperity, the other arrested at once, and with a strong hand, the earthquake that was rocking France asunder, and sent it rolling under the thrones of Europe. The office of one was to defend and build up Liberty, that of the other to break down the prison walls in which it lay a captive, and rend asunder its century-bound fetters. To suppose that France could have been managed as America was, by any human hand, shows an ignorance as blind as it is culpable. That, and every other country of Europe will have to pass through successive stages before they can reach the point at which our revolution commenced. Here Liberty needed virtue and patriotism, as well as strength—on the continent it needed simple *power*, concentrated and terrible power. Europe at this day trembles over that volcano Napoleon kindled, and

the next eruption will finish what he begun. Thus does Heaven, selecting its own instruments, break up the systems of oppression men deemed eternal, and out of the power and ambition, as well as out of the virtues of men, work the welfare for our race.

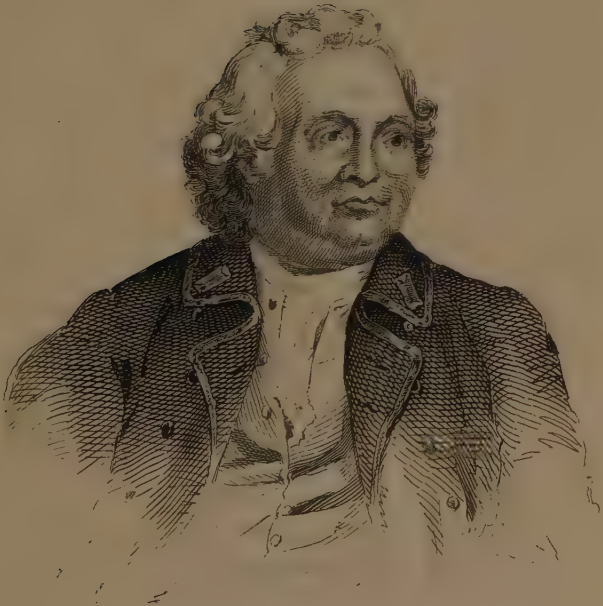
## II.

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### MAJOR GENERAL PUTNAM.

His Early Life—Enlists in the English Army—Perilous Adventure at Crown Point—At the Ovens—Massacre at Fort William Henry—Saves a Magazine of Powder from the Flames—Battle by Moonlight—Is taken Prisoner—Battle of Bunker Hill—Break-neck Ride down a Precipice—Struck with Paralysis—His Character.

IT is well known that the battles of Concord and Lexington opened the civil war, which after years of varied success ended in the establishment of our present government. As the tidings of their result flew over the land, men everywhere rushed to arms. The farmer snatched his trusty firelock from its resting-place, and the mechanic threw aside his instruments for the musket, and all went pouring forward to Boston, and in a short time an army of thirty thousand men environed the city. It was an army, however, only in name, for it had none of the order or discipline or appendages entitling it to such an appellation. The troops were without uniform, having come together just as they had left their fields and their shops, and would obey no orders except those which suited their inclinations, and knew nothing of the rules of regular warfare. They had but sixteen cannon in all, and of these



THE ENGRAVER

Israel Putnam



only six were fit for use, while there was not sufficient powder even for those six. Forty one barrels were all that could be raised, and thus miserably furnished, and destitute of magazines and of provisions, this motley mighty multitude began the war. The spirit which animated it, however, was prophetic of a desperate struggle to come. They were free-born men, inured to toil, accustomed to danger, and resolute in purpose. The reply of Charles Thompson, afterwards secretary of Congress, to Franklin then in London, had proved true. The night after the passage of the Stamp Act, the latter wrote to his friend in America, saying, "The sun of Liberty is set—the Americans must light up the lamps of industry and economy." "Be assured," was the spirited reply, "*we shall light up torches of another sort.*" So also, when Lord Percy, marching through Roxbury on his way to destroy the stores at Concord and Lexington, asked a youth whom he saw smile as his band insultingly played Yankee Doodle, why he laughed, received for reply, "To think how you will dance by-and-by to the tune of Chevy Chase." Thus from the highest to the lowest, every heart seemed to take the same resolve and to forecast with prophetic clearness the coming struggle.

On the very day the battle of Bunker Hill was fought, and while the flames of Charlestown were shooting heavenward, and the loud hurra was ringing over the intrenchments of the Americans, Congress was voting the appointment of Washington as commander-in-chief of the American army. Two ominous facts, and which fixed beyond recall the Revolution.

Immediately after Washington's appointment, Con-

gress created four major-generals and eight brigadiers for the continental army. To the former rank were appointed Israel Putnam, Artemas Ward, Charles Lee, and Philip Schuyler; to the latter, Seth Pomeroy, Richard Montgomery, William Heath, Joseph Spencer, David Wooster, John Thomas, John Sullivan, and Nathaniel Greene. Horatio Gates was added as adjutant-general, with the rank of brigadier. Some of these officers had distinguished themselves in the French and Indian war, and none perhaps more than Putnam. He was at this time fifty-seven years of age, but tough as iron. His ten years' experience in the camp had not only given him a knowledge of military affairs, but also a frame of almost superhuman endurance, and a spirit fearless of danger.

Born in Salem, in January, 1718, he was destined to the humble occupation of a farmer. Receiving no education except that imparted in the common schools of the day, reading, writing, and arithmetic, he had to rely upon his own genius and force to succeed in life. Strong and vigorous, he excelled in all the athletic sports of youth. None could pitch the bar farther than he, and in his iron grasp the strongest playmate went down. He early exhibited that resolute courage which formed the most striking trait in his character. On his first visit to Boston, then a lad, he flogged a boy twice his age and size, for daring to insult him as an ignorant rustic. When twenty years of age, he married a Miss Pope, of Salem, and removed to Pomfret, where he settled down a quiet farmer. Here occurred the famous wolf adventure, which evinced the daring and intrepidity that afterwards distinguished him. This she-

wolf, which he followed into her den and shot by the light of the blazing torch he held in his hand, had exasperated him by killing seventy sheep and goats of his flock in a single night.

He continued his peaceful avocations till the French and Indian war broke out, when he threw up his employment and enlisted under Sir William Johnson, who was to act against Crown Point. The young farmer was then thirty-six years of age, and from his known energy and courage received the command of a company. Here his military career fairly commenced, and free scope was given to his energies. His company acted as rangers, which made the life of Putnam one of constant activity and danger. On one occasion he was sent from Fort Edward with some light troops to reconnoitre Crown Point. He proceeded to within a short distance of the fort, when fearful of being discovered, he concealed his men behind some bushes, and with Major Rogers advanced alone towards the enemy. In making their investigations, however, they tarried too long; for the sun rising over the hill-tops, flooded the fields with light, which were also soon covered with soldiers hurrying out of the fort. The two young officers dared not attempt to cross the open ground, and so lay concealed, trusting to good fortune to give them a chance of escape. After a couple of hours, a soldier stumbled upon Rogers, who lay a short distance from Putnam, and immediately attacked him, calling at the same time upon his companions to come to his help. Putnam seeing the danger of his comrade, and fearing to fire lest he should bring a whole guard on him, leaped from his place of concealment, and

fetching the Frenchman one blow with his gun, laid him dead at his feet. The two friends then took to their heels, and succeeded in reaching their party in safety.

The next year he was stationed at Ticonderoga. His known boldness and enterprise caused him to be employed frequently on missions requiring courage, resolution, and promptness. Having been sent on one occasion to reconnoitre the enemy at a place called the Ovens, he took with him Lieutenant Durkee, afterward burned at the stake in the massacre of Wyoming, and set out for the French camp. Deceived by the watch-fires, which were placed in the centre instead of along the outer lines, they kept advancing till they suddenly found themselves in the very heart of the enemy's camp. Being discovered, a shower of bullets was rained upon them, one of which struck Durkee in the thigh. The two friends made off at the top of their speed, though a hundred muskets blazed on their path. Putnam was ahead and going at a furious rate, when he pitched head foremost into a clay pit, followed close by Durkee. The former finding himself overlaid in the darkness by a strange man, was on the point of stabbing him, when Durkee spoke. Lifting themselves out of this dilemma as they best could, they pushed on amid the random bullets which were falling like hail-stones about them. At length coming to a log, they threw themselves behind it to wait for the morning. The hours passing rather wearily, Putnam thought a drink from his canteen would not be disagreeable, so twisting it around, he raised it to his mouth. But, to his surprise, he found it as dry as his powder-horn, and

on examination discovered that a bullet had passed directly through it, and emptied out all the contents. Here he remained till daylight, when on examining his outer person, he found *fourteen* bullet-holes through his blanket. How he escaped a wound is passing strange, but he was one of those men who seem eternally seeking death without being able to find it. There are some persons in the world who appear to bear a charmed life, which no amount of daring or exposure can endanger. Foremost in the charge, and the last to retreat, they are never found with the dead. Fate seems to delight to place them in the most desperate straits on purpose to make their deliverance appear the more miraculous. Putnam was one of those favored beings, and was never born to be killed in battle.

The next year, 1757, he was raised to the rank of major, and was engaged in that disastrous campaign in which Fort William Henry was surrendered and the garrison massacred. He was stationed at the time at Fort Edward, fifteen miles distant, and at his earnest request was permitted a few days previous to the investment of the fort, to reconnoitre the French at Ticonderoga, and ascertain their designs. Narrowly escaping being taken prisoner by them, he returned with the news that they were in full march for Fort William Henry. The next day nearly nine thousand French and Indians invested it. For six days Colonel Munroe bravely defended himself against this overwhelming force. Express after express was sent to General Webb at Fort Edward for relief, but this cowardly, selfish, miserable officer, turned a deaf ear to the distress of his companions. Once, when Sir Wil-

liam Johnson besought that he might be allowed to march to the relief of Monroe, he gave his consent, if volunteers enough could be found. At the first beat of the drum, Putnam and his brave rangers stepped forth, but scarcely had they formed their line of march before General Webb ordered them back to their posts. Fort William Henry fell, and the garrison was butchered! Early next morning Putnam, who, with his rangers, had been appointed to watch the enemy's movements, came upon the scene of slaughter. The smoke of the burning fort curled slowly heavenwards upon the morning air—half-consumed boards were scattered around, and the mouldering ruins overlaid each other and the blackened corpses on every side. Covering the open ground without, lay the dead, thick as autumn leaves, which the wind had strewn over the field. Not a sound broke the awful stillness that had settled like a pall over the spot, save the groan that now and then burst from some poor wretch in whom the spark of life still lingered; and not a living thing stood on the plain. The flash of bayonets was seen for a moment in the distance, as the rear guard of the French disappeared from the shore, and then silence and solitude fell on the forest. More than a hundred women lay scattered around, their arms flung out upon the cold ground, and their long tresses streaming around their cloven skulls and over their gashed bosoms, rendering still more horrible the ghastly spectacle. Putnam stood and gazed on the scene with the emotions a brave man must always feel when he thinks of the distress he could have prevented, but for the cowardice and selfishness of others.

Soon after another officer took command of Fort Edward, and wishing to repair the defences, sent out a large party of men to cut timber, while Captain Little was stationed near to protect them. The laborers, however, were suddenly attacked by a party of prowling Indians, and fled towards the fort. Captain Little bravely covered their retreat, but was himself so hard pushed by the savages that he was in danger of being cut off. The commanding officer, instead of rendering him relief, called in the outposts and shut the gates. Putnam, with his rangers, was stationed on an island near by, and the moment he heard of Little's danger, ordered his men to march. They plunged cheerfully into the water, and waded rapidly towards the spot where the incessant volleys told them that the unequal conflict was raging. In their progress they passed near the fort, and the commanding officer hailing Putnam, fiercely ordered him to stop. But the bold ranger had been prevented once from rescuing his companions from the tomahawk, and no power on earth should do it the second time. Returning a brief but stern answer, he passed on. In a few moments, he and his gallant followers were beside that almost surrounded, distressed company, and with a shout that drowned the war-whoop of the savages, dashed headlong into the swamp, and swept it with loud huzzas. He disobeyed orders, but was never called to account for it—probably because the commanding officer feared an investigation of his own conduct.

## CONFLAGRATION OF THE FORT.

The next winter he gave a still more striking exhibition of his resolute and fearless character. He was at his old station on the island whence he had marched to the relief of Captain Little, when the barracks of the fort on shore took fire. The magazine containing three hundred barrels of powder stood close by them, and to save this the commanding officer directed the cannon to play on the former in order to beat them down. But this measure did not succeed, and to all human appearance the magazine must soon take fire. In this state of affairs, Putnam, who had heard the heavy cannonading and seen the ascending volumes of smoke, hurried across from the island. Perceiving at a glance how imminent was the peril, he sprung on the roof of the barracks, and ordered a line of soldiers to be formed between him and the water. These passed buckets along to him, which he emptied, one after another on the flames. So close did he stand to the blaze, that his mittens were soon burned from his hands. Another pair soaked in water was handed him and he kept his post. The commanding officer besought him to come down from his perilous position, but he entreated so earnestly to be allowed to remain, that the former could not deny him, and declared that he and his men would be buried with him. And there he stood amid the smoke and flame, cool, resolute, and determined, while his skin shrivelled on his body in the fierce heat. At length feeling the structure under him giving way, he leaped to the ground and placed

himself between the fire and the magazine. The heat was now dreadful, and Putnam's form could be seen only at intervals as the wind whirled the smoke, and ashes, in eddies about his head. The planks that covered this slumbering volcano rapidly turned into cinders, as the flames flapped their wings about them, till there was nothing left between the fire and the powder but a partition of timber. A single spark and all would have gone skyward together, but still Putnam would not stir, and kept pouring the water over the crackling mass till at length, after an hour and a half of the most exhausting toil, he succeeded in subduing the fire and saving the magazine. The soldiers gazed on him in utter astonishment as he calmly stood amid the enveloping blaze and clouds of smoke, while a magazine of three hundred barrels of powder was slowly turning to cinders within five feet of him. So fierce was the heat to which he had been exposed, that when he removed his water-soaked mittens the skin came off with them, and so burnt and blistered was his whole body, that he was an invalid for several weeks.

The next year he was joined to that ill-conducted, ill-fated expedition under Abercromby, sent out for the reduction of Ticonderoga. He saw the British thousands move into the volcano of fire that mowed down whole ranks at a time, and led his men bravely to the charge, but in vain. Two thousand were left dead on the field, and with a sad heart he helped to cover the shameful retreat which followed.

## A FIGHT BY MOONLIGHT.

Some time previous to the battle, however, he performed one of those daring acts which made him a by-word in the army. On the way to Ticonderoga, Abercromby sent him forward with a small detachment of men to reconnoitre the enemy. Arriving at Wood Creek, near where it falls into the lake, they erected on a high rock that jutted over the stream a stone wall, about thirty feet long, concealed in front by pine bushes, which were arranged so as to present the appearance of having grown there. With his little band of thirty-five men he lay four days in his place of concealment, without seeing any traces of the enemy. But just at evening of the last day, his sentinels brought in word that a whole fleet of canoes, filled with soldiers, was entering the mouth of the creek. Putnam immediately arranged his men, in dead silence, behind the parapet, and waited their approach. The sun had gone down, and the shadows of night crept slowly over the landscape. The next moment the full round moon rose over the tree-tops, flooding the whole scene with light. Every movement of the dark canoes below could be distinctly seen, while in the dead silence one could hear the low words of command, and even the ripple of the water around the prows of the boats. Continuing to advance, the foremost of the fleet had already passed the parapet, when one of Putnam's soldiers, in bringing his musket to bear more directly on the enemy, struck it against a stone. The light click was heard by those below, and they immediately halted, and

began to huddle together, like a flock of frightened fowl, till they presented a black motionless mass at the very base of the rock upon which Putnam and his men were placed, while the low "*O-wish*" of the Indian stole over the water. A profound silence followed, as they gazed a moment over the parapet, and then the word "*Fire!*" broke in startling clearness from the lips of their commander. The next moment those pine-trees were wreathed in flame, and those thirty-five muskets sent a perfect shower of balls into the mass beneath. Five hundred men lay crowded together there on the water, whose faces even could be distinctly seen in the light of their answering volleys. Five hundred against thirty-five was heavy odds, but that little band of rangers were concealed, while the broad moonlight fell over their foes. It was a glorious evening, but that quiet spot in the deep wilderness soon became a scene of carnage. A sheet of flame flowed all night long down the face of the precipice, and at almost every shot a man reeled back in his seat dead or wounded, while the enemy's bullets clattered harmlessly against the rocks, wounding only two soldiers in all. In the morning, finding his ammunition nearly exhausted, and learning that a detachment of the enemy had landed, and was marching to take him in rear, Putnam ordered a retreat, leaving behind him only the two wounded soldiers, whom he endeavored in vain to bring off.

Fortune always seemed to favor him, till no one thought of his being killed. The next summer after this expedition to Ticonderoga, while laying in his batteaux on the Hudson, he was suddenly surrounded by a party of Indians. There was no way of escape

except by shooting the rapids of Fort Miller, at the head of which he lay. To attempt this seemed certain death, yet he boldly seized the helm, and amid the astonishment of his friends and utter amazement of the Indians, as they saw his boat whirled amid the foaming eddies and rocks, steered his frail craft safely through.

#### HIS CAPTURE.

At length, however, his good fortune deserted him, and he was taken prisoner by the Indians. He with two other officers and five hundred men had been sent to watch the enemy at Ticonderoga, but being discovered, they undertook to make good their retreat to Fort Edward. But the second day after they began their flight, while they were marching in close columns, they were suddenly met in a dense forest by a multitude of French and Indians. Putnam was taken by surprise, but he did not lose his self-possession. Rallying his men, he held them firmly to the encounter, himself foremost in the ranks, and exposed to the hottest of the fire. As he thus stood fighting under the shadows of the trees, a powerful Indian rushed upon him. Putnam coolly held his musket to his breast and pulled the trigger. The faithless thing missed fire, and he was left at the mercy of the savage. The latter immediately bound him to a tree and left him there, while he mingled again in the fight. Around this tree the whole force of the battle gathered, and it stood right in the cross fire of the combatants. The bullets rattled like hail-stones on the trunk, knocking the bark in chips from beside the prisoner, and piercing his coat

in several places. In this position he remained for an hour, sometimes on the edge and sometimes in the centre of the volleys, as the parties swayed to and fro in the conflict. When the battle passed him, as the provincials were driven back, leaving him less exposed, a young Indian, by way of pastime, would throw his tomahawk at his head, to see how close he could strike without hitting. The quivering of the handle almost in the victim's face, as the steel buried itself in the tree, showed excellent practice. A Frenchman, however, less refined in his tastes, attempted to shoot him at once, by putting the muzzle of his gun to his breast. It fortunately missed fire, which threw the villain into such a rage that he punched him with the stock, and at last struck him over the head with the breech, and left him stunned and half dead.

The Americans were victorious, but the enemy bore away their prisoner. Taking off his shoes and stockings, and tying his hands together in front, they loaded him down with all the packs they could pile upon him. Thus mile after mile, through thickets, across swamps, and up steep acclivities, he was compelled to travel. His arms were swollen, his feet torn and bleeding, and his powerful frame so utterly exhausted, that he begged they would either release or kill him. At length a French officer compelled the Indians to take off a part of his load and give him moccasins. To compensate for this temporary relief, a savage soon after opened his cheek with a single blow of his tomahawk. When night came on, the party halted, and Putnam more dead than alive, stretched his aching, bruised limbs upon the ground. This temporary rest, however, was

soon broken, for the savages had resolved to burn him. Stripping off his clothes, they bound him naked to a tree, and then piled up the fuel around the roots—he in the mean while watching all the preparations with the firmness of one who had often looked death in the face. Limbs of trees, and logs, and pieces of bark, were heaped together around him, and then a torch applied. But scarcely had the blaze kindled, before a sudden shower extinguished it. Again and again did the rain baffle their ferocious purpose, but at last the flame caught, and crackling in its rapid progress, soon shot up in spiral wreaths around him. As he writhed in the fierce heat, the Indians began to dance and sing, and fill the nightly forests with their discordant yells. The convulsed body was scarcely visible amid the flame and smoke, and the victim's sufferings seemed about to close in death, when a French officer, who just then arrived, dashed through the throng, and scattering the firebrands in his path, released him from his torture. That dreadful night he slept with saplings bent over his body, on each end of which lay his savage captors to prevent his escape.

At length he reached Montreal, as a prisoner of war. Colonel Schuyler being there at the time, he succeeded in effecting his release by exchange, and Putnam returned home. But in 1759, having been promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, he again joined the English army in their attempted invasion of Canada. Wolfe died in the arms of victory, on the heights of Abraham, while Amherst, in whose command Putnam was placed, succeeded in reducing Ticonderoga and Crown Point. The next year he performed several

gallant exploits on the St. Lawrence, and was an able and efficient officer to the close of the war.

In 1762, when war was declared between England and Spain, he accompanied the expedition fitted out at Portsmouth, to operate against Havanna. The Connecticut regiment was put under his command, and with five hundred men he embarked on board a transport. The fleet reached Cuba just in time to take a furious hurricane off the coast. At the outset the vessel in which he and his five hundred men were crowded was thrown on a reef. Here she lay with the sea constantly breaking over her, while not a ship could come to her relief. As a last resource, the soldiers made rafts of the spars and masts, and thus succeeded in reaching the shore. Putnam, with his usual promptness, immediately began to establish and fortify his camp, so as to be ready for any emergency. The storm raged for several days, but the other vessels rode it out in safety.

The expedition was successful, but the troops melted away beneath the climate with frightful rapidity, so that but few American soldiers ever reached their homes. Putnam, who seemed impervious to bullets and fire, and water and disease, returned in safety to mingle his name in with a still nobler struggle. The next year he commanded a corps of Connecticut men, in an expedition against the Indians. This ended his long military career of ten years, and he returned to his farm, a man forty-six years of age, strong and sinewy, and with a reputation for daring intrepidity and endurance beyond that of any of his compeers. Hanging out his sign as a country landlord, he made out be

tween his tavern and farm to secure a comfortable living.

But scarcely had he settled down to a quiet life before our controversy with England commenced. With all his characteristic boldness and resolution, he took sides with the colonists, and openly and fiercely denounced the aggressive acts of the British government. He declared the Stamp Act to be a piece of tyranny he would not submit to a moment, and was one of the committee appointed to confer with Governor Fitch about it. The governor asked him what he should do if the stamped paper was sent him. "Lock it up," said Putnam, "and give us the key; we will take care of it." "But suppose I should refuse you admission?" added his Excellency. "*In five minutes your house will be levelled with the dust,*" was the laconic and stern reply.

As events thickened, and men began to think and speak of approaching war, Putnam, who was quite familiar with the British officers in Boston, was frequently asked his opinion as to the probable result of hostilities. On one occasion they enquired if he did not think five thousand veterans could march the whole length of the continent. "Yes," said he, "if they behaved properly and paid for what they took; but if they attempted it in a hostile manner, the *American women would knock them on the head with their ladles.*" He knew full well the spirit which animated the colonists, and that before they could be subdued tyranny must turn the land into a desert. Identifying himself so openly with the cause of freedom, he carried great influence with him, and all eyes were turned towards him in case the quarrel came to blows. At length the

die was cast at Concord and Lexington, and untrained militia had chased British regulars in affright before them. Putnam was then quietly pursuing his occupation at home; and the next day after the battle, a plain New England farmer might be seen in the field with his oxen and sled dragging stones together, mending his fence. The warm April sun shone down upon his weather-beaten face, and all was calm and beautiful as spring ever is. But suddenly a man was seen coming in a furious gallop along the road, beating hurriedly a drum as he rode—the call to arms which thrilled every ear that heard it. Stopping to answer no enquiries he spurred on, and reining up his panting and foam-covered steed opposite this plain-clad farmer, hurried across the field, and stood breathless with haste and excitement before him. “*The streets of Lexington and Concord have been soaked in blood, and the country is in a blaze!*” Thus ran the fearful tale. Putnam’s brow grew dark as wrath at the recital, and leaving his oxen where they stood, he stayed not even to change his farmer’s apparel. or bid farewell to his family, but leaping on his swiftest horse, was soon seen tearing along the road to Boston. The first blood that was shed roused all the lion within him, and those who saw that rough form fly past, knew that wild work would soon be done. Arriving at Cambridge in twenty-four hours, a distance of nearly a hundred miles, he immediately called a council of war, and gave his stern voice for war to the last extremity. He then hurried to the Assembly of Connecticut, to confer with it on the best mode of carrying on hostilities, and soon as his business was done, sped back to the army with the com

mission of brigadier-general in his hand. The forces kept pouring in from every quarter—those from each state having an officer of their own to command them, while the movements of the whole were controlled by a council of war. Putnam, from his long experience in military matters, and his known bravery and firmness in battle, gradually assumed the general control, until at length he was practically commander-in-chief.

#### BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

While this multitudinous army lay around Boston, without any idea of discipline except to shoot straight, or any definite aim beyond the mere determination to fight; the officers who commanded them looking on things in a clearer light, were divided as to the best course to pursue. Putnam, with his usual promptness and boldness, and Prescott, were for a battle if they could get the militia behind intrenchments. They thought, and justly, that an engagement, unless peculiarly disastrous to the Americans, would give them confidence in themselves, and kindle a spirit of resistance throughout the land. The other officers were fearful of a defeat, and dreaded the result of one on the army and country. The bolder counsel of Putnam and Prescott, however, prevailed.

The English, in the mean time, feeling the restraint of their position, laid two different plans to advance into the open country, but were in both cases turned back by the precautions of the Americans, who were constantly informed of their movements. At length, abandoning every other project, General Gage directed all his efforts to force a passage by the peninsula and

neck of Charlestown. This peninsula is little over a mile long, stretching from east to west, washed on the north by the Mystic and on the south by Charles river, while a narrow channel separates it from Boston on the east. The spot where this peninsula joins the main land is only about a hundred yards across, and is called the Neck. From this spot rises Bunker's Hill, and a little farther in towards Boston, Breed's Hill. To prevent the egress of the British by this Neck, the plan of which they had received from friends in Boston, the American officers resolved to fortify Bunker's Hill, which completely commanded it. Colonel Prescott was ordered to occupy this height with a thousand men, and intrench himself strongly there. Having assembled on the Green at Cambridge, they leaned their heads for a few moments on their trusty firelocks, while the solemn prayer rose on the evening air in their behalf, and then took up their line of march. By some mistake, or purposely, they went farther on, and occupied Breed's Hill. At midnight, those stern-hearted men stood on the top, while Putnam marked out the lines of the intrenchments. By daylight they had constructed a redoubt about eight rods square, in which they could shelter themselves. At four o'clock in the morning the people of Boston and the British officers were waked up by a heavy cannonading from an English ship of war, whose commander first perceived the position which the Americans had taken up during the night. The English officers could scarcely believe their eyes, when they saw this redoubt almost over their heads. An immediate battle was inevitable, for this height commanded Boston, and soon as batteries

could be erected there, the city must fall. All now was bustle and confusion, for each one knew that in a few hours a most deadly conflict must take place. Crowds began to gather on the shore, and thousands of eager eyes were turned with intense anxiety, and wonder, upon that low, dark redoubt that crowned the summit of the hill. In two hours' time all the artillery of the city, and the ships of war and floating batteries, were pointed against that single silent structure. The city shook to the thunder of cannon, and that lonely height fairly rocked under the bombs and balls that tore up its side. It absolutely rained shots and shells upon its top; still all was silent above and about it; yet one near enough to catch the sound could have heard the heavy blows of the spade and pickaxe, and the constant fall of earth, as those hardy men toiled as they never toiled before. Heedless of the iron storm that rattled around them, they continued their work, and by noon had run a trench nearly down to the Mystic river on the north. The fire was too hot to let them work in the open field near the bank, while Putnam saw at a glance that this must be closed up at all hazards; for the enemy marching swiftly along that smooth open ground, could take him in the flank and rear. This unprotected spot was a meadow, freshly mown, and studded thick with haycocks, all ready to be gathered into the barn. A single rail fence crossed it from the hill to the river, of which Putnam, with that quickness of invention he had acquired in his long partisan warfare, immediately took advantage. He ordered the men to take the rails from another fence near by and running them through this one, pile the

hay between. In a moment the meadow was black with men, some carrying rails on their shoulders, and some with arms full of hay, and all hurrying onward. In a short time that single fence looked like a huge embankment. This completed the line of defence of the left wing and centre, which extended from the Mystic river up to the redoubt. Behind the redoubt lay a part of the right wing, the rest being flanked by the houses of Charlestown at the base of the hill. Thus stretched over and down the hill, like a huge cord, lay the American army, nerved with the desperate valor of freemen battling on their native hills.

The tremendous cannonade, which had been kept up all the forenoon, having failed to dislodge the enemy, it was resolved by the British commanders to carry the heights by assault. Putnam, in the mean time, had strained every nerve to add to his means of defence. Almost constantly on horseback, he was riding hither and thither, superintending everything, and animating the men by words of encouragement. During the night, while Prescott was hurrying forward the works on Breed's Hill, he spurred furiously off to Cambridge after reinforcements. The thunder of cannon at four o'clock in the morning quickly brought him to the saddle, and in a few minutes he was galloping up to the redoubt. Ordering off a detachment, to throw up a work on Bunker's Hill, which commanded the height on which the army lay, he again flew to Cambridge to hurry up the troops. The Neck, over which he was compelled to pass, was at this time swept by the artillery of a man-of-war and floating batteries. Through this fire Putnam boldly galloped, and to his joy found

that Stark and Reed were on the way to the scene of action. Disposing these troops to the best advantage, he coolly awaited the terrible onset, which he knew was preparing for him. The day was clear; not a cloud rested on the summer heavens, and the heated earth seemed to pant under the fierce rays of the noonday sun. As he stood and gazed with a stern, yet anxious eye, a scene presented itself that might have moved the boldest heart. The British army had crossed the channel, and now stood in battle array on the shore. In the intervals of the roar of artillery, which played furiously from Moreton's Hill, were heard the thrilling strains of martial music, and the stirring blast of the bugle, while plumes danced and standards waved in the sunlight, and nearly five thousand bayonets gleamed and shook over the dark mass below. Just then a solitary horseman, of slender form, was seen moving swiftly over Bunker's Hill, and making straight for Putnam. It was General Warren, the gallant and noble-hearted Warren, who had gazed on that silent redoubt and his brave brethren there, till he could no longer restrain his feelings and had come to share their fate. Putnam with that generosity for which he was remarkable, immediately offered to put himself under his orders. "No," said Warren, "I come as a volunteer, to show those rascals that the Yankees can fight. Where shall I be most needed?" The former pointed to the redoubt as the most covered spot. "*Tell me*," said Warren, while his lips quivered with the excitement, "*where the onset will be heaviest.*" "Go then, to the redoubt," said Putnam, "Prescott is there, and will do his duty—if we can hold that, the

day is ours." Away galloped Warren, and as he dashed up to the intrenchments, a loud huzza rent the air, and rolled in joyful accents along the lines.

Nothing could exceed the grandeur and excitement of the scene at this moment. Strung over that hill and out of sight lay fifteen hundred sons of Liberty, coolly awaiting the onset of the veteran thousands of England, and sternly resolved to prove worthy of the high destinies intrusted to their care. The roofs of the houses of Boston, the shores, and every church steeple were black with spectators, looking now on the forming columns upon the shore, and now at the silent intrenchments that spanned the heights. Many of them had sons, and brothers, and husbands, and lovers on the hill, and the hearts of all swelled high or sunk low, with alternate hope and fear, as they thought of the strength and terror of the coming shock. Oh, how the earnest prayer went up to heaven, and with what intense love and longing each heart turned to that silent redoubt. At length the English began to advance in two dense columns. Putnam then rode along the lines, kindling the enthusiasm of the men already roused to the highest pitch, and ordered them to hold their fire till the enemy was within eight rods, and then *aim at their waistbands*. On came the steady battalions, ever and anon halting to let the artillery play on the intrenchments, and then advancing in the most perfect order and beautiful array. To the spectator, that artillery appeared like moving spots of flame and smoke ascending the slope, but not a sound broke the ominous and death-like silence that reigned around the heights. But for the flags that drooped in the hot summer air over the redoubt, you would have deemed it

deserted. But flashing eyes were there bent in wrath on the enemy as slowly and steadily they ascended the hill, and closed sternly in for the death-struggle. They were noble troops—and as in perfect order, with their gay standards and polished bayonets floating and flashing in the sun, they advanced nearer and nearer, their appearance was imposing in the extreme. Stopping every few yards, they delivered their deep and regular volleys on the embankments, but not a shot replied. That silence was more awful than the thunder of cannon, for it told of carnage and death slumbering there. At length, when the hostile columns were almost against the intrenchments, the signal was given, and the stern order "FIRE" rung with startling clearness on the air. A sheet of flame replied, running like a flash of light along that low dark wall, and the front rank of the foe went down, as if suddenly engulfed in the earth. But those behind, treading over their dead companions, pressed steadily forward, yet the same tempest of fire smote their bosoms, and they sunk amid their fallen comrades. Still the steady battalions nobly struggled to bear up against the deadly sleet, but all in vain rank after rank went down, like the sand-bank as it caves over the stream, and at length, furious with rage and despair, the whole army broke and fled for the shore. Then went up a long and loud huzza from that little redoubt, which was echoed the whole length of the lines, and answered by thousands of voices from the roofs, and steeples, and heights of Boston.

The discomfited troops never halted till they reached the shore, where their commanders attempted to rally them. While they were seen riding to and fro amid

the broken ranks, Putnam put spurs to his horse and galloped off in his shirt-sleeves, after reinforcements. But the Neck over which they must pass was now swept by such a galling fire that they refused to stir. Carried away by his intense anxiety, he rode backwards and forwards several times, to show there was no danger, while the balls ploughed up the earth in furrows around him: but few, however, could be induced to follow, and he hastened back to the scene of action.

The spectacle the hill now presented was terrific beyond description. That redoubt was silent again, while the dead and dying lay in ghastly rows near its base. The imposing columns were again on the march, while Charlestown, which in the interval had been set on fire by the enemy, presented a new feature in the appalling scene. The roar and crackling of the flames were distinctly heard in the American lines, and the smoke in immense volumes rolled fast and furious heavenward, blotting out the sun and shedding a strange and lurid light on the dead-covered field. The British commander fondly hoped that the smoke would involve the heights, confusing the deadly aim of the Americans, and covering the assault; but the blessed breeze changing, inclined it gently seaward, leaving the battle-field unobscured and open as ever. Again the drums beat their hurried charge, and the columns pressed gallantly forward. Advancing more rapidly than before, they halted only to pour in their heavy vollies, and then hurrying on over their dead and wounded companions, who had fallen in the first assault, seemed about to sweep in a resistless flood over the intrenchments. On, on they came, shaking the

heights with their heavy muffled tread, till they stood breast to breast with that silent redoubt, when suddenly it again gaped and shot forth flame like some huge monster. For a moment it seemed as if the atmosphere was an element of fire. It was a perfect hurricane of fire and lead, and the firm-set ranks disappeared like mist in its path. The living still strove manfully to stem the fight, and the reeling ranks bore up for a while amid the carnage, led by as brave officers as ever cheered men on to death. But that fiery sleet kept driving full in their faces, smiting them down rank after rank, with such fearful rapidity, that the bravest gave way. The lines bent backwards, then sprung to their places again, again rolled back ; till at last, riddled through and through by that astonishing fire, the whole mass gave way like a loosened cliff, and broke furiously down the hill. Again the triumphant "huzzas" rocked the heights, and the slopes of that hill turned red with flowing blood.

A sudden silence followed this strange uproar, broken only by the smothered groans and cries of the wounded, lying almost within reach of the redoubt. On that fatal shore the English commanders rallied for the third and last time their disordered troops, while the Americans, burning with indignation and disappointment, drove home their last cartridges.

The scene, the hour, the immense results at stake, all combined now to fill the bosom of every spectator with emotions of the deepest sadness, anxiety, and fear. The smoke of battle hung in light wreaths around that dark redoubt, while near by, Charlestown was one mass of billowy flame and smoke. The slope in front of the

breastwork was spotted with the slain, and ever and anon came the booming of cannon as they still thundered on the American intrenchments. The sun now stooping to the western horizon, bathed that hill-top in its gentle light, and the mild summer evening was hastening on. The hills looked green and beautiful in the distance—all nature was at rest, and it seemed impossible that such carnage had wasted there a moment before.

But another sight soon arrested every eye: the reformed ranks of the enemy were again in motion. Throwing aside their knapsacks to lighten their burdens, and reserving their fire, the soldiers, with fixed bayonets, marched swiftly and steadily over the slope, and up to the very intrenchments. Only one volley smote them, for the Americans, alas, had fired their last cartridges, and worse than all were without bayonets! Clubbing their muskets, however, they still beat back the enemy, when the reluctant order to retreat was given. The gallant fellows behind the hay and fence below still maintained their ground, and thus saved the rest of the army. Putnam, riding amid the men, and waving his sword over his head, endeavored to make them rally again on Bunker's Hill. Finding all his efforts vain, he burst forth into a torrent of indignation. His stout heart could not endure that the day, so nobly battled for, should be lost at last. He rode between them and the enemy, before which they fled, and there stood in the hottest of the fire. But neither words nor example could stay their flight. Without ammunition or bayonets, or breastwork, it was a hopeless task. Warren too, interposed his slender form between his own troops and those of the British. Moving slowly down the western declivity

of the hill, he planted himself all alone, before the ranks, and pointing to the mottoes on their standards, strove, by his stirring eloquence, to rouse them to another effort. Carried away by a lofty enthusiasm, he reminded them that Heaven watched over their cause, and would sustain their efforts. While he thus calmly stood, and bent his flashing eye on the advancing battalions, an English officer, who knew him, snatched a musket from a soldier, and shot him dead in his footsteps.

Although the Americans were compelled to retreat across the Neck, which was swept by cannon, they suffered comparatively little, and finally took up their position on Winter and Prospect Hills, and night soon after shut in the scene. It had been a fearful day—nearly two thousand men lay fallen across each other on that height, fifteen hundred of whom were British soldiers. The battle-field remained in the hands of the English, but the victory was ours. The news spread like wild-fire over the land, and one long shout went up, the first shout of liberty; which the human soul heard and answered, and shall answer the world over.\*

\* An incident occurred in this battle which illustrates forcibly the horrors of civil war. As the British troops were passing through Charlestown to attack the Americans, a soldier entered a house where a man lay sick. The young and beautiful wife on leaving the chamber met the soldier, who immediately addressed insulting proposals to her. Finding himself sternly repulsed he resorted to violence, when her screams aroused her invalid husband. Rising from his sick bed, and seizing his sword, he staggered into the room, when seeing his struggling wife in the arms of a soldier he ran him through the body. The miserable wretch fell backward, and looking up at his destroyer, cried out, "My brother!" At the same moment he also was recognized, and with the exclamation "I have murdered my brother," the

Boston wept over the fall of Warren, for a strong ally and a noble man had been lost to the cause of freedom. Generous, high-minded, of unswerving integrity, eloquent, wise, and patriotic, no costlier sacrifice could have been offered on the common altar. His wife had gone to the grave before him, and now the orphaned children were left to the care of their country. Few more gifted, more beloved, could be found in the American army. He fell on the threshold of that great struggle to which, had he possessed them, he would have given a thousand lives. He fell, but his memory remains green in the hearts of his countrymen, and his name is immortal as our history. It goes down the stream of time linked in with that of Putnam, Prescott, Knowlton, Stark, and Pomeroy, and others, who this day covered themselves with glory. Washington was on his way to the army when the news of the battle reached him. Hastening to Cambridge, he took the chief command, and Putnam became one of his major-generals. He had been offered a few days previous, the same rank in the British army, but he had received and answered the proposal as an insult.

He continued with the army around Boston till next spring, when he was sent to New York to command that station. Here he busied himself in erecting works and in attempts to destroy the enemy's shipping, till Washington himself came on with the army to resist the landing of General Clinton. He was in command

outraged husband fell dead on the corpse before him. These unfortunate brothers were Scotchmen, one of whom had emigrated to this country while the other had entered the English army. After long years of separation they thus met to die—the slayer and the slain—together

in Long Island, when five thousand Americans engaged more than double that number of the British. It was, as has been before stated, a bad-fought battle all round, on our side, and, but for the energy and consummate skill of Washington, would have ended in our complete overthrow. An unlooked-for misfortune added to the fault; for General Greene, who had had the whole charge of the arrangements, was prevented by sickness from taking the command, and it devolved on Putnam, who was ignorant of the localities. Our army was therefore easily outflanked and most shamefully beaten.

In the retreat the troops were divided into three parts; one was stationed at Kingsbridge, one under Putnam in this city, and the third half way between, so as to co-operate with either. But at length it became necessary to evacuate the city, for several British ships had gone up the Hudson as far as Bloomingdale, and Clinton had succeeded in landing five thousand men at Kipp's Bay, on the East river, so that all communication between New York and Harlaem would soon be cut off. The other two portions of the army hastened to Harlaem heights, while Putnam was left to extricate himself as he best could. The British troops already held the principal road to Kingsbridge, and were rapidly stretching across to the Hudson.

In this dilemma Putnam put forth one of those prodigious efforts for which he was remarkable in an extremity. The only route left open to him was that by Bloomingdale, along the Hudson, and he immediately availed himself of it. Every minute was priceless, and he pushed his men forward with the greatest impetuosity. Although they were marching at double quick

time, he could not restrain his desire to advance with still greater velocity. Riding backwards and forwards along the lines, he kept every movement under his eye, and watched with a vigilance that nothing could elude every incipient error. His horse was covered with foam, and as he galloped along the ranks, he seemed to be the moving spring of the whole column. The enemy's guns were already heard on his right, and a colonel was shot. The main army had given him up as lost, but after dark he came marching up the heights of Harlaem, to the infinite joy of Washington. He had barely slipped through, for the enemy's lines shut in from river to river the moment he passed.

He accompanied Washington in his retreat through New Jersey, till they arrived on the shores of the Delaware, and then the latter sent him to Philadelphia to defend the city. Here he remained constructing fortifications and putting every thing in a state of defence, while the victories of Trenton and Princeton shed lustre on our arms, and the light of hope on our cause. Soon after he was ordered to take post at Princeton for the winter, where he lay with a mere handful of men, only fifteen miles from the enemy. While at this station, there occurred one of those little incidents so illustrative of his character. A Captain M'Pherson, who was severely wounded in the battle of Princeton, had been left behind to die. Putnam immediately had all his wants provided for, and treated him in every way like a friend. Taking advantage of his generosity, the wounded captain requested him to send to the English army for a friend to draw up his will, as he expected in a few days to die. Putnam wished to

grant his request, but he was unwilling that an English officer should see how feeble and destitute he was both in men and the munitions of war. Yielding at last, however, to the impulses of his generous heart, he dispatched a flag of truce, with orders that the Englishman should be brought in after dark. In the mean time, he kindled up lights in the college hall and private dwellings, and kept his fifty men—the whole effective force in the place—marching and countermarching with such a flourish of music and profusion of orders, that the captain's friend, on his return to head quarters, reported that Putnam had at least five thousand men under his command.

The next year, 1777, he was placed over the portion of the army stationed in the Highlands. While here, a Tory spy, a lieutenant in a Tory regiment, was caught in camp, and sentenced to be executed. Sir Henry Clinton sent a flag of truce to Putnam, claiming him as a British officer. The latter immediately despatched the following short and pithy reply.

*“Head-quarters, 7th Aug., 1777.*

“Edmund Palmer, an officer in the enemy's service, was taken as a spy, lurking within our lines; he has been tried as a spy, condemned as a spy, and shall be executed as a spy, and the flag is ordered to depart immediately.

ISRAEL PUTNAM.”

“P. S. He has been accordingly executed.”

In the fall of this year, he made preparations to attack New York. But Washington having sent to him for twenty-five hundred men, his army became so re-

duced that he was compelled to abandon the design. In the meantime, Sir Henry Clinton despatched three thousand men up the Hudson to take possession of Forts Clinton and Montgomery. General Clinton commanded the garrison of the latter, and immediately sent to Putnam for reinforcements. But he either through treachery of the messenger or some other cause, never received the message, and hence the reinforcements were not sent, and the forts fell. This disaster compelled him to evacuate Forts Independence and Constitution, and retreat from Peekskill to Fishkill. Soon after, however, receiving reinforcements, he retook Peekskill, and was closely watching the movements of the enemy up the river, when the news of the surrender of Burgoyne reached him. Five thousand men from Gates's army were immediately added to his own, swelling the force under his command to eleven thousand. Washington hearing of it, despatched Col. Hamilton with orders to have this corps of five thousand forwarded to Philadelphia. Putnam refused, under the pretence that the orders were not sufficiently explicit, and declared that he could not think of occupying his post, and at the same time send away his troops. Washington knew that this excuse was not the real one, and reprimanded him for his disobedience of orders. The truth is, Putnam had been unable to effect anything during the campaign, and he determined, if he could help it, not to let the reinforcements leave him until he had struck a heavy blow on the enemy. This was doubtless his long projected descent on New York.

After this, he descended the Hudson, and establishing himself at New Rochelle, continued to annoy the ene

my, till ordered back, in the middle of December, to the Highlands, to take up his winter quarters. This was the winter in which Washington and his destitute army lay in their gloomy cantonments at Valley Forge. The troops under Putnam also suffered severely, and he wrote to the commander-in-chief, saying, "Dubois' regiment is unfit to be ordered on duty, there not being one blanket in the regiment. *Very few have either shoes or a shirt.*"

In the spring, he was superseded in his command by General McDougall. The reason Washington gave for this change was the unpopularity of the former with the inhabitants. Without entering into the causes of the strong prejudices that existed, he deemed it expedient to remove him to another field of operations.

After looking over the whole ground, it is very evident that Putnam's unpopularity grew out of his want of success, and was wholly undeserved. Washington doubtless regarded it in this light, for he immediately ordered him to Connecticut, to hasten on the new levies previous to his joining the army. He arrived at head quarters soon after the battle of Monmouth, and took command of the right wing. The next winter he was placed over three brigades at Danbury, Connecticut. By his boldness, promptness, and rough eloquence, he here quelled a serious mutiny among the troops.

It was during this winter he performed that break-neck ride down a precipice which is familiar to every schoolboy. Being one day at West Greenwich, where were some of his outposts, he was told that Governor Tryon, with fifteen hundred men, was advancing on the place. Immediately assembling his whole force, a hun

dred and fifty soldiers, he planted himself with two cannon, on a steep hill by the meeting house. Here he opened a furious fire from his two guns on the enemy, when, finding the dragoons about to charge, he ordered his men into a swamp, while he waited till the troop was close on him, and then spurred straight down the face of the precipice. The dragoons, who thought their prey secure, reined up on the edge of the steep; and saw with surprise Putnam reach the bottom safe and sound, and gallop away. Hurrying on to Stamford, where he found some militia, he faced about and chased Tryon back, taking about fifty prisoners.

The next year, 1779, he was stationed over the Maryland line, near West Point, where nothing of importance occurred. When the army retired to winter quarters, at Morristown, he returned to his family in Connecticut. In the spring he started again for head-quarters, but before he reached Hartford, he was prostrated by a stroke of paralysis, which finished his military career. He would not at first yield to this terrible blow, and roused himself to violent exertion in order to shake off his disease. But his efforts were all in vain; his strong heart was compelled to bow, and with feelings of the bitterest disappointment he found himself laid aside forever. The struggle into which he had cast soul and body he was forced to abandon, while the shouts of victory that were ever and anon borne to his ear were heard with mingled joy and sadness—joy that his country triumphed—sorrow that his arm could never strike another blow for her welfare. Years of glory to our brave officers rolled by, and left him an invalid and a crippled man. He lived to hear the shout of a ran

somed people, and enjoy in the bosom of his family the blessings of peace and of liberty.

#### CHARACTER OF PUTNAM.

Putnam was a brave and efficient commander, possessing great and striking military qualities. In person he was stout, and his rough, weather-beaten face, indicated the exposed and boisterous life he had led. His courage was proverbial in the army, and his fortitude was equal to his courage. Headlong as an avalanche in his charge, he was nevertheless patient under restraint. His bravery was of that extravagant kind—like Murat's—which never allowed one to count the enemy or see obstacles in his path. He would go any where, dare any danger, if he could only get his men to follow him. At the same time he was perfectly cool and self-possessed in the fight, and would stand all alone amid the raining balls as calmly as if he were impervious to death. Whether facing down an angry wolf, already gathering for the spring, or standing wrapped in flame and smoke before a magazine of powder, or hurrying his men with shouts to the onset, or sending up the first strong, great war-cry from the top of Bunker Hill, he is the same fearless and resolute man. Overcome by no hardships, repelled by no difficulties, and daunted by no danger, he moves through his eventful career like one who bears a charmed life. Living in an adventurous period, his history seems stranger than any fiction. Exposed to every variety of peril, and subjected to all forms of trial, his iron frame held out to threescore years, and his stout will

even after that. Loving the excitement of battle, and at home amid the rattle of musketry, he gallantly fought his way up from captain of a militia company to major-general of the army of the United States. As a commander, his great excellence lay in the daring of his plans and the vigor with which he pushed them. His tenacity of purpose was almost unconquerable; he would not be beaten, and struggled with such fierceness on the very threshold of defeat, that he would often turn it into a victory. He carried great moral power with him, for men were afraid of one who was afraid of nothing. They knew when he resolved on a thing, if human daring and human energy could accomplish it, it would be done. He lacked, however, combination, and was not fit to conduct a campaign designed to cover a large territory, and embrace the movements of different bodies of men. He required to have every thing he was to do directly under his eye. Hence he would have made a very inefficient commander-in-chief, and was not even a good major-general. This was doubtless owing very much to his early life. His whole military education fitted him only for specific warfare, and as a partisan officer he had no superior. He had learned to concentrate his energies on a single point, and usually having but few men under his control, he could hurl them in any direction with a suddenness and energy that suited well his own impetuous nature. But a large army puzzled him—it was not flexible enough in his hand, and he could not wield it with that ease and rapidity he wished. What would have been the result had his early training been different, it is impossible to tell

Still, with all his deficiencies, he was a strong man in battle. His fiery courage, headlong impetuosity, and stubborn tenacity, made him a dangerous foe. His excitement in a hot engagement was frightful. It completely mastered him for the time, and he seemed possessed of a fury. Hence, when his men failed him, an explosion always followed, and the wrath he had concentrated for the enemy burst on them. Cowardice roused his indignation beyond control, and he sometimes poured forth a torrent of invective on his flying troops.

In this respect he resembled Lannes more than any other great military leader. He had all his impetuosity, chivalric daring, and tenacity of purpose. Let Putnam have been placed over a column of sixteen or twenty thousand veteran troops, and told to pierce the centre of the enemy, and he would have made one of those awful exhibitions so common in Bonaparte's great pitched battles.

Putnam was an industrious officer, and the moment he was placed over any station, set about defending it in every way that human energy and ingenuity could devise. He had also that rare quality of character which never yields to discouragement. He never allowed himself to despond, and could not be driven to despair, even by slow torture. An iron man, he nevertheless had as kind a heart as ever beat in a human bosom. His reckless and adventurous life never hardened his feelings or produced that rigidity of character which seems at first thought unavoidable. He was generous to a fault, frank and confiding, and of unswerving integrity. With all his impulsiveness his nature was sincere

and firm. Beloved by all who knew him, faithful to every trust committed to his charge, a devoted patriot, and a brave and noble man, he helped to fill up the measure of his country's glory, and received the blessings of a grateful people.

He lived seven years after the declaration of peace, an invalid in body, but clear and vigorous in intellect, and finally died of an inflammatory disease, in Brooklyn, Connecticut, May 17, 1790, at the good old age of seventy two. The old warrior was borne with martial honors to his tomb, and his fame committed to the keeping of the country he helped to defend.

### III.

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## MAJOR GENERAL MONTGOMERY.

His Early Life—Appointed Brigadier General in the American Army—Invades Canada—March to Quebec—Storming of the City in the midst of a Snow Storm—His Bravery and Death—His Character.

ONE summer evening, when a primeval forest covered almost the entire surface of this now glorious Union, a young British officer, in rich uniform, stood on the shore of Lake Champlain, and looked off on that beautiful sheet of water. He was only twenty-two years of age, and but for his manly, almost perfect form, he would have seemed even younger. His skin was fair, and his countenance beautiful as a Grecian warrior's. As he stood and gazed on the forest-girdled lake, studded with islands, his dark eye kindled with the poetry of the scene, and he little thought of the destiny before him. In the full strength and pride of ripened manhood, he was yet to lead over those very waters a band of freemen against the country under whose banner he now fought, and fall foremost in freedom's battle. That handsome young officer was Richard Montgomery, a lieutenant in the British army. A native of Ireland, he was born in 1736, on his father's estate near the town of Raphoe. Educated as became the son of a gentle-



FOR THE G. O. F. & C. S.

*Rich<sup>d</sup> Montgomery*



man, he, at the early age of eighteen, received a commission in the English army. Joined to the British expedition sent against Louisburg, he, in the attack and capture of that place, showed such heroism, and performed such good service, that he was promoted to a lieutenancy. In the mean time, Abercrombie having met with a severe repulse before Ticonderoga, Amherst was sent to his relief. Among the officers in his corps was young Montgomery, who thus became acquainted with all the localities of Lake Champlain. After the reduction of Montreal and Quebec, he accompanied the expedition against the French and Spanish West Indies, where he conducted himself so gallantly that he obtained the command of a company. The treaty of Versailles, 1763, closed the war, and he returned to England on a visit, where he remained nine years.

It is a matter of mere conjecture what finally induced him to sell his commission in the English army and emigrate to this country. He arrived in 1772, and purchased a farm near New York. Soon after, he married the eldest daughter of Robert R. Livingston, then one of the judges of the Superior Court of the province. From New York, he removed to Rhinebeck, in Dutchess county, where he devoted his whole time to agriculture. In the meanwhile the controversy grew warmer between the parent country and her colonies. Taciturn, and little inclined to public life, young Montgomery evidently did not at first take a deep interest in the struggle. His feelings, however, and his judgment, were both on the side of his adopted country, and in 1775, he was elected member of the first provincial convention of New York, from Dutchess county.

He took no very active part in the convention, still his views were so well known respecting the controversy between the two countries, that, at the appointment of commander-in-chief of the American armies, and the creation of officers by Congress, he was made one of the eight brigadier-generals. His views of the contest may be gathered from a letter he wrote to a friend after receiving his appointment. Said he: "The Congress having done me the honor of electing me brigadier-general in their service, is an event which must put an end for awhile, perhaps for ever, to the quiet scheme of life I had prescribed for myself; for though entirely unexpected and undesired by me, the will of an oppressed people, compelled to choose between liberty and slavery, must be obeyed."

Although after the battle of Bunker Hill, the war began to assume regularity and plan, still the public feeling was unsettled, and no one had formed any idea of the probable issue of the contest. Neither the nation nor Congress was as yet prepared for a declaration of independence. It was resistance to oppression, a struggle for rights which had been invaded, without anticipating the result of an entire separation from the parent country.

While the national feeling was in this state, Congress conceived the design of invading Canada, then in a feeble state of defence. The measure promised brilliant success, but the propriety of assuming the offensive was questioned by many. It was not a war of aggression on which they had entered, but strictly one of self-defence, and it might injure their cause, not only in England, but at home, to carry the sword into a peace

ful province. On the other hand, it was asserted that this distinction between offensive and defensive operations was ridiculous—that we were in open hostility, and it became us to use all the means we possessed to strengthen our cause and weaken that of the enemy—that if Canada was left alone, it would soon be the channel through which troops would be poured through the interior of the colonies—that in a short time we would be forced to turn our attention that way, and the sooner it was done the better. Besides, the capture of Ticonderoga and Crown Point had opened the country to our troops, and it needed a succession of such brilliant achievements to keep alive the courage of the people. Congress at length voted in favor of the expedition, and immediately adopted measures for carrying it through. The army of invasion was to be composed of three thousand troops from New England and New York, the whole to be placed under the command of General Schuyler, aided by brigadier-generals Wooster and Montgomery. Here commences the military career of the latter in the service of the states. Having joined the army at Albany, he was soon transferred to Crown Point. Learning at the latter place that Carleton, Governor of Canada, was collecting several armed ships to be stationed at the outlet of the lake into the Sorel, in order to command the passage into Canada, he immediately, and without consulting General Schuyler pushed on with a thousand men, and took post at *Ile aux Noix* near the river. In the mean time, he wrote to General Schuyler informing him of what he had done, expressing his regret that he was compelled to move without orders, but excusing himself on

the ground, that if the enemy should get his vessels into the lakes it would be over with the expedition for that summer. The letter is couched in the respectful language of a subordinate to a superior officer, but at the same time it would not be inappropriate from a commander-in-chief.

General Schuyler having arrived the same night that Montgomery reached Ile aux Noix, it was resolved to push nearer Fort St. John. But they had scarcely reached the place before the former, owing to some wrong information, which he received respecting the amount and locality of the forces in Canada, and the disposition of the people, ordered his army back again to the island. Being soon after prostrated with sickness, he returned to Ticonderoga and Albany, and Montgomery took entire control of the expedition. It could not have fallen in better hands, and he immediately began to look about for the best mode in which to employ the limited means he possessed. Some reinforcements having arrived with the artillery, he determined to lay siege to St. John's, although defended by a garrison of a thousand soldiers. But his ammunition failing him, he made but little progress towards its reduction. In the mean time, a mutiny broke out in the camp, which threatened to become a serious matter. But Montgomery, by his eloquence, threats, appeals, and more than all, by his noble behavior, succeeded at length in quelling it, and the siege went on. In order to supply himself with ammunition, he sent a detachment against Fort Chambly, situated a little lower down the river, and feebly garrisoned. It was taken without resistance, and a hundred and twenty

barrels of powder fell into the hands of the captors. Carleton, in the mean time, seeing that St John's could not hold out much longer without reinforcements, attempted to relieve the garrison, but being repulsed in endeavoring to cross the St. Lawrence, he was compelled to retreat; and the fortress, after a siege of six weeks, fell into the hands of Montgomery. The capture of Montreal followed, and a large portion of Canada now came into his possession. When the news of this brilliant success reached Congress, he was promoted to the rank of major-general. His next step was to form a junction with Arnold, who having crossed the untrodden wilds of Maine, was now with his small, half clothed, and badly supplied army, closely investing Quebec. Montgomery hearing of his arrival, and of the destitution of his troops, put himself at the head of only about three hundred men, and began his march. It was the latter part of November, and winter, in that high latitude, had already set in, yet through the driving snow, and over the frozen ground he led his little band, keeping alive their courage, by cheering words, and inciting them to effort by his noble example. Demanding no toil to which he did not himself cheerfully submit, pointing to no danger where he was not ready first to go, he kept his undisciplined and suffering troops about him with a firmness that kindles both our admiration and our astonishment. He must have known it was well nigh a hopeless task on which he had entered, and as his commanding form leads on his column through the thickly driving snow, there seems around him a pre-shadowing of his doom. Thus, day after day, did he pursue his toilsome way, until a

length the walls of Quebec rose before him. Here he found Arnold ; and these two brave men, combining their forces, undertook to reduce the city. Montgomery, on whom the chief command devolved, finding he had not forces enough to make regular approaches, commenced harassing the inhabitants, hoping that a favorable opportunity would occur, by which he could make a successful assault. He first attempted with five small mortars to throw bombs into the town, but finding this ineffectual, he planted a battery of six cannon and a howitzer about forty rods from the walls, and opened his fire.

Winter had now fairly come upon them—the ground was covered with snow, and Montgomery was compelled to place his guns on blocks of ice. Not being heavy enough to make impression on solid walls, their fire was of little consequence. In the mean time, the troops suffered terribly from the frost and exposure. The heavens were constantly darkened with snow, which piled up around the American camp in huge drifts. Through these the miserably clad troops would flounder, and with benumbed limbs and stiffened fingers, place themselves in order of battle. The diminished columns were mere black specks amid the smooth, white mass that covered the earth. It was impossible to keep any troops long in the open field, exposed to such biting cold, and Montgomery began to look anxiously about him for some way of escape from the perils that every moment thickened around his little army. To add to the horrors of his position, the small-pox broke out in the camp ; and consternation filled the hearts of the soldiers, when they saw their

companions struck down by this plague, which had become the terror of the army. Those attacked with the symptoms were ordered to wear a sprig of hemlock in their hats. These sprigs increased so fast that despair began to seize the troops, and it was evident that even the power of Montgomery could not keep them together much longer. On his first arrival at Quebec he had quelled a dangerous mutiny, only by the greatest effort, and should another, in the present desponding state of the men, break out, the army must inevitably disband. In this position of affairs he saw clearly that he must carry the city by assault, or abandon the design of taking it altogether. Accordingly a council of war was called, and the assault proposed. Both men and officers were in favor of it, desperate as the alternative seemed, and it was resolved to divide the army into four columns, and make an attack on the city, at four different points.

#### STORMING OF QUEBEC.

Two attacks, led by Majors Livingston and Brown, against the upper town, were to be only feints to distract the attention of the garrison, while Arnold and Montgomery should conduct the two real ones against the lower town. It was on the last day of December, before daylight, that this gallant band put itself in battle array. The wintry morning was dark and gloomy, and a driving snow-storm filled the air, weaving beforehand a winding-sheet for the noble commander and his brave followers. The tall and graceful form of Mont-

gomery was seen gliding through the gloom, pressed close after by his resolute column, and at length approached Cape Diamond, where he came upon the first barrier defended by cannon. The enemy, seized with a sudden panic, turned and fled. Could the Americans have immediately pushed forward, the assault would doubtless have been successful. But large banks of snow filled up the path; and as they rounded the promontory of the Cape, they stumbled upon huge masses of ice thrown up by the river, which so obstructed their progress that the British soldiers had time to recover their surprise, and rally again behind the barrier. Montgomery, with his own hands, lifted at the blocks of ice, and dug away the snow, cheering on his men as they one by one struggled through, until at last they cleared themselves, and approached the battery, over which the gunners stood with lighted matches. The men seemed a moment to hesitate, when Montgomery shouted forth—“*Men of New York, you will not fear to follow where your General leads—forward!*” With his sword waving over his head, he rushed forward up to the mouths of the cannon, followed with a shout by his devoted soldiers. The guns, charged with grape-shot, opened in their very faces; and when the smoke lifted, there lay the lifeless form of Montgomery, almost under the wheels of the artillery, whither his headlong courage had carried him. The column no longer having a gallant leader at its head, broke and fled; and this part of the garrison being relieved, immediately hastened to the support of those pressed by the other corps. This was the forlorn hope, and Arnold sternly marched at its head. His

course lay by St. Roque, toward a place called *Sant-au-Matlot*, and he was followed by Captain Morgan, with his deadly riflemen. All at once they found themselves in a narrow way, filled with snow, and swept by a battery that was protected by a barrier. Up to this Arnold moved with an intrepid step, cheering on his men, when a musket-ball struck his leg, shattering the bone. He fell forward in the snow—then, by a strong effort, rose again, and endeavored still to press on; and it was with the utmost difficulty he could finally be persuaded to be carried to the rear. The command then devolved upon Morgan, who was as headlong and daring as Arnold. Hurrying forward two companies, he fell with terrible fury on the battery. Pressing through the storm of grape-shot, they planted their ladders against the parapets, and boldly mounting them, fired down upon the besieged. Dismayed by such resolute daring, the enemy fled, leaving the battery in Morgan's possession. Here the bold rifleman was compelled to halt, for the main part of his column still lingered behind, floundering through the drifts. His position at this moment was dreadfully trying to a brave man. Daylight had not yet dawned, nothing had been heard from Montgomery, and the snow kept falling in an overwhelming shower, and blowing furiously in the soldier's faces. As amid the gloom and tempest, he stood and listened, bright flashes would open in the darkness on every side, followed by the rattle of musketry and roar of cannon, and death cry of his followers; while he could not see a step forward, and all was uncertainty and terror. Involved in this mystery, ignorant of the

fate of their comrades, the men began to be terrified, and it was only by the repeated promises of a glorious victory that Morgan kept them firm. He ran back to the barrier and shouted through the storm to those behind to hurry up. Reinforced at length by two companies, and the morning beginning to dawn, he made a last desperate effort. Close by was a second barrier, protected by a battery, which would open on his column the moment he turned an angle in the street. But borne up by that lofty courage which despises death, he hurried on his men, and with a terrible voice, that was heard above the roar of musketry, summoned them to the assault. Pressing after that fierce shout, with answering shouts, they rushed to the charge. As they turned the corner of the street, they met front to front an English detachment, just sallying from the battery to repel the attack. The commanding officer called out to the Americans to lay down their arms. Morgan seizing a musket, shot him dead in his footsteps, and again shouted, "*forward, my brave fellows!*" With leveled bayonets they swept onward, when the English fled behind their battery and closed the barrier. Then occurred a most desperate and almost hand to hand fight. Swept by a destructive fire in front, and a still more deadly one from the houses on each side of the street, where they were packed, the soldiers pressing close after their intrepid leader, staggered up to the very mouths of the cannon. Some of them placing their ladders against the barrier climbed up, but the bayonets glistening below deterred them from leaping down. Unable longer to stand the galling fire which cut them down like grass, they fled into the

houses for shelter ; until at length Morgan stood almost alone before the barrier, while the few with him were covered with snow, and scarcely able to hold their wet and dripping muskets in their benumbed hands. Looking coolly around him, he saw the street nearly deserted of his followers, and he shouted to them to return, and strove by his words, and more than all by his personal daring, to revive their courage. Vain effort ; human resolution could go no further, and his brave heart sunk within him when he ordered the retreat to be sounded. But his troops, now thoroughly disheartened, would not venture out again into the deadly fire even to retreat, and Morgan soon found himself surrounded by the enemy. Gathering his few remaining troops about him, he resolved to cut his way through the ranks, but their overwhelming and rapidly increasing numbers convinced him it would be a hopeless effort, and he was compelled to surrender. The storm still raged, and all along the way where those two columns had passed, were strewn corpses, many of them now become mere hillocks of snow. The rapidly falling flakes had blotted out the stain of blood, and already wrapped a shroud around the brave dead. But the noblest form of all was that of Montgomery. Young Burr had lifted the body on his shoulders, and endeavored to bear it off, but was compelled to abandon it to the enemy.

#### HIS CHARACTER.

Of chivalric courage and that magnanimity of heart which ever wins the affections of a soldier, he was beloved by his men and honored by his foes. His

personal appearance was striking in the extreme. Superbly formed, handsome, and full of enthusiasm and daring, he was a perfect specimen of a military leader. His eye was dark and lustrous, and on ordinary occasions beamed with benevolence and feeling, but in the excitement of battle it flashed with terrible brilliancy. He was inclined to be dreamy and reflective, and spoke but little unless aroused, and then his words fell like burning coals on the hearts of those who heard him. Not a stain sullied his character, and his heart was true to every sentiment of virtue, and the very seat of honor. He was but thirty-nine years of age when he fell on this disastrous field. Had he lived, he would have stood first among our military leaders, and first as a true patriot and statesman.

Many have blamed him for hazarding an attack on Quebec with so small a force, but what else could he have done. To have abandoned the project after all the expense and labor it had cost, without an effort, would have subjected him to still severer condemnation. Both his reputation and the honor of the country forbade this. To keep his men together, ravaged by the small-pox and encamped in open fields of snow, was impossible. There remained therefore but one alternative—to attempt to carry the city by assault. It failed. Had it been successful, it would have been regarded a most brilliant exploit, not only in its execution, but in its conception. But for the sudden fall of the two leaders, Arnold and Montgomery, the fate of the day might have been very different. The truth is, Montgomery was required to do what could not be accomplished with the limited means at his disposal. He

failed, not through lack of courage, or skill, or perseverance, but for want of sufficient force. He did all that a brave man and noble officer could do, and fell in the effort. His bright and promising career suddenly closed in darkness, and freedom mourned another of her champions fallen.

## IV.

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### MAJOR GENERAL ARNOLD.

His Birth and Boyhood—His Cruel Disposition—Enters the Army—Sent against Ticonderoga—The March across the Wilderness—Sufferings of his Men at Quebec—Retreat from Canada—Battle of Valcour Island—Bravery at Danbury—Relieves Fort Schuyler—His Bravery at Saratoga—Quarrel with Gates—His Terrible Appearance in the Second Battle of Saratoga—His Treason and Character—His Death.

IN revolutions, energetic characters always come first to the surface, and begin to mould the troubled elements around them to their own purposes. But to complete and permanent success, it is necessary they should assimilate to the principles that govern the movement. Lafayette was too good for the French revolution; Benedict Arnold not good enough for the American; hence the former was thrown into prison, and the latter turned traitor. One fell before wicked men, the other fled before virtuous ones. One was too self-denying and patriotic to succeed where self-aggrandizement was the ruling motive; the other too selfish to stand firm in a struggle where personal emoluments must be forgotten in the public welfare.

Arnold was one of those rash, reckless persons, like Murat and Junot, who in times of peace become bold speculators, roving adventurers, or dissipated young



A. F. N. C. L. I.

*B. Arnold*



men. The fierce life within them must out in some form or other, and expend itself somewhere. In war they form the leading characters, for they are at home in the excitement of battle, and delight to struggle on a field of great risks. Fate, too, seems to have special charge of such men, seldom allowing them to fall amid the perils into which they so eagerly leap. It needs no summoning of the resolution, no bracing up of the energies in them to meet danger, endure privations, and work prodigies. Courting the tumult and braving the shock, they seem at home amid the storm, and ride the ocean waves with more composure and safety than the calm surface of the summer lake.

From his boyhood, Arnold exhibited the leading traits of his character. Reckless, pitiless, and daring he was the terror of his playmates, and disliked by all. He would not only rob nests of their young, but torture his victims so as to draw forth the agonizing cries and efforts of the parent bird. He would scatter broken glass in the road, where the school-children passed barefoot, and tempt them round the druggist-shop in which he was employed, with broken phials, only to scourge them away with a horsewhip. He was bold as he was cruel, and delighted in those perilous feats which none of his companions dared imitate. It was a favorite amusement with him at a grist-mill, to which he sometimes carried grain, to seize the large water-wheel by the arms, and go round and round with it in its huge evolutions—now buried under the foaming water, and now hanging above, in fierce delight, while his companions looked on in silent terror.

Born in Norwich, Jan. 3, 1740, he was thirty-five

years old when the battle of Bunker's Hill was fought. His father, first a cooper, then a sea-captain, finally settled down at Norwich a merchant. Prospering in business, he was enabled to give his son the best education which the town afforded. But suspicions rested on his character, and at length prosperity deserted him, and he became a poor, despised drunkard. Benedict was the son of his second wife, who was universally esteemed as a virtuous and pious woman. Out of six children, only this son and a daughter lived to maturity. The mother's virtues seemed wholly lost on the boy, and he partook of his father's wayward, unprincipled character. Apprenticed to a druggist in his native town, he ran away when only sixteen years of age, and enlisted in the army. This afflicted his mother so deeply, that her pastor and some friends interposed, and obtained his release. Soon after, however, he ran away again, and entered the army: but the restraints of a garrison life and the severe discipline of military rule, were too much for his restless, independent spirit, and he deserted and returned home. Having served out his apprenticeship as a druggist, he went to New Haven and commenced business on his own account. Succeeding by his energy and industry, he enlarged his shop, and extended his trade. Having acquired a considerable property, he threw up his employment as druggist, and bought vessels, which he commanded himself. He carried horses and cattle, and provisions, to the West Indies, and led a life more suited to his roving, adventurous taste. Taking fire at the slightest insult, and ever ready to back with his arm what he had uttered with his tongue, he almost always had

some quarrel on his hands, and was both hated and feared. On one occasion, a sailor having reported that he had smuggled some goods in from the West Indies, he met him in the street, and horsewhipped him dreadfully, and forced him to leave the place with the solemn promise never to return. But seeing him in the streets a few days after, he caught and dragged him to the whipping-post, and gave him forty lashes, and again drove him out of town. The sailor again returning, and entering a complaint, Arnold was arrested and tried, and fined fifty shillings.

One day, while attempting to drive some cattle aboard his ships, he exhibited that recklessness which afterwards formed such a distinguished trait in his character. One of the oxen becoming frightened broke away from the herd, and dashing through the drivers, sped off in a furious run. Arnold, who was standing by, immediately sprang on a fleet horse and spurred after. Coming up to the enraged animal in a full gallop, he leaped to the ground, and seizing it by the nostrils, held it firmly in his iron grasp till he subdued it. About this time also he fought a duel with a Frenchman in the West Indies.

At length, however, being as bold and rash in his speculations as he was in his feelings, he became a bankrupt, and went back to his old business of druggist, at which he remained till the commencement of the Revolution. He was at this time captain of a militia company of fifty-eight men, called the Governor's Guards. When the news of the battles of Concord and Lexington reached New Haven it threw the town into a perfect uproar: all the bells were set ringing,

the streets were filled with men running to and fro in the highest excitement, till almost the entire population assembled by common consent on the public green. The young captain of the Guards was of course one of the most conspicuous persons there. He made a speech to the multitude, and after appealing to their patriotism and manhood with all the eloquence he was master of, he offered to head any number of volunteers that would accompany him ; and march to the field of combat. He appointed a place of rendezvous for the next day, when about sixty were found willing to put themselves under his command. Every thing was ready for immediate departure, except the ammunition, which the selectmen had locked up. Fearing to incur the responsibility of taking part in such a sudden and hostile movement, they wished to wait till the chief authorities of the state could be consulted. But Arnold's blood was up, and he would not allow any obstacle to be thrown in his way : so assembling his little band on the green, he sent a peremptory summons to the selectmen to deliver up the keys of the magazine, or he would break it open by force. The keys were surrendered, and the company helping itself to ammunition, marched rapidly to Cambridge, the head quarters of the army.

No sooner had he arrived than he waited on the Committee of Safety of Massachusetts, with a proposal to head an expedition against Ticonderoga. The Committee accepted it, furnishing him with supplies, and appointed him colonel, with the power to enlist four hundred men for the enterprise. Burning to distinguish himself, and now fairly afloat on a sea of ex-

citement in which he delighted, he allowed no delay; and within three days after his commission was made out, he was in Stockbridge, on the western boundary of the state. He had travelled over fifty miles a day, in his haste to be on the scene of action; but at Stockbridge he learned to his mortification, that a similar expedition had already been fitted out and gone on. This news, however, only inflamed still more his ardor, and stopping only long enough to appoint some officers, with instructions to enlist men as fast as they could, and follow after, he pushed on with but one attendant, and overtook the party at Castleton, within twenty-five miles of Ticonderoga. Ethan Allen had been appointed commander-in-chief, and the next day they were to resume their march. Here Arnold, furious with disappointment, suddenly introduced himself to the officers, and pulling out his commission demanded the command of the expedition. For a moment every thing was thrown into confusion, and the men were on the brink of mutiny, when Arnold adopting a more prudent course, waived his claim and offered to join them as a volunteer, maintaining his rank but holding no command. Harmony being restored, the little army moved forward, and Arnold had the satisfaction of passing through the gates of the fort side by side with Allen. No sooner, however, had the fort fallen, than he again claimed his command, and insisted on holding it, till the Connecticut committee formally appointed Ethan Allen commander-in-chief of the garrison. Enraged at this insult, he transmitted his grievances to the legislature of Massachusetts. But his restless mind could not wait for redress before he again took the

field. About fifty men who had been enlisted by his orders on the road, having joined him at Ticonderoga, he four days after the surrender of the fort put himself at their head, and moved forward upon St. John's. With only one schooner he sailed down the lake, and having surprised the garrison and taken thirteen men prisoners, he seized a British sloop, destroyed five batteaux, and captured four others, and then set sail for Ticonderoga. This time he had got ahead of Allen, for he met him about fifteen miles from St. John's on his way to attack it.

Soon after, hearing that reinforcements were coming from Canada, he organized a fleet, consisting of one schooner, one sloop, and several batteaux, of which he took command, and stationed himself at West Port. In the mean time, letters had been sent on to Massachusetts, complaining of his arrogance—some of them true, and some of them false—which made the legislature turn a deaf ear to his complaints, and finally, send a delegation to Ticonderoga to enquire into his conduct, and if necessary, order him home—at least, to put him under the command of Colonel Hinman. They found him at Crown Point, straining every nerve to maintain the advantage that had been gained, and acting with the skill and energy of a brave officer. When they laid their instructions before him, he was thrown into a transport of fury. He complained of injustice and dishonorable treatment, and rightly too. He declared, and with truth, that an order to enquire into his conduct, when no charge had been made, was unprecedented, and a commission to judge of his *capacity* an indignity—that this ought to have been

thought of before—that he had already paid out of his own pocket more than a hundred pounds for the public service, and had omitted to do nothing enjoined in his commission—and finally, that he would not submit to the degradation of being placed under a junior officer. The result was, he resigned his command; and having discharged his men, who gave open evidence of their dissatisfaction at the manner in which their leader had been treated, he hastened to Cambridge.

#### HIS MARCH THROUGH THE WILDERNESS.

Some time after his return to Cambridge, the project for the invasion of Canada, mentioned in the sketch of Montgomery, was resolved upon, and Washington took the bold resolution to send an army through the forests of Maine and New Hampshire, to Quebec. Ten companies of musketmen from New England, and three of riflemen from Virginia and Pennsylvania, under the command of the brave Morgan, and one of artillery, making in all eleven hundred men, were selected for this hazardous enterprise. Washington, who knew the energy, daring and indomitable will of Arnold, appointed him commander-in-chief of the forces, with the rank of colonel. To an ordinary man this appointment would have been anything but acceptable. But Arnold seemed to love difficulties, and never hesitated to measure his strength with any obstacle. As there was nothing he dare not do, so there was nothing he would refuse to attempt.

After much deliberation it was determined to ascend the eastern branch of the Kennebec, and strike across to

the Dead River, and following up this stream till opposite the sources of the Chaudiere, which flows in an opposite direction, into the St. Lawrence, cross through the forest to it. All the provisions, ammunition, camp equipage, and artillery were to be transported along this untrodden route, of two hundred miles, through a blank wilderness. The reason for this terrific enterprise, was the defenceless state of Quebec, and the effect of a sudden surprise from an unexpected source and before reinforcements could be sent into the city.

At length, every thing being ready, the expedition set sail from Newburyport and landed at the mouth of the Kennebec. Here two hundred batteaux were in waiting, and the whole proceeded up the river to Fort Western, opposite where Augusta now stands. The difficulties now commenced, and the tremendous energy of Arnold began to develop itself. Responsibility steadied him, and his headlong impulses became sobered down into stern resolution. He was not ignorant of the perils before him, nor the uncertainty of success. He had not gone blindly into them trusting to his own fertile genius and brave heart to extricate him, but had exhausted every means of information within his reach, and with his eyes open marched boldly into difficulties, from which he knew nothing *but* his genius and energy could deliver him.

The advance guard, composed of riflemen, was commanded by Morgan, a worthy companion in such an enterprise. Two braver, more resolute, and unconquerable men, never moved to an onset together. The army was divided into four detachments, each to march the day after the other. Arnold waited at Fort West

ern till he saw the whole embarked and pulling slowly up the current, and then took a birch bark canoe and followed after. The dark and silent forest received the army into its bosom, over whose sad fate the country was yet to weep.

Arnold pushing rapidly on, passed the whole line of boats in his swift canoe, and overtook Morgan at Norridgewock Falls. Here the river was so broken into rapids, it was necessary to carry all the boats, and luggage, and artillery, a mile and a quarter through the woods. First the bushes had to be hewn away and the trees cut down to make a passage, then the boats hoisted upon men's shoulders, or placed on sleds, and carried forward, and finally, all the baggage, ammunition, and stores, dragged across. In coming thus far, the boats had sprung aleak, and between repairing them and transporting the baggage, it took the army seven days to go this mile and a quarter. Arnold, as before, stood on the forest-covered bank till the last boat left it. His eye then rested a moment on the straggling line that wound up and onward till shut in by the forest, when he sprung into the canoe and shot forward. As he passed along, the river before him as far as the eye could reach, was filled with his toiling army, as nearly to their armpits in the water they shoved the heavy boats against the current. Loud cheers received his frail canoe as it came and went on the sight of those brave fellows who seemed suddenly to have caught his energy and determination.

At night they would go on shore, and kindling a blazing fire in the forest, lie down to rest. The morning sun saw them again plunge into the river, and push

cheerfully forward. At some of the carrying places the batteaux had to be pulled up precipices and let down steep declivities—at others borne carefully over swamps into which the men would sink at every step. Around this struggling multitude the officers hovered in constant oversight, while Arnold would shoot backwards and forwards along the line, seeing and directing everything. Never in the tumult of the fight, as he galloped to the charge, did he appear to better advantage than here, as away from the habitations of men, he struggled to carry his army through the forests of Maine.

At length, after incredible toil, they reached the Great Carrying-place, extending from the Kennebec to the Dead River. A hundred and fifty men had disappeared from the ranks, having fallen sick or deserted on the way, and now *fifteen miles* through the forest was to be traversed by the army, carrying the heavy boats, camp equipage, and artillery, on their shoulders. Nearly a fortnight of incessant toil had now been passed in the forest, and yet the difficulties of the way had hardly commenced. Only three small ponds occurred in this interval of fifteen miles. It was three miles to the first, yet the men cheerfully heaved the boats from the bed of the stream, and taking them on their shoulders, plunged into the forest, and began to labor up a bold precipitous mountain. No bugle-note cheered their march, yet those thousand men panted on without a murmur. If this had been a retreat from a victorious enemy, and they were fleeing from danger towards safety, such cheerful resignation and sturdy resolution would not have appeared so strange. But

to go *from* their homes *after* the enemy, through such a wilderness, and place such an insurmountable obstacle in the way of their retreat, was an exhibition of courage and endurance without a parallel in history. Imagine that army for a moment, a hundred miles either way from a human habitation, converting themselves into beasts of burden, plunging into deeper difficulties and dangers at every step, bowed down under heavy boats, climbing over mountains with no prospect before them but a walled city, which they must take or perish in the attempt. As one sees them creeping over precipices, stealing through the swamps and ravines, or hears them shouting from some mountain top, or sending up their hearty cheers from the shore of some smooth lake suddenly opening on their view through the forest, he is amazed at the boldness that could plan and the hardihood that could carry through such an enterprise.

At length this long carrying-place was surmounted, and the army launched their boats on the waters of the Dead River. This river receives its name from the silence and tranquillity of its current. It moves like the waters of Oblivion through the dark and motionless forest, interrupted only at long intervals by slight falls. Here the toil was less severe, and the stirring notes of the bugle again woke the echoes of the forest, and the laugh and cheers of the men beguiled the tediousness of the way. At length a lofty mountain arose in the distance, its bald top covered with snow, at the sight of which the men sent up a shout. It was the first thing they had seen which looked like freedom—as if there was an outer world to this pent up and appa-

rently interminable wilderness. Near its base the army encamped for three days to rest, and there Arnold raised the American flag over his tent, and the soldiers sent up three cheers as its folds swung away in the mountain breeze.

Again the tents were struck, and the disordered line pressed forward; but scarcely had it got under way before it began to rain. Dark and angry clouds swept the heavens, pouring an incessant torrent on the drenched and toil-worn army, while the tree-tops swayed and groaned in the blast, making the sombre wilderness tenfold gloomier than before. For three days and nights it rained without cessation, till the Dead River began to show signs of life and energy. The swollen waters went surging by, but still the boats were urged onward and upward. But one night, just as the wearied soldiers had landed and lain down on the wet leaves to rest, a roar like that of the ocean was heard, and the next moment the sudden flood swept over the whole ground of the encampment. Instantly all was confusion: men hurried about in the storm and darkness, and anxious orders and shouts and cries mingled in with the roar of the torrent. When daylight broke over the scene, it was enough to fill the bravest heart with discouragement. Boats had drifted into the forest, and as far as the eye could reach the level ground was one broad lake, out of which rose the dark stems of the trees, like an endless succession of columns, while shattered trunks and logs went floundering by on the turbid waters, which had risen *eight feet perpendicu'lar* in the last nine hours. But Arnold could not wait for the stream to subside, for provisions were get

ting short, and so he launched his army upon its turbulent bosom. Through the half submerged forest they pulled and shoved their boats, until at length seven caught in the eddying waters, were upset at once, and all they contained lost. This disaster reduced still further the scanty supply of provisions, while thirty miles more across the mountain were yet to be traversed to reach the head of the Chaudiere river. They had not yet got on the northern slope, and only twelve days' provisions remained. In this emergency the most resolute began to despond, and a council of war was called. The army had now been a month out of sight of civilization, and here, in the very heart of the forest, while numbers overcome by the hardships were constantly falling sick, famine began to stare them in the face. But Arnold rose superior to the dangers that environed him, and, sending back orders to Colonels Greene and Enos, commanding the rear divisions, to select their strongest men and hasten up, leaving the sick and feeble to return to Norridgewock; picked out sixty men and pushed forward in order to reach the French settlements and send back provisions.

Colonel Enos, alarmed at the increasing dangers, instead of obeying orders, took with him three companies, and basely fled. When he arrived at Cambridge, the army received him with curses, for having left his companions to perish in the wilderness. But Arnold was made of sterner stuff: his was one of those terrible natures that rise with danger—that may be broken, but will never yield. The only effect all these disasters and increasing difficulties had on him, was to give his brow a sterner aspect, and his voice a more

determined tone. With his sixty men he toiled slowly up the Dead River. The rain had turned into snow, which fell in a blinding shower, and the stream was filled with ice, amid which the men had to wade and force the boats. Hungry, and cold, and wet, they closed around their iron leader, in silent courage, and pressed forward until finally they reached the head of the stream. They had passed seventeen falls, around which they had been compelled to carry their boats, and now it was four miles over the mountain, from the head of the Dead River to the source of the Chaudiere. But they resolutely entered on their heavy task, while Arnold moved at their head, cheering them by his voice and example, and rousing their drooping spirits, by promises of a glorious termination to all their toils. At length they reached Lake Megantic, in which the Chaudiere takes its rise. Here Arnold reduced his company to thirteen men, and leaving nearly all the provisions for those who remained behind, launched forth on the bosom of the lake, and steered for the Chaudiere. The river was swollen with the recent rains, and he and his men were borne with frightful rapidity along its boiling current. The bark canoe, in which he rode, danced like a feather on the stream, but he thought only of his army perishing by famine in the wilderness. On the summit of the hills that divide the Kennebec and the Chaudiere, he had divided the last provisions equally among the companies, and then told them that their only safety lay in advancing. He cheered them on by hope, till there was no longer any room for hope, then made despair fight despair. He thought of them and their trying situation, as he shot down the Chau-

diere, and his heart was filled with anxious forebodings for their safety: and well it might be, for the last provisions were exhausted, and the starving soldiers were roasting dogs far back in the wilderness, to allay the pangs of hunger. At length even this loathsome food began to grow scarce, and then with wan and hollow cheeks, they tore off their moose-skin moccasins and boiled them to extract the little nourishment they contained. Yet, even in this depth of misery, they showed themselves worthy of their leader, and stretched resolutely forward to fulfill his orders.

In the mean time, Arnold and his few boats were shooting like arrows through the forest that shut in the Chaudière. Without a guide or any knowledge of the stream, he hurried on, until one day about noon he suddenly found himself amid rapids. The boats were caught by the waves and whirled onward until three were dashed against the rocks and sunk with all they contained. This calamity was their salvation, for while they were drying their clothes on shore, a man who had gone ahead suddenly cried out, "a fall!" A cataract was foaming just below them, sending its roar through the forest. But for the upsetting of the boats the entire party would have gone on till they came within the suction of the descending waters, when nothing could have saved them. Soon after Arnold's canoe was thrown on the rocks and broken: he escaped, however, and at length, on the fourth day after entering Lake Megantic, having traversed nearly ninety miles, emerged into a French settlement. A loud shout broke from his little band as they once more saw the abodes of civilized men.

Arnold's first thought after his arrival was of his suffering troops, now slowly sinking under their accumulated hardships. They had reached the Chaudiere, but every boat had been broken on the rocks by the violence of the current, and they were now advancing in straggling parties along the banks. At length when within thirty miles of the French settlement, the last food, even of the most loathsome kind, gave out, and blank despair settled on their hearts. But just then a shout was heard through the forest, and a company of men appeared with the provisions which Arnold had sent back. In a few days the entire army arrived, having accomplished one of the most remarkable marches on record. The world-renowned passage of San Bernard, by Bonaparte, with twenty thousand men, will not compare with it. He had an open path, a short distance and provisions in abundance. The great difficulty was in the transportation of the artillery. There was no uncertainty about the way, nothing indeed to daunt the soldier but hard work. True it was a large army, but he could subdivide it into as many portions as he pleased, leaving each to pass by itself. The boldness of the undertaking is its great attractive feature. But San Bernard is only a few miles over, and the soldiers leaving the rich valley of Martigny in the morning, could sleep in the hospice on the top at night; while here was an army of more than a thousand men marching for over forty days through fearful solitudes, wading streams, climbing mountains, scaling precipices, drenched with rains and wasted with toil, enduring hunger, cold, and famine, and all to place a forest of two hundred miles in extent between them and safety.

That army of a thousand men, in the heart of that wilderness, toiling slowly yet resolutely on, is one of the sublimest sights our history furnishes. Men in a retreat may do such things. Bonaparte fleeing from Moscow, Julian retreating across the desert and Suwarrow over the Alps, are wonderful events in human history, but the wonder would have been tenfold greater had they encountered these perils and hardships in marching *after* an enemy instead of fleeing before one. Men will dare any peril in their path if less than the one which threatens from behind, but it is quite another thing to enter voluntarily into it, and that march to Quebec is a standing monument of the hardihood and boldness of American soldiers, and of the amazing energy and firmness of Arnold's character.

Arnold delayed only long enough to rally his scattered troops, then pushed on, scattering proclamations to the Canadians as he went, and in ten days drew up his little army on the shores of the St. Lawrence opposite Quebec. The inhabitants were perfectly stupified at this sudden apparition of an army which seemed to have sprung up out of the very ground. That it should have traversed the immense wilderness between them and Boston, seemed incredible, and the most exaggerated accounts of the endurance and power of the American troops spread like wildfire. Had they been able immediately to cross the river, Quebec would have easily fallen into their hands. But an Indian, to whom Arnold, while ascending the Kennebec, had entrusted letters to General Schuyler and a friend in Quebec, had proved a traitor, and delivered them into the hands of the governor of the city, who had therefore

ample time to prepare for his arrival, and remove all the boats from the further side of the river. To complete the disaster, a furious storm set in, so that the army could not for several days cross in the bark canoes they had been able to get. The whole effect of a surprise was therefore lost. But Arnold, by his energy and resolution, succeeded at length one night in transporting five hundred men across in canoes, before he was discovered by the guard-boats of the enemy. These firing on him, he was compelled to desist. Undismayed, however, he rallied his five hundred men on the shore, and boldly led them up the precipice where Wolfe sixteen years before ascended to the field of his fame and to his grave. Closing sternly round their leader, these gallant troops stood at early dawn in battle array on the Plains of Abraham. It would have been madness to have attempted to carry the place by storm, and so Arnold, in order to draw the garrison forth into open combat, led his men to within a hundred and fifty rods of the walls, and ordered them to give three cheers. The thunder of cannon was the only answer to the shout, and he was compelled to withdraw. He next sent a summons to the commander to surrender, which was of course treated with derision. The only course then left for him was to bring over the rest of his troops, and wait till Montgomery, to whom he had sent a messenger, could arrive. This was especially imperative, when, on examination, he found that the men had only five rounds of ammunition apiece, while a hundred of the muskets were unfit for use.

Of the junction of the two armies and of the gallant assault on the town, and the bravery and wound of

Arnold. I have already spoken in the sketch of Montgomery. After the death of the latter, the command devolved on Arnold, who resolved, with his eight hundred men, to remain all winter round Quebec, and keep the blockade of the city. Reinforced by a few companies from Vermont and New Hampshire, which had arrived in snow-shoes through the forest, he built fortifications of snow, which gradually hardened into ice, and thus passed the winter with his troops exposed to cold, hunger, and sickness. For his gallant conduct in storming Quebec, Congress promoted him to brigadier-general. When spring opened, General Thomas arrived with reinforcements, and took the chief command. The two generals did not agree very well; and Arnold, about this time, having received a severe contusion in his leg by his horse falling upon it, asked leave of absence and went to Montreal. Here he found himself again in supreme command. The affair of the Cedars soon called him into the field, and he was forced against his will, in order to save the lives of five hundred prisoners in the hands of the enemy, to agree to a convention, which Congress very justly afterwards refused to recognize, though without reflecting at all on Arnold's conduct.

The subsequent disasters that finally drove our army from the Canadas are well known. But Montreal was the last place that yielded, and Arnold the last man that left the territory of the enemy; and then with an English army close at his heels, made a masterly retreat to St. John's, where he hastily embarked his men. He stood and saw the last boat but his own leave the shore, then springing to his saddle, with only one attendant,

his aid Wilkinson, galloped back towards the British army. After riding about two miles he came in sight of the foremost division under Burgoyne. The sun was just sinking in the west, and his farewell beams flooded the form of Arnold as he sat and coolly surveyed the eager column pressing rapidly forward. Completing his survey, he put spurs to his horse, and came back in a headlong gallop. Reining up his steed by the shore, he sprang to the ground, and stripping off the saddle and bridle shot the noble animal dead in his tracks to prevent his falling into the hands of the enemy, and then, scorning all assistance, heaved his boat with his own hands from the beach, and leaping into it shot out into the lake. Darkness had now covered the scene and the stars came out one by one in the sky, guiding that solitary boat over the smooth waters. Coming up with his little fleet, he proceeded up the lake to Crown Point. He soon after went to Albany, to report to General Schuyler in detail his operations for the last seven months in Canada, and having finished his business returned to Lake Champlain.

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BATTLE OF VALCOUR ISLAND.

The British, in pursuing their advantage, had constructed a fleet at St. John's, with which to advance on Crown Point and Ticonderoga. Every effort was made to repel this armament, and at length, after the greatest exertions, one sloop, three schooners, and five galleys were manned and placed under the command of Arnold. With these he set sail in the middle of August, 1776, designing to take his station at the Isle-

aux-Têtes, but finding the island in possession of the enemy, he stopped at Windmill Point. On examination he found this position disadvantageous, so retreated to the Isle la Motte, and finally to Valcour Island, where he determined to make a stand. He had received some reinforcements, so that his little fleet now consisted of three schooners, two sloops, three galleys, and eight gondolas as they were called, carrying in all seventy guns, many of them eighteen pounders. Valcour Island lies somewhat parallel to the shore, and so nearly connected with it at the northern extremity, that it is difficult to pass between even in small vessels. Thus a deep channel is formed between it and the main land, opening towards the south. In the upper end of this, Arnold moored his fleet, and hence was entirely concealed from the enemy until they had passed beyond him up the lake. He had completely shut himself in, so that when the British closed upon him, there would be no getting away but through their ships. He thus secured two objects—first, the coöperation of every one of his vessels, and secondly, prevented himself from being outflanked, for his line of battle extended from the island to the shore. He had not waited long in this position before the British fleet hove in sight, sailing down before the wind. As it rounded the southern point of the island Arnold's boats were discovered, when hauling close to the wind, it bore up and hemmed him completely in. The fleet consisted of one ship, two schooners, two gondolas, twenty gun-boats, four long-boats, and forty-four smaller boats, containing in all seven hundred chosen seamen, and carrying *ninety three guns* some of them of heavy calibre. Over

seventy vessels and boats in all, gathered like birds of prey around the mouth of this channel. Arnold saw at a glance that nothing but determined bravery could overcome this immense superiority of force ; indeed it seemed that nothing but a miracle could save him.

It was the eleventh of October, one of those sweet autumnal days, when the gentle wind creeps over the water, just stirring it into dimples. Arnold determined to take advantage of the wind, and attack some of the foremost boats, before the larger vessels could beat up to their aid. Ordering the schooner *Royal Savage* and three galleys to get under way, he advanced and opened his fire, but was gradually forced back by the superior strength of the enemy, and returned to the line. In this manœuvre the *Royal Savage* went ashore and was abandoned. At noon, the British having brought one schooner and all their gun-boats within musket shot of the Americans, the battle became general. Arnold, in the Congress galley, anchored himself in the hottest part of the fire, and never left his position. A large body of Indians on shore, kept up a constant blaze with their rifles, while between the island and main-land were two parallel lines of fire. The peaceful lake trembled like a frightened thing to the tremendous explosions, as nearly a hundred and sixty cannon thundered at once over the water. The deafening roar was heard even at Ticonderoga, filling the hearts of the garrison with anxious forebodings.

The light clouds trooping over the sky—the quiet nook in which the fleet lay at anchor—the embosoming forest—the crowds of shouting, swarthy savages on the shore, all added strange interest to the scene, and that October

sun, as it rolled towards the western hills, looked down on as brave a battle as was ever fought. The smoke, lifted by the north wind, rolled sluggishly up the lake, leaving open and unobscured the contending fleets, as they thus lay and vomited forth fire on each other. The Congress and Washington galleys received the weight of the shock. Arnold, in the former, with two eighteen-pounders, two twelves, and six sixes, fought like a desperado. Seeing the dreadful odds against him, and maddened at the thought of defeat, he seemed to scoff at death. Cheering on his men by his thrilling words, and still more by his fierce courage, he maintained the fight hour after hour, with a tenacity that nothing seemed able to shake. With his vessel riddled through and through, and filled with the dead, he still maintained his ground. Having no good engineers, he pointed his own guns, and multiplied himself with the dangers that encompassed him. Now, casting his stern eye along his line of shattered boats, and now along his heated cannon, to make the shots tell—blackened with powder and smoke, he bore up for five mortal hours in the driving tempest. The water was churned into foam around him by the raining balls—his main-mast had been struck twice, his rigging was cut into fragments—he had received *seven shots between wind and water, and been hulled twelve times*; yet, still he refused to stir, and seemed resolved to sink at his anchors. A more gallant crew never rallied around a brave commander; and though thinned and wasted, stood ready to go down at their post.

But night coming on, the British withdrew their forces, and after dark stretched their vessels in one line

from the island to the shore, to prevent the retreat of the Americans, whom they now considered completely in their power. Arnold, however, had no thought of surrendering, and after a short consultation with his officers, resolved to pass through the enemy's fleet and sail for Crown Point. So after dark he got his crippled vessels, that is, all that were left, one schooner and one gondola being wrecked, and set sail. The wind had luckily changed, and each vessel, with a single light in the stern to guide the one that followed, passed in silent succession through the British line without being discovered. It was skilfully, bravely done, and the released little fleet bore steadily away up the lake till it reached Schuyler's Island, where it was compelled to lay at anchor half a day in order to stop leaks and repair damages. Two of the gondolas being found too much crippled to proceed, were here sunk. In the afternoon they again weighed anchor, but the wind had now changed to the south, and they could make but little headway. The next morning a dense fog lay on the lake, blotting even the shores from view, but as the sun rose, it lifted and rolled gently away before the morning breeze, revealing the whole British fleet within a few miles of them. In a few moments a cloud of canvas was moving slowly down upon them, presenting a beautiful appearance in the rising sun. Arnold's galley, together with the Washington and four gondolas, were so disabled that they had fallen astern during the night, while the rest of the fleet, now barely discernible in the distance, was crowding all sail for Crown Point. On these disabled vessels the whole force of the enemy now advanced. At the first broadside, the Washington

shamefully struck, and Arnold in his riddled galley with only four gondolas, was left to meet the shock alone. The fight seemed utterly useless, nay, madness itself, but he had never yet learned the word *surrender*, and so gathered his few boats around him and opened the battle. A ship of eighteen guns, two schooners, one of fourteen and another of twelve, making in all forty-four guns, poured at once their concentrated and destructive fire upon his single vessel. Shattered so dreadfully from its former engagement, and enveloped in such a destructive fire, that poor galley seemed hardly worth a hope. But its brave commander cast a look of stern defiance on his foe as the first broadside thundered over the water, then pointing his own guns, closed fiercely in with him. Nothing could exceed the excitement of the conflict at this moment. That single galley, too crippled to fly and too proud to surrender, enveloped by her foes, keeping her flag flying amid the smoke and carnage, was one of the sublimest sights the eye ever rested upon. Beneath those heavy and concentrated broadsides she trembled from stern to stern, and reeled and rocked on the water; but when the smoke lifted, there still floated the flag, and beneath its folds stood Arnold, the impersonation of calm courage and heroic daring. The planks were splitting about him, and the splinters of the shivered timbers flying through the air on every side, yet he still maintained the fight. Thus hour after hour he struggled in this unequal contest, until at length other boats of the enemy arrived, and advanced to the attack. With *seven vessels* around him, hemming him in and pouring in broadside after broadside, he still disdained to sur-

render In the very centre of this fleet, covering him with a cloud of canvas, and drawing their circle of fire nearer and nearer every moment, he stood like a tiger at bay. For *four terrible hours* he had continued this unequal combat, and now a perfect wreck, he saw his vessel must inevitably be lost. But scorning to fall into the hands of the enemy, he put forth one of those great and desperate efforts for which he was remarkable, and breaking fiercely through the ships, run his galley and four gondolas ashore in a small creek and set fire to them. He then ordered the marines to leap overboard, musket in hand, and waded to the beach, and there fire on the small boats if they ventured to approach. For himself he remained all alone aboard his burning galley, with his flags flying over his head. Enveloped in smoke, he stood and watched the fierce flames as they gained on the vessel, until they had advanced too far to be extinguished, and then sprung into the water and joined his men on shore. There never was a more gallant achievement performed than this, or a nobler exhibition of courage and daring. A more thrilling subject for the painter cannot be conceived than that galley presents amid the broadsides of her foes or wrapped in flames with her flags flying and Arnold on her slippery deck, while the guns of the enemy are still thundering on her mangled form. With a smile of proud defiance on his lip as he gazes off on the baffled enemy, and his brow knit like iron in stern resolve, he presents a picture on which it grieves us he should ever have cast such a dreadful shadow. One third of the entire number he had on board his vessel had fallen, showing how severely he had suffered. The country rung with his

praises, and his brilliant achievements were in every man's mouth.

Arnold had beached his boats within ten miles of Crown Point, whither he led in safety that night, by a bridle-path, his weary, wounded, gallant band. If he had gone the more open road he must have perished, for a large party of Indians were waiting in ambush for him. From thence he proceeded to Ticonderoga; and Crown Point soon after fell into the hands of the English, but proved to be a barren prize.

A large portion of the troops at Ticonderoga were now ordered to the Jerseys to join the army under Washington. Arnold accompanied them, and arrived at head-quarters a week previous to the battle of Trenton. But he had been only three days in camp before he was ordered to the eastern portion of the army at Providence. Here he passed the winter of 1777, making preparations with Spencer to raise militia and attack Rhode Island. At this time occurred an event that first made him speak in terms of bitterness of his country. Congress created five new major-generals without including him in the number. To make matters still worse, these appointments were all filled by officers who were his juniors in rank, and one of them, General Lincoln, was chosen from the militia. This was an outrageous insult on the part of Congress, and an act of the grossest injustice, the real excuse for which constitutes its greatest guilt. It fell like a thunderbolt on Arnold, who could not comprehend the motive for this public condemnation of him. Washington was astonished and distressed when he heard of it, and immediately wrote to him, begging him not to do

anything hastily, assuring him that there must be some mistake about it, which would be rectified. His reply was noble, and if we could separate it from his after treason, would appear so to every just mind. Said he: "Congress undoubtedly have a right of promoting those whom, from their abilities and their long and arduous services, they esteem most deserving. Their promoting junior officers to the rank of major-generals I view as a very civil way of requesting my resignation, as unqualified for the office I hold. My commission was conferred unsolicited, and received with pleasure only as a means of serving my country. With equal pleasure I resign it, when I can no longer serve my country with honor. The person who, void of the nice feelings of honor, will tamely condescend to give up his right, and retain a commission at the expense of his reputation, I hold as a disgrace to the army, and unworthy of the glorious cause in which we are engaged.' He then goes on to request a court of inquiry; and though feeling the ingratitude of his countrymen, expresses a willingness again to bleed as freely in their behalf as he had already done. He was right, and would have been perfectly justified in throwing up his commission and retiring from the army. Washington would have done it without a moment's hesitation. Arnold, however, refrained for a while, at the earnest request of the commander-in-chief, who promised that the wrong should be redressed, and immediately wrote to members of Congress for an explanation of this strange proceeding. The reason given was good for nothing, and Washington gave Arnold to understand that he regarded it so. The latter, chagrined and humbled—

and then again in his reflecting moments, as he thought of the wilderness, of Quebec, and Lake Champlain, furious with rage, resolved to proceed in person to Congress and demand an investigation of his conduct. On his way, he passed through Connecticut, just after the burning of Danbury by two thousand British troops under Governor Tryon. Instantly forgetting his wrongs and his mission, he joined Generals Silliman and Wooster, who, with six hundred men, were following after the enemy. With two hundred of these, Wooster was to harass them in rear, while Silliman and Arnold, by a rapid circuitous march, should get in advance and give them battle. Wooster overtaking the enemy, began a furious attack, when a sudden discharge of artillery and musketry arrested his men. Hastening to the front, he cried out, "Come on, my boys! never mind such random shot," but the words had scarcely left his mouth, before a ball entered his side, and he was borne off mortally wounded.

In the mean time Arnold, reinforced by a hundred militia, had gained the front, and posted himself at Ridgefield in a narrow part of the road, with a ledge of rocks on one side and a barn on the other. Across the road he piled carts and wagons, and logs as a barricade, and placed his men behind them.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, the rolling of drums announced the approach of the enemy, and the next moment the head of the column appeared in sight, as it marched in close array along the street. As it advanced towards the barricade, the artillery opened, answered by the small arms of the Americans. It was five hundred militia against two thousand disci-

plined troops, but Arnold had fought against even greater odds, and aroused and encouraged his men to resistance with his wonted bravery. He held his untried militia to this unequal contest for a quarter of an hour, but at length seeing he was outflanked, allowed them to retreat. But he remained behind, with his accustomed recklessness, and was sitting on his horse watching the movements of the enemy, when a platoon of soldiers, who had climbed up the rocks, and now stood nearly over his head, deliberately fired on him. His horse sunk in his tracks, and he with him. But instead of springing to his feet and extricating himself, he quietly sat on his dying steed, which, after struggling vainly to rise, struck out convulsively in his last agony. One of the soldiers looked a moment to see him fall, and finding he did not, rushed down upon him with the bayonet. Arnold still sitting on his fallen horse, watched him with a cool and steady eye as he advanced, waiting till he was sure of his aim, then deliberately drew a pistol from his holster, and shot him dead. He could have escaped before, but evidently enraged at the attempt to kill him, he determined to avenge himself before he fled; for, no sooner did the soldier drop, than he sprang to his feet and joined his troops. Rallying them anew, he hurried them on to the attack. All this and the next day, he hung like an avenging angel on the flying traces of the enemy. He would gallop ahead of his men to encourage them, and again and again rode amid the fire, as if he were impervious to bullets. Once as he pressed on in advance of his troops to animate their courage, his horse was shot through the neck, and fel

under him. Nothing daunted, however, he mounted another, and again rode into the volleys, and never relaxed his efforts till the troops were driven aboard their ships.

This gallant conduct was better than all personal application, and Congress immediately conferred on him the rank of major-general. But this extorted justice was only another means of irritating and maddening this strange and fiery-hearted being; for while with one hand Congress gave him the *title* of major-general, with the other it withheld his proper rank, and still kept him under his five juniors. This was one way of converting a promotion into a disgrace, and was insulting as it was unjust. Washington viewed it in the same light that Arnold did, for it reminded him of a similar act of the Governor of Maryland, when he wished him to join Braddock's army as captain, with the rank of colonel. Congress placed Arnold precisely in the same position, and that too, directly after he had periled his life anew for his country. But for Washington he would have resented this insult by immediate resignation, but the former, anxious to retain so efficient an officer in the service, used every means to appease him, and finally, to show his condemnation of the act of Congress, gave him command of the army on the North River. He finally obtained a hearing at the Board of War, which pronounced all the accusations against him false, and declared that he had been "cruelly and groundlessly aspersed." Congress confirmed this report, yet still refused to restore his rank.

Soon after he was sent to command the army around Philadelphia. Having fulfilled the task assigned him

he was ordered at Washington's request to the north. The latter knew that a decisive battle would soon be fought between the northern army and Burgoyne, and though he wished Arnold near him, he felt that his services were still more needed by Gates. Said he, in his letter to Congress respecting the appointment, "He is active, judicious, and brave, and an officer in whom the militia will repose great confidence." This was true; by his daring and personal bravery he turned volunteers in a moment into veterans, and they would follow him joyously where no commander could drive them.

Arnold, still showing a moderation that exalted him, and a magnanimity which was thrown away on Congress, postponed still farther his resignation, and accepted the appointment, though it placed him under the orders of one of those same junior generals who had been promoted over him. This must have been a great humiliation to one of his proud temper, yet he submitted to it, and generously said he would do his duty in the rank assigned him, and trust to the honor of Congress to grant him justice in the end. Vain hope; even though he shed his blood like water, his enemies were too powerful, and their influence was felt too near the head of government.

Joining the army at Fort Edward under Schuyler, he retreated with him to Stillwater. Here he received word that Congress had voted on the question of his rank, and decided against him by a large majority. This seemed like cold-blooded revenge, and coming as it did right on the top of his own magnanimous conduct and generous self-sacrifice, was too great an outrage to be overlooked, and he asked permission of Gen-

eral Schuyler to retire from the army. But the latter, like Washington, knew how to appreciate his services, and immediately began to persuade him to remain, and what now seems strange, used as the strongest argument the absolute *need* the country just then stood in of his aid. He appealed to his patriotism, and successfully, for Arnold consented to remain only till the immediate danger was over. In the mean time, news arrived of the battle of Oriskany, the defeat and death of General Herkimer, and the danger of the garrison. Eight hundred men were hastily despatched to its aid, and Arnold volunteered to command them. Arriving at Herkimer Flats, he found that he could muster in all only about a thousand troops, while at least seventeen hundred British and Indians invested Fort Schuyler. In this strait he had recourse to stratagem. A man by the name of Cuyler was taken as a spy and brought before him, when, after ascertaining his guilt, he promised to pardon him if he would return to the enemy and give such an exaggerated account of the American forces as to frighten the Indians into a retreat. He accepted the proposal, and his brother was retained as hostage. The stratagem succeeded—the Indians took fright and fled, and the garrison was relieved. If this failed, he had determined with his little band to storm the enemy's camp and cut his way through to the garrison.

Returning after an absence of twenty days, he joined Gates' army a short time before the battle of Saratoga. He commanded the left division at this time, and Gates the right. On the 19th of September it was reported that portions of Burgoyne's army were within two

miles of the American lines. Arnold immediately urged on Gates the necessity of marching out against them. The latter, after much importunity, consented, and a sanguinary conflict followed. The battle lasted from noon till night, and was fought, with the exception of a single regiment, by Arnold's division alone. He showed himself on this occasion an able officer as well as impetuous warrior, and met and baffled every manœuvre of Burgoyne with a skill and courage that extorted praise from his enemies. While the latter was attempting, under cover of the woods, to turn his flank and fall on him in rear, he, endeavoring to execute a similar manœuvre, met the detachment, and a fierce encounter took place. Mounted on a grey horse, he was everywhere seen, encouraging his men, and hurrying them on to the charge, and following up his success with such rapidity and energy that he threatened to cut the English lines in two. The impetuosity of the Americans bore down everything before them, and they were on the point of sweeping the field, when a reinforcement arrived and arrested their progress. Arnold, in the mean time, had hurried off to Gates, who never once rode on to the field of battle. While there, he heard that his troops were still unsuccessful. "I will soon put an end to it," said he, in his fierce determined manner, and put spurs to his horse. He would no doubt have kept his word, had not Gates called him back. Night ended the conflict, and the two armies lay down to sleep.

After this a quarrel arose between the two commanders. Arnold complained, and justly, that a part of his division had been taken from his command without his

knowledge, and that he had the mortification of giving orders without having them obeyed. This uncourteous treatment on the part of Gates, to please his officious aid, Wilkinson, was followed by an act equally unjust and infinitely more contemptible. In his official report to Congress, he refrained from saying one word in praise of Arnold or of his division, and represented the battle as having been fought by detachments from the main army. This roused the latter, who declared that it was as ungenerous to the brave troops who bled that day as it was to their commander; and said, and justly, that had his division shamefully fled, Gates would have been very careful that his own division should not have borne the disgrace. High words passed between them, and a correspondence followed, full of pride and conceit on the part of Gates, and fierce and defiant on the part of Arnold. There has been much said about this quarrel, and many explanations given, but it is evident that it grew entirely out of the envy and injustice of Gates. The whole army gave Arnold and his division all the credit of the battle of the 19th, and so did the country; which galled and soured the former exceedingly. To crown his injustice and meanness, he took Arnold's division away from him and gave it to General Lincoln, so that when the second battle of the 7th of October occurred, he, the best and bravest, and most successful general in the army, was without a command. This outrage was enough to madden a less stormy nature than his, and he immediately demanded a passport to Washington. It was granted; but on a second thought he concluded it would have an ugly look to leave the army on the eve of an important engagement

and resolved to remain. He was in the camp when the cannonading of the 7th of October commenced, and listened, one may guess with what feelings, to the roar of battle, which was ever music to his stormy nature. As the thunder of artillery shook the ground on which he stood, followed by the sharp rattle of musketry, his impatience and excitement could be no longer restrained. He walked about in the greatest agitation—now pausing to listen to the din of war, and now watching the fiercely ascending volumes of smoke that told where the fight was raging. Ah! who can tell what gloomy thoughts and fierce purposes of revenge were then and there born in his maddened soul—it is terrible to drive the brave to despair. The hero of Quebec, Champlain, and Ridgefield, to whom the headlong charge and perilous march were a delight, who panted like a war-horse for the conflict, was here doomed by an inefficient commander to remain inactive. His brave followers were rushing on death without him, and sudden resolves and overwhelming emotions kept up such a tumult in his bosom, that his excitement at length amounted almost to madness.

#### FLIES TO THE BATTLE-FIELD.

Unable longer to restrain his impulses, he called like the helpless Augereau for his horse. Vaulting to the saddle, he rode for a while around the camp in a tempest of passion. At length a heavy explosion of artillery, making the earth tremble beneath him, burst on his ear. He paused a moment and leaned over his saddle-bow, then plunging his rowels up to the gaffs in

his horse, launched like a thunderbolt away. He was mounted on a beautiful dark Spanish mare, named Warren after the hero of Bunker Hill, worthy such a rider, and which bore him like the wind into the battle.

It was told to Gates that Arnold had gone to the field, and he immediately sent Col. Armstrong after him. But Arnold expecting this, and determined not to be called back as he had been before, spurred furiously amid the ranks, and as the former approached him galloped into the volleys, and thus the chase was kept up for half an hour, until at length Armstrong gave it up, and the fierce chieftain had it all his own way. Goaded by rage and disappointment almost into insanity, he evidently was resolved to throw away his life, and end at once his troubles and his career. Where the shot fell thickest, there that black steed was seen plunging through the smoke, and where death reaped down the brave fastest, there his shout was heard ringing over the din and tumult. He was no longer the cool and skilful officer, but the headlong warrior reckless of life. His splendid horse was flecked with foam, and it seemed impossible that his rider could long survive amid the fire through which he so wildly galloped. Some of the officers thought him intoxicated, so furious and vehement were his movements, and so thrilling his shout, as with his sword sweeping in fiery circles about his head he summoned his followers to the charge. Once, wishing to go from one extremity of the line to the other, instead of passing behind his troops, he wheeled in front and galloped the whole distance through the cross-fire of the combatants, while a long huzza followed him. Holding the highest rank on the field, his orders

were obeyed, except when too desperate for the bravest to fulfil—and receiving no orders himself, he conducted the whole battle. His frenzied manner, exciting appeals, and fearful daring, infused new spirit into the troops, and they charged after him, shouting like madmen. So perfectly beside himself was he with excitement, that he dashed up to an officer who did not lead on his men as he wished, and opened his head with his sword. He was every where present, and pushed the first line of the enemy so vigorously that it at length gave way. Burgoyne moving up his right wing to cover its retreat, he hurled three regiments with such terrible impetuosity upon it, that it also broke and fled. While the British officers were making desperate efforts in other parts of the field to stay the reversed tide of battle, he pressed on after Burgoyne—storming over the batteries, and clearing every obstacle, till at length he forced him and the whole army back into their camp. Not satisfied with this, he prepared to storm the camp also. But once behind their intrenchments, the British rallied and fought with the fury of men struggling for life. The grape-shot and balls swept every inch of the ground, and it rained an iron tempest on the American ranks, but nothing could resist their fiery valor. On, on they swept in the track of their leader, carrying every thing before them. The sun had now sunk in the west, and night was drawing its mantle over the scene. Arnold, enraged at the obstinacy of the enemy, and resolved to make one more desperate effort for a complete victory, rallied a few of his bravest troops about him, and rousing them by his enthusiastic appeals, led them to a last

charge on the camp itself. "*You*," said he to one, "was with me at Quebec, *you* in the wilderness, and *you* on Champlain—Follow me!" His sword was seen glancing like a beam of light along their serried array—the next moment he galloped in front and riding right gallantly at their head through the devouring fire, broke with a clatter and a crash into the very sally-port of the enemy, where horse and rider sunk together to the earth—the good steed dead, and Arnold beneath him, with his leg shattered to pieces, the same leg that was broken at the storming of Quebec.

This ended the fight, and the wounded hero was borne pale and bleeding from the field of his fame only to awaken to chagrin and disappointment. There is but little doubt, that when he violated his orders and galloped to the field, he had made up his mind to bury his sorrows and disappointments in a bloody grave. Would that he had succeeded, and saved himself from the curse of his countrymen and the scorn of the world!

This was his last battle in the cause of American freedom. All the following winter he lay at Albany confined to his room by his wounds. In the mean time Congress relented, and grudgingly gave him his rank. Washington made this known to him in a complimentary letter, and in the spring presented him with a sword and a pair of epaulettes. At this time he made a visit of a month or two to Middletown and New Haven, Connecticut; and in the latter part of May joined the army at Valley Forge. After the evacuation of Philadelphia he was appointed to the command of the city. He had been here only a month,

when finding himself unpopular, on account of measures which some esteemed arbitrary, he applied to Washington for leave to quit the army and enter the navy. Receiving no encouragement, however, in this project, he abandoned it.

At length he became so involved in difficulties with the President and Council of Pennsylvania, that they brought eight charges against him, the burden of which was, that he had abused his power, invaded the rights of the citizens, and interfered with the government of the state. These charges were sent to Congress, and referred by them to a committee of inquiry, who in their report cleared Arnold from all blame. Congress, however, for some reason or other, did not act on this report, and the subject came up again. After some trouble, the whole affair was referred to Washington, who called a court-martial and appointed the time and place of its sitting. The Council of Pennsylvania was not ready at the appointed day, and the trial was deferred, much to the vexation of Arnold, for he had resigned his command at Philadelphia to wait the decision of the court. This was in March, 1779. The trial finally came on the next December, but did not close till the latter part of January. The charges were not sustained, though a general verdict was rendered against him, in which he was declared to have acted imprudently and unwisely, and sentenced to be reprimanded by the commander-in-chief. Washington fulfilled his task as gently as possible, but Arnold was deeply enraged. It was at this time he first came to a definite determination to betray his country. He had before made secret advances under an assumed name,

resolved to be governed in the future by circumstances. He now saw that his enemies would hunt him down in the end, and his wayward mind revolved a thousand different schemes. Relenting a moment from his purpose, he resolved to quit the army and establish a settlement in the western part of New York, with the officers and soldiers who had served under him. The project however fell through, and he remained in Philadelphia, maintaining a sumptuous style of living, wholly unequal to his means, and which involved him deeply in debt, and still worse, drove him to very unquestionable, if not dishonest means of obtaining money. In the mean time, he became enamored with the daughter of Edward Shippen, of Philadelphia, and soon after married her. Pressed down by pecuniary embarrassments, withheld, as he averred, from his just dues by Congress, burning for an opportunity to revenge himself, he now became a lost man. His thirst for military distinction was extinguished, and he bent all his energies and used all his influence to obtain command of West Point—much to the surprise of Washington, who wondered at the sudden listlessness of such a man in the opening of a stirring campaign. He finally succeeded, and his base purpose began to assume a more definite form. He at first corresponded with Clinton, at New York, under a feigned name; but the latter suspecting, from the information given, that it was no common man to whom he was indebted, began to cast about for the author, and soon came to the conclusion that he must be Arnold. The negotiation then became more direct, and the contract was soon completed. Arnold was to surrender West Point for a certain rank in the British

army and a certain amount of money. The plan, which had been ripening for eighteen months, now drew to a close. Under the name of Anderson, Arnold had carried on a long correspondence, until finally, Andre was appointed to have a personal interview with him. After several unsuccessful attempts, they at length met, and concluded all the arrangements. A large British force was to ascend the river, on a certain day, and land at the most important points, which Arnold was to leave unprotected. The hand of a kind Providence frustrated the design, the successful execution of which, would have been most disastrous to the cause of American liberty. The inability of Andre to return on board the Vulture, on the same night that he left—the steady refusal of the man who brought him ashore, to take him back the next day—the sudden determination to change his route after the guide left him, and the loss of his presence of mind, and supreme folly, when arrested on the highway by the three Americans, are all a connected chain, with the links hung so precariously together, that he must be a madman who cannot trace an unseen power controlling the whole transaction. I do not design to go into the particulars of this affair, they are known to all. By the folly of Colonel Jameson, to whom Andre, and the papers he had on his person were committed, Arnold escaped. This officer sent on the prisoner to West Point, where he would safely have arrived, but for the interference of Major Tallmadge, who being told on his return from White Plains in the evening of the events that had occurred, urged his superior officer with such earnestness to

bring Andre back, that he at length reluctantly consented, and the party was overtaken before it reached the river. He, however, stubbornly insisted on sending a letter to Arnold, and did so: Washington, in the mean time, was on his return route from Hartford, to headquarters by way of West Point. The messenger sent to him with the papers missed him, by taking the lower road, while he took the upper one. To complete the misfortune, Washington, who had arrived at Fishkill, in the afternoon, with the intention to proceed to West Point that night, where Arnold still remained ignorant of Andre's arrest, and his own danger; was met just out of town, by the French minister, M. de la Luzerne, on his way to Newport, to visit Count Rochambeau, and persuaded by him to turn back. The next morning early he started for West Point, having sent on word to Arnold that he would breakfast with him. But when he reached the river, opposite the fort, instead of crossing immediately, he rode down to visit some of the redoubts. He sent over two aids to tell Arnold not to wait, and so they sat down to breakfast. While at table, a messenger came in and handed a letter to him. He immediately broke the seal, and read with consternation, the letter of Colonel Jameson. With wonderful self-possession, and without betraying any emotion, he rose hastily from the table, saying that urgent business called him away, and requested them to tell Washington so on his arrival. Ordering his horse to be saddled, he went up to his wife's room and sent for her. In a brief and hurried manner he confessed the whole affair, saying, that unless he reached the English lines without detection, he would lose his life. He told her,

perhaps they would meet no more, but had hardly begun his farewell, before she sunk in a swoon at his feet. Leaving her pale and lifeless on the couch, a crushed and broken thing, he hastened down stairs, and sprang to the saddle. Galloping straight for the river, he entered a boat, and ordered the oarsmen to row, as for life, for the English ship Vulture. He reached it in safety. Washington, in the mean time, arrived at Arnold's house, and after taking a hasty breakfast, went to visit the garrison, where he expected to meet the latter. Disappointed in not finding him there, he remained for a while, and then turned back to the house. On his way he saw Hamilton walking rapidly towards him. The latter taking Washington aside, showed him the papers that had been in pursuit of him. Calm and unmoved, he instantly hurried off Hamilton to Verplanck's Point, to intercept if possible the traitor—it was too late, however; he had escaped, leaving his beautiful wife in a paroxysm of grief, and on the verge of madness.

Of the tragical fate of Andre, and the romantic adventure of Sergeant Champe to capture Arnold, I shall say nothing. The wretched man was made colonel in the English army, with the brevet of brigadier-general, and received about thirty thousand dollars in money—a small reward for his treason. He soon after published “An Address to the Inhabitants of America,” vindicating his conduct and calling on them to return to their allegiance. It was a mixture of impudence, bombast, and falsehood, from beginning to end. Soon after he was sent to the Chesapeake, and at the head of twelve hundred men laid waste the towns with the cruelty of one

lost to every noble sentiment. Among the prisoners he took on this occasion was a captain, who, on being asked by him what the Americans would do if they captured him, replied, "They will cut off the leg which was wounded in fighting for liberty, and bury it with the honors of war, and hang the rest of your body on a gibbet."

After this he was sent against New London, and burned it to the ground; and there, around the very haunts of his childhood, committed enormities worthy of a traitor.

#### HIS TREASON AND CHARACTER.

That Arnold would ever have betrayed his country had Congress treated him with justice, there is no reason to believe. The traitor has now no advocate, and nothing can be said against him that is not readily believed. In every act of his life is found some lurking treason, and every trait of his character is blackened. This cannot be complained of—it is the just reward of his deeds; yet in the strict truth lies the whole benefit of the example. Finding his juniors promoted over him, he became deeply embittered, and wished at once to retire from the army, as every honorable man would have done. Had he carried out his intentions, he might have been perhaps in the end a Tory; for his restless, impetuous spirit would not have allowed him to remain quiet. But the hopes held out by Washington induced him to remain at his post, and he fought bravely, nobly in the cause of freedom. Confidently trusting to the justice of Congress, he showed a magnanimity and patriotism unsurpassed by any officer in the army. But

the more his great services gave him prominence in the eyes of his countrymen, the more public and galling became the doubtful and annoying position in which he was placed. His best actions belied—his very success only bringing down on him fresh insults—beleaguered by powerful enemies, he became desperate and reckless. Mr. Sparks intimates that the injustice of Congress grew out of the stern integrity and virtue of the members, who, conscious of Arnold's moral defects, did not wish to place power in such dangerous hands. But this apology for Congress casts a severe reflection on Washington. *He* knew more than it did of Arnold's character, and yet he steadily took sides with him throughout. Was Washington less careful of moral qualities, less pure in his feelings, or more charitable to wickedness, than the members who composed this body? Or was Stark, who resigned at once, and for the same cause that maddened Arnold, *also* a dangerous character? No: the truth is, the brilliant career, and incredible daring and gallant behavior of Arnold in battle, dazzled the people, and he obtained at once a prominence which some of his fellow officers thought undeserved, and so they endeavored to pull him down. His irritable, haughty nature and great moral defects unfortunately gave them too much ground on which to base their hostility. *Envy* and hatred combined sent the first arrow at his bosom, and organized the first opposition, which afterwards proved too strong for him. About this time, too, Congress began to be divided by factions, which at length threatened by their violence to disrupt every thing. Arnold became a prey to these *also*, which pursued him with such untiring animosity,

that Washington himself could scarcely obtain for him even partial justice. To selfishness, and madness, and folly, and not to patriotism, is to be ascribed the treatment which he received. His unbridled tongue, and open and fierce denunciations of men and measures which did not suit him, turned injustice into hatred, and neglect into persecution.

After the wound his feelings had received was partially healed by giving him his rank; it was opened afresh by the long deferred court-martial, which finally sentenced him to be reprimanded. He was at last convinced that the career of military glory he wished to run must finally be arrested by the untiring hostility of his enemies, and he resolved on revenge. The moment he seriously entertained this thought, his doom was sealed. Honor, generosity, and every noble feeling, died at once in his bosom, and it is unfair to judge of his character by his conduct after his treason. It was natural he should become immediately demoralized, and utterly lost to all that becomes a man. His act was the very desperation of crime, and corrupted the entire soul. Had he retired from the army, his countrymen would in time have redressed his wrongs, and given him that place in their affections his great services merited. It is well for his enemies that his career terminated as it did, for had he remained true to his country, and survived the tumult and chaos of the Revolution, they would have cowered before the light which history would have thrown on their actions.

Arnold's treason has sunk in oblivion all his noble deeds—covered his career with infamy, and fixed a deep and damning curse on his name. Men turn ab-

horrent from his grave—friends and foes speak of him alike with scorn, and children learn to shudder at the name of Benedict Arnold. This is all right and just, but there is another lesson beside the guilt of treason to be learned from his history—that it is no less dangerous than criminal, to let party spirit or personal friendship, promote the less deserving over their superiors in rank. The enemies of Arnold have a heavy account to render for their injustice, and our Congress would do well to take warning from their example.

That his character was radically defective no one can doubt. His betrayal of his country is sufficient proof that his principles were corrupt, and his revenge unsparing and fiendish. Of a proud and determined spirit—full of resolution and will, he was never made to bend. The storm that struck him must leave him standing or utterly wrecked. Submission was a word he never learned, and a virtue he never practised, neither in the battle-field nor in the state. This quality made him resistless in combat, but made him also desperate under restraints which he deemed unjust. He was a man of decided genius—sudden and daring in his plans, and brilliant in their execution. As an officer he possessed great merit, and Washington knew it, and hence constantly interposed the shield of his person between him and his enemies. Like Bonaparte he wanted *power and skill* at the head of his armies. Impelled by broader and nobler views than Congress, and governed by a juster spirit, he would, if left to himself, have bound Arnold to the cause of freedom with cords of iron. He would not have visited too severely on him his extravagances, or held him too closely ac-

countable for the use of his power. Knowing him to be impetuous and headlong, nay, arrogant and overbearing, and often unscrupulous, he would have curbed him by remonstrance rather than by disgrace, and directed all those vast energies so eager for action on the foes of his country.

But with all Arnold's impetuosity, he was prudent and skilful. He laid his plans with judgment, then pressed them with a vigor and energy that astonished every one. He could be safely trusted with an army—for although he could scarcely resist the temptation to fight when battle was offered, he managed it prudently and extricated himself from difficulties with wonderful skill. He would struggle with the most stubborn obstinacy to maintain his ground against an overwhelming force, and when compelled to retreat, do it with consummate address. One great cause of his success was his celerity of movement. His mind worked with singular rapidity, and what he resolved to do he urged on with all the power of which he was possessed. His blow was no sooner planned than it fell, and in the heat of a close fight, he was prompt and deadly as a bolt from heaven. "Shattering that he might reach, and shattering what he reached," he was one of those few fearful men in the world that make us tremble at ourselves. His power over his troops, and even over militia, was so great, that they became veterans at once under his eye, and closed like walls of iron around him. *A braver* man never led an army. He not only seemed unconscious of fear, but loved the excitement of danger, and was never more at home than when in the smoke of the conflict. Place a column of twenty

thousand veteran troops under him, and not a marshal of Bonaparte's could carry it farther, or hurl it with greater strength and terror on an enemy than he. Caught by no surprise—patient and steady under trials, energetic and determined amid obstacles, equal to any emergency, and daring even to rashness—he was a terrible man on the battle-field. But his pride and passions were too strong for his principles, and he fell like Lucifer from heaven. Placing his personal feelings above every thing else, he sacrificed even his country to them. *Revenge was stronger than patriotism.*

He has been called avaricious and mean in money matters, and after his treason he doubtless was, for he had descended to a depth of depravity that left no room for any virtue to exhibit itself. He was unscrupulous both in the way he gained and squandered money, but he certainly never accumulated any fortune in the army. Several stories are related of him to prove that he was dishonorable, many of which are doubtless true; but there is one in his favor outweighing them all in my estimation. General Warren, when he fell so nobly on Bunker Hill—one of the first great offerings to liberty, left four destitute and orphan children to the protection of his country. When Arnold first took the command at Philadelphia, he learned to his surprise that the state of Massachusetts had neglected to provide for them. He immediately wrote to the lady under whose protection they were, expressing his astonishment that the State had done nothing, and begging her to continue her charge, and have the son well clothed and sent to the best school in Boston. In the mean time, he promised to bring the matter before

Congress, and also to raise a private subscription in their behalf. Not content with doing this, he sent her five hundred dollars out of his own purse towards defraying the expense of their maintenance, and requested her to call on him whenever she needed aid. He kept his promise, and from time to time forwarded money, and finally prevailed on Congress to make provision for them. This noble and generous act offsets a thousand accusations of meanness. The story of having got pay two or three times over for the horse shot under him at Bemis' heights, should be received with many grains of allowance, when it is remembered he spent ten times the sum in gratuitous, unsolicited charity.

After the close of the war, Arnold went to England; and though he was shown some public favor, even those to whom he had sold himself detested him. After a while he removed to St. John's, New Brunswick, and established himself as a merchant. His trade was principally with the West Indies, and he rapidly acquired a fortune. He lived in an expensive style, and by his haughty bearing rendered himself obnoxious to the inhabitants. While on a voyage to England, one of his warehouses, on which there was a large insurance, took fire under rather suspicious circumstances, and burned up, which so increased the hostility, that the people burned him in effigy, which they named "*The Traitor.*" Not long after he returned to England, where he continued to reside till his death. He however made frequent voyages to the West Indies, in one of which occurred an adventure illustrative of his character. The war had commenced between England

and France, and he had solicited an appointment in the army, but the officers steadily refusing to associate with him, his request was denied. He therefore returned to his old commercial pursuits, and sailed for Guadaloupe. He was taken prisoner with others, when the island fell into the hands of the French, and placed on board a vessel in the harbor. Assuming the name of Anderson, he hoped to escape detection, but the sentinel told him he was known and was in great danger. With his usual promptness, he immediately laid a plan to escape. Putting his money in a cask and throwing it overboard, he let himself down after it on some planks, and floated off. Reaching a small boat, he rowed towards the English fleet and escaped. Soon after he died in London, June 14th, 1801, sixty one years of age.

Thus passed away this powerful, yet fallen and lost man. He was married twice, first to a Miss Mansfield, of New Haven, by whom he had three sons, and afterwards to Miss Shippen of Philadelphia. One of these sons came to a violent death in the West Indies, the other two took up their residence in Canada, where they received some lands from government.

Arnold is a striking example of the evils of an ungovernable nature. He started well, but his hasty temper made him fly into the face of opposition instead of reasoning it down, and hence a host of enemies arose against him. The more these multiplied, the more untamed and furious he became, till perfectly entangled in difficulties, he threw himself headlong from the heights he occupied into an abyss of infamy and shame. Yet even this failed to subdue him, and he died an ungov-

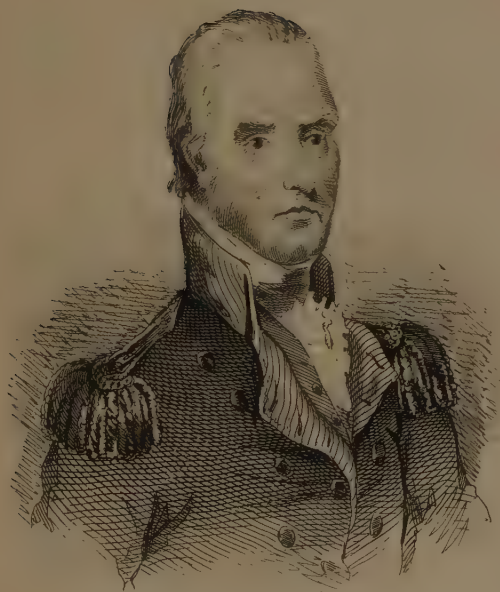
erned and abhorred man. Still much charity should be extended to one, endowed by nature with such terrible passions as he possessed. Unless arrested by the strong hand of parental kindness in early youth, they always wreck their victim at last.

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## MAJOR GENERAL STARK.

His Early Life—Taken Prisoner by the Indians and Runs the Gauntlet—Enters the Army—Battle with the French and Indians—Exhibition of Great Physical Power—Bravery at Bunker Hill—Battle of Trenton—Retires from the Army—Battle of Bennington—Close of his Career—His Character.

It was perhaps fortunate for us that the Revolution followed so close on the heels of the French War, for it found the people prepared for hostilities. Almost in every town, especially on the frontiers, more or less ammunition was stored, and companies were formed, while many effective officers stood ready to enter the service, for which their long experience in the bloody conflict that had just closed, admirably fitted them. Among these was John Stark. Born in Nutfield, now Londonderry, New Hampshire, August 28th, 1728; he was forty-seven years of age when the Revolution commenced. His father was a Scotchman by birth, but had emigrated to Ireland, from whence he came to this country. In 1736 he removed to Manchester, then Derryfield, where John remained till twenty-seven years of age. A strong, athletic youth, full of fire and energy, self-reliant and fearless, he early gave promise of his after career. At this period, loving adventure, and capable



John Stark .



of great endurance, he went to the north-west part of the State, deep into the wilderness, on a hunting expedition. An elder brother and two young men by the names of Stinson and Eastman, were his only companions. While pursuing their vocation in these solitudes, they came one day upon a trail of ten Indians, which induced them to make preparations to leave. John, while collecting the traps, a little distance off, was suddenly surrounded and seized by the savages, who asked him where his other companions were. Forgetting himself, and thinking only of the safety of his friends, he pointed in a wrong direction, and succeeded in leading the Indians two miles out of the way. He would have entirely baffled their search, but for the signal-guns of his fellow-hunters, which they, alarmed at his long absence, fired for his return. Guided by the sound, the savages retraced their steps, and came upon them moving down the river—Stark and Stinson in a boat, and Eastman on the bank. The latter they immediately seized, and then ordered John Stark to hail the other two, and bring them ashore. He obeyed, but instead of asking them to share his captivity, he told them of his peril, and advised them to pull with all their might for the opposite shore. They immediately sprang to their oars, which the Indians no sooner saw, than four of them leveled their guns and fired. Young Stark, who watched their movements, suddenly leaped forward and knocked two of the guns in the air. The others then lifted their pieces and fired, but the intrepid arm of the young hunter again interposed, and struck the barrels aside from their aim. One shot, however, took effect, and

young Stinson fell back in the boat dead. John called out to his older brother to fly, for the guns were now all unloaded. He did so and escaped. The Indians, maddened at their failure, fell furiously on Stark and beat him cruelly.

When the party returned to St. Francis, the two prisoners were compelled to run the gauntlet. Eastman passed first through the lines, and was terribly bruised, but Stark had no intention of being tamely flogged. No sooner did he approach the fearful avenue of warriors, with their uplifted rods and bludgeons, than he snatched a club from the nearest one, and sprang forward. With his eye glancing defiance, and his trusty club swinging in rapid circles about his head—falling now on the right hand, and now on the left—he cleared a terrible path for himself through the throng, scattering the warriors in affright, and dealing far more blows than he received, in his passage.

He remained three or four months with the Indians, who found him rather an impracticable captive. When ordered to hoe corn, he cut it up, and left the weeds standing; and when pressed still farther, threw his hoe into the river. Instead of being exasperated at this defiant spirit, his captors were pleased with it, and adopted him as a young chief into their tribe. At length he was ransomed for one hundred and three dollars, while the savages asked but *sixty* for Eastman. The next year he went on a similar expedition to the head waters of the Androscoggin, in order to obtain money to indemnify those who had ransomed him. He continued this adventurous life for two years—sometimes acting as a guide to exploring expeditions.

At the breaking out of the "French War," a corps of rangers was raised in New Hampshire, and placed under Robert Rogers. In this corps, which soon marched to Fort Edward, Stark is found as lieutenant of a regiment. He was at the fort when Colonel Williams fell in the attack on Baron Dieskau, and heard the uproar of the after-battle, in which General Johnson was victorious and the French and Indians defeated. This was his introduction into scenes of carnage; and around "*Bloody Pond*" he took his first lessons in war. Soon after his regiment was disbanded, and he returned home—to remain idle, however, only for a short time, for he was again soon in a company of rangers, to be attached to the garrisons between Lake George and the Hudson. Bold, indefatigable, and hardy, he brought efficient aid to his corps, and was soon raised to the rank of first lieutenant.

## PERILOUS EXPEDITION.

In mid-winter, 1757, an expedition, commanded by Major Rogers, was fitted out to go down Lake George towards Ticonderoga, in which Stark was one of the officers. Now on the ice, and now on snow-shoes along the shore, this party of seventy-four men marched for three days till they came to Lake Champlain. Seeing some sleds advancing over the ice in the distance, Rogers pursued them and took several prisoners, from whom he learned there was a large force of French and Indians at Ticonderoga. Knowing that those who escaped would carry the intelligence of his approach, and bring out an overwhelming force

against him, he ordered a retreat. In single file—Rogers ahead and Stark in the rear—the whole company stretched away over the snow for more than a mile. Suddenly, on ascending a hill, they found themselves face to face with two hundred men, drawn up in the form of a semicircle, awaiting their approach. So unexpected was this meeting, that the head of the straggling line of rangers was not twenty feet from the enemy, when they received the first fire. Staggered by the sudden volleys which blazed in their very faces, they were thrown into disorder, and fell back down the hill, leaving the snow red with their blood. Stark, however, who was on a hill about fifteen rods in the rear, immediately opened a fierce fire on the shouting pursuers, which allowed Rogers time to rally his men. This he did successfully, though wounded in the effort, by a bullet in the head. These two bold men now formed their little band in the order of battle, and taking the centre themselves, repelled every attack of the enemy. Keeping up a steady fire, they made that hill-top one blaze of light from two o'clock till sunset. Rogers had received another ball through his wrist, which disabled him from giving orders, and the command devolved on Stark. While sitting down in the snow, bleeding fast, a private, not much skilled in surgical operations, began very coolly to cut off his queue, in order to plug up the bullet-hole in his wrist. As the sun went down over the wintry scene, some proposed a retreat, but Stark, who knew that their safety depended on maintaining their ground till after dark, sternly threatened to shoot the first man who should attempt to fly. Standing where the shot fell thickest, he was cheering on his men, when

a bullet struck the lock of his gun, and shattered it in pieces. Casting one glance at his disabled piece, he sprang forward on a Frenchman, who was reeling back in the snow, shot through the body, and wrenching his gun from his dying grasp, renewed the fight. Thus he stood and fought in *snow four feet deep*, until the cold January night came on, when the enemy ceased firing and withdrew. He then ordered a retreat, and this wounded and bleeding company dragged their weary line all night through the woods, and in the morning halted on Lake George. It was impossible for the wounded to proceed farther on foot, and so Stark offered, with two men, to push on to Fort William Henry, forty miles distant and get aid. This bold, hardy, and generous ranger had marched all the morning over the snow, fought from two o'clock till dark a vastly superior force, retreated all night, and now in the morning, offered, without rest, to go on foot forty miles, after sleds for the wounded. Nothing can show more strikingly the prodigious energy of the man than this expedition. Wearied as he was, and not having had any sleep the night before, he set out and accomplished the forty miles, on snow-shoes, by evening. Without waiting to rest himself, and too noble to send others in his stead, he immediately started back, and travelling all night, reached his companions next morning. Hastily placing his wounded on the sleds, he set out again, and in his anxiety to relieve their sufferings, pushed on with such rapidity that he reached the fort again that night. Few men of our day could stand such a prodigious strain on their physical energies as this. After having marched and fought all one day,

then retreated all night, he travelled on foot, without stopping to rest, a *hundred and twenty miles in less than forty hours*. Out of the seventy men that entered the battle, only forty-eight unwounded soldiers reached the fort again, while more than half of the enemy sunk in the snow to rise no more.

The winter after the massacre at Fort Henry, he was stationed at Fort Edward. In 1758 he was with Lord Howe, in his approach to Ticonderoga, with an army of sixteen thousand men, and accompanied that magnificent array as it moved in all the pomp and pride of war over the beautiful waters of the Horicon. As Howe approached Ticonderoga, he despatched Rogers and Stark with two hundred rangers in advance. Rogers led the van, and Stark brought up the rear, just as they had moved years before near the same place, when met so suddenly by the French and Indians. As they approached a small creek, Rogers seeing the bridge filled with Canadians and Indians, immediately came to a halt; but Stark not knowing the cause of the delay, kept firmly on and drove the enemy before him. There, Lord Howe soon after fell, and the command devolved on Abercromby. In the fatal attack on the fort, Stark's rangers were in advance, and received the enemy's fire till the army could form in the rear. For four hours did he and his rangers stand side by side with regular troops, exposed to a terribly wasting fire, and again and again move up with the intrepid columns to the breastwork, from which they were steadily hurled back, till over two thousand fell at its base, and the retreat was sounded. He covered the rear in its headlong flight, and saw

that mighty disordered mass roll back in the gloom, with feelings of inexpressible chagrin.

Soon after he returned home, and married Miss Elizabeth Page of Dumbarton. In the spring, however, he was again in the field, though he spent most of his time in constructing a road eighty miles through the wilderness, from Crown Point to Number Four. This task being finished, he again sought his home. The next year he was engaged in very little active service; and the war ending soon after, he retired to his peaceful occupations, at which he remained till the commencement of the Revolutionary struggle. From the first he was a staunch patriot, and boldly denounced the oppressive acts of Great Britain. His older brother entered the English service and was promoted to the rank of colonel; but the bold ranger would listen to no overtures from friends or relatives, and entered soul and heart into the cause of the colonists. A member of one of the committees of safety, he used all his influence to unite the people and rouse them to resistance. Within *ten minutes* from the time the news of the battles of Concord and Lexington reached him, he was in the saddle and galloping away towards Boston. The volunteers he had ordered to assemble at Medford hastened on, and he was elected colonel of one of the regiments. His station was at Medford; but on that eventful day, when the storm was gathering over Bunker Hill, and the eagle of liberty was taking his first flight heavenward, he was sent for in hot haste. Marching his regiment through the cannon balls that swept Charlestown neck, he led them with shouts up to the American lines

Badly provided they were, it is true, with the munitions of war, but bearing brave hearts in their bosoms. It was high time they had arrived, for the massive columns of the enemy were already forming on the shore below—their burnished arms glittering in the sunlight, while the artillery was slowly moving upward like a wall of fire. Addressing his men, he told them the eyes of the nation were on them, and the cause of freedom intrusted to their hands, and roused them by his fiery language, till loud huzzas rent the air. His station was behind the rail fence filled with hay, between the Mystic river and the road, and thither he led his men. Side by side with the troops under the brave Knowlton—they reposed on their arms and coolly waited the approach of the enemy. Some one had asked General Gage in the morning, if he thought the rebels would stand fire. “Yes,” said he, “if one John Stark is there, for he is a brave fellow.” He had seen him fight on the shores of Lake George, and knew a truer and steadier man never trod a battle-field. He was right—one John Stark *was* there, with his stern eye scanning the proud array, while his brief command to reserve their fire till they could “*see the enemy’s gaiters,*” was repeated along the lines. And when the sheet of fire burst from that dark redoubt, and ran in a torrent of flame down those intrenchments, nowhere were the volleys steadier or more deadly than where Stark and his followers lay. Whole companies sunk at every discharge, and his regiment was one of the last to leave the field of battle; and with Knowlton’s troops, by the steady and determined manner in which they retired, saved the rest of the army. In the mids’

of the fight some one told him that his son had fallen "It is no time for private griefs when the enemy is in front," was the stern reply,\* and he passed on.

After the battle he took post on Winter Hill, and while there performed one of those independent acts for which he was so remarkable. The paymaster at Medford—the old station of the New Hampshire troops—did not like Stark, and so when his men marched by companies to receive their pay, he refused to give it, on the ground of informality in the making out of their pay-rolls. The soldiers indignant at the treatment returned to the camp, and the next day fortified, as they supposed, with correct papers, again marched to Medford, but with no better success. The same was done the third day, till the men lost all patience and gathered tumultuously around their commander, demanding redress. The latter now fairly roused, exclaimed, "The regiment has made him three visits, he shall now make them one in return," and immediately dispatched a guard to bring him to camp. They performed their mission, and brought him along to the tune of the Rogue's March, while the whole regiment received him with laughter and shouts of derision. A court of inquiry sat on Stark's conduct, but the poor paymaster having proved untrustworthy, the whole affair dropped through.

The next year he went with his regiment to New York, but was soon after ordered to Albany, to join the army in Canada, and while on his way met it at St. John's in full retreat. Opposed to the attack on Three

\* The report proved untrue, and this son served as a staff officer throughout the war.

Rivers, which proved so disastrous, he nevertheless took part in it energetically when it was resolved upon. The whole army, forced to retreat, then fell back to Ticonderoga. In December, his regiment constituted a part of the troops sent to reinforce Washington, on the Delaware. Before the battles of Trenton and Princeton took place, the time for which his men had enlisted expired, but he persuaded them to remain six weeks longer, and thus had the honor of taking part in those brilliant victories. Full of energy and action, he did not like the prudent and cautious course pursued by Washington, and bluntly told him so, saying, "You have depended a long time on spades and pickaxes, but if you wish ever to establish the independence of the country, you must rely on fire-arms." Washington replied, that was just what he was going to do. "To-morrow we march on Trenton, and I have appointed you to command the advance guard of the right wing."

#### ASSAULT OF TRENTON.

Washington, as stated before, had retreated before the enemy, with his diminished force, till despair began to settle on the country, and the most confident had lost all hope. It was now mid-winter, and it would be impossible to keep his destitute, disheartened troops much longer in the field. But to go into winter-quarters with such a cloud on our prospects, and in the midst of such general despondency and gloom, was almost like giving up the contest, and he dared not do it. The time had come for desperate action—the gulf he had struggled so nobly to avoid, at length opened dark and dreadful before him,

and he turned in all the might and terror of his great soul, for one last fearful effort. The angry Delaware was rolling between him and the foe, and once over its current he must gain the victory or be lost. Yet he resolved to place his little army in a position so decisive of its fate.

Fifteen hundred Hessians lay at Trenton, while several detachments were stationed at Bordentown, Burlington, Black Horse and Mount Holly. On these last, Cadwallader, crossing near Bristol, was to advance—Ewing was to cross a little below Trenton, while Washington, with two thousand four hundred continentals, and twenty cannon, was to effect a passage nine miles above.

On the night of the 25th of December, just at dusk, Washington was seen standing with a whip in his hand, on the shore of the Delaware. His horse, saddled and bridled, was near him, while all around were heard the rumbling of artillery-wagons, and the confused sounds of marching men, and of hasty orders. The deep, sullen stream went swiftly by, and the angry heavens betokened a cold and stormy night. As he thus stood and watched the hurried movements, there stole over his majestic countenance a look of inexpressible solemnity. Before morning the fate of that gallant army would be fixed, and the next rising sun would shine down on his country lifted from its depth of despondency, or sunk still deeper in ruin. A thousand forebodings, like grim shadows, came stealing over his soul, saddening his heart, but not shaking the unalterable purpose he had taken.

There is but little doubt that he had resolved never to survive defeat. In that last throw of the die he

had cast his life, and meant to save the vessel or go down with the wreck. As he thus stood wrapped in thought, Wilkinson approached him with a letter from Gates. This roused him, and fixing on the officer a stern look, he exclaimed, "*What a time is this to hand me letters!*" What a flood of light does this single expression throw on the state of his mind at that moment. Events big with the fate of the army and the nation were crowding to their development, and his soul was absorbed in their contemplation.

At length the boats were launched amid the floating ice, and were soon struggling in the centre of the stream. The night was dark and cold—the wind swept by in gusts, and amid the roar of the water and crushing of the ice were heard the loud words of command, and shouts and oaths of the men. The boats forced back and downwards by the icy fragments, became scattered in the gloom and thrown into confusion, and would scarcely have effected a landing in time, but for Knox, who, standing on the farther shore, kept shouting through the darkness with his stentorian voice, thus indicating the point for which they were to steer. There too stood Washington, hour after hour, with that same strangely calm, yet determined face, while his soul was racked with anxiety as the night waned rapidly away, and his distracted army still struggled in the midst of the icy stream. All night long did he stand there on the frozen shore urging on his weary troops—now looking anxiously at his watch, and now striving to pierce the gloom that covered the water. At length at four o'clock in the morning, the columns got under way and pressed rapidly forward. Sulli

van, with one column, took the road beside the river while Washington, with Greene, led the other along a road a little farther from the shore. Their plan was, to enter Trenton at different points at the same time. It was still dark, and just then, as if in harmony with the scene, a storm of snow and hail arose, driving full in the soldiers' faces. Their clothes were soaked with wet, and the muskets, many of them, rendered unfit for use. When Sullivan discovered this, he turned in alarm to St. Clair, and asked what should be done, and immediately dispatched an aid to Washington, with the disheartening intelligence. "*Advance and charge!*" was the stern and only reply of the chieftain, and the silent columns pushed resolutely onward. Captain Forest was in advance with the artillery, and Washington rode by his side. At daylight they approached Trenton, when the latter seeing a countryman chopping wood in front of his door, asked him where the Hessian picket lay. The man replied, he did not know. Said Forest, "You may tell, for it is Washington who addresses you." Overcome by his feelings, the poor man suddenly lifted his hands and exclaimed, "*God bless and prosper you, sir.*" He then pointed to the house, some distance off, in which the picket was placed, and to a tree near by it, where the sentry stood. Washington immediately ordered the guns to be unlimbered, and the whole column to advance. Still riding in front, where the first volley must fall, his friends became alarmed for his safety, and again and again besought him to fall back to a place of greater security. But he took no notice of their appeals, and with the storm beating furiously on his

noble brow, and every lineament of his countenance revealing the unalterable purpose of his soul, rode sternly forward amid the guns. The thunder of cannon was now heard through the storm from Sullivan's division, and Stark, with the advance guard, had already broken into the streets, and with his battle-shout waked the Hessians from their dream of security. Captain Forest's artillery then opened and swept the streets. The smoke of the guns curled around the form of Washington, as still beside them he moved on, and calmly pointed out to the artillerists the different objects on which the fire should be directed. All now was confusion—the clattering of flying horsemen sounded through the streets, officers hurried to and fro to rally their men, and shouts and cries rung through the air in every direction. Just then the enemy wheeled two cannon into the street up which the column of Washington was advancing. Young Monroe, afterwards President of the United States, and a Captain Washington, immediately sprung forward with their men; and though the lighted matches were already descending on the pieces, charged up to the very muzzles, and took them. When the smoke lifted, these two gallant officers were both seen reclining in the arms of their followers, wounded, though not mortally. All this time Stark was dealing death around him. Bearing down all opposition, he kept on his terrible way, shouting as he went, till the enemy, confused and terrified, struck their flags. Washington had just ordered his column to push on more rapidly, when one of his officers cried out, "Their flags are struck." Looking up in surprise, he exclaimed, "*Struck! so they are,*" and spurring into

a gallop, dashed forward. He had conquered; and with a brightened brow he turned to one of his officers, and grasping his hand, exclaimed, "*This is a glorious day for our country.*" A thousand prisoners, six brass field-pieces, and a thousand stand of arms were the fruits of this victory. The divisions under Cadwallader and Ewing had both been unable to effect a passage, on account of the ice, or else the overthrow would have been complete, and Washington been able to have pushed on. As it was, the hazard was too great, and so he recrossed the Delaware the same day with his prisoners, and returned to his camp.

Stark was beside Washington in the short but terrible conflict at Princeton, and he remained with him till the army retired to winter-quarters at Morristown, and then returned to New Hampshire on a recruiting expedition. Having filled his regiment, he repaired to Exeter to receive orders, where he learned that several junior officers had been promoted, and himself left out of the list. Indignant, like Arnold, at this act of injustice, and outrage upon his feelings, he threw up his commission and retired from the army. Efforts were made to induce him to postpone his decision, but he indignantly rejected every offer, declaring that an officer who would tamely submit to such indignity, was not fit to be trusted. Here, at the outset, Congress by its partiality, favoritism, and gross injustice, offended two of the best officers in the American army, and it is a wonder it did not carry its blindness and folly to such an extent as to ruin the cause of freedom. But, though indignant with Congress, Stark lost none of his love for his country. His patriotism and integrity were

above the reach of insult, and though his honor forbade him to serve in disgrace, it did not prevent him from sending his sons, one after another, into battle. His noble spirit would not submit to wrong, yet it was superior to revenge. Neither did he bury his disappointment and chagrin in moody indifference, but was alive to every thing that touched the welfare of his country ; so that when Burgoyne's army began its invasion of the States, and Ticonderoga was evacuated, we find him at the head of the New Hampshire men, a general of brigade. The militia of the whole State was divided into two brigades, one of which Whipple commanded, and the other Stark. Portions of both of these forces were selected to march to the frontier under the latter. But he, still cherishing the remembrance of his wrongs, refused to accept this command, except on the condition he should not be compelled to join the main army ; for he was fully resolved not to serve under the orders of a Congress which had treated him with such injustice.

Rallying around their favorite leader, the militia came pouring in from every quarter. Concentrating his forces at Manchester, twenty miles north of Bennington, where Colonel Warner with his Massachusetts men was posted, he immediately set about the work assigned him. General Schuyler ordered him to lead his troops to the Hudson, to be placed under general orders. This he stubbornly refused to do, declaring that he had accepted the command on condition that he should operate independently. His reply was sent to Congress, and that body condemned emphatically his course, declaring it destructive "of military

subordination, and prejudicial to the common cause." This they should have thought of before, and remembered also that one wrong always engenders, another and that the present "insubordination" was wholly owing to their meanness and folly, back of which they must come before they could expect harmony and success. All this condemnation Stark had foreseen and despised. Stubborn and independent, he would not yield one jot from his purpose; and although in a military point of view he was right in the course he took, and as the event proved, acted with the soundest judgment, yet it is very doubtful whether he would have done differently had it been otherwise. It is a favorite policy with public bodies to place men in such a position, that they must either subject themselves to censure or sanction injustice. But Stark was not the man to be thus buffeted about.

#### BATTLE OF BENNINGTON.

About the time that he arrived at Bennington, Colonel Baum, in accordance with the instructions of Burgoyne, had commenced his march through Vermont. On the 14th of August Stark set out in search of the enemy, and had advanced but four or five miles when he met Colonel Gregg, whom he had sent forward in advance to attack some Indians, in full retreat, and Baum with six hundred men close at his heels. He immediately ordered a halt, and formed in order of battle. Colonel Baum, seeing the American troops prepared to receive him, also came to a halt, and choosing out a strong position, began to intrench himself.

Stark perceiving this, fell back to wait for reinforcements, and arrange his plan of attack. The next morning it rained, and all day long the dark and heavy clouds discharged themselves on the earth in such torrents that the army could not move. Baum improved this respite to complete his intrenchments and send to Burgoyne for aid, which was immediately dispatched under Colonel Breyman. On the morning of the 16th the clouds broke away, and the warm August sun began to climb the heavens. Before daylight, a clergyman,\* who had accompanied the militia of Berkshire to the scene of action, came to Stark, telling him that the people of Berkshire had often been summoned to the field without being allowed to fight, and that if he did not now give them a chance, they had resolved never to turn out again. "Well," said Stark, "do you wish to march now, while it is dark and raining?" "No," replied the sturdy and fearless divine. "Then," said the former, "if the Lord will once more give us sunshine, and I do not give you fighting enough, I'll never ask you to come out again." The Lord did give them sunshine, and the morning drum roused up the soldiers to as beautiful a day as ever blessed the world, and the worthy minister had his wish gratified. The fields were smiling in summer verdure, while the green trees glistened with the rain-drops, that lay like a shower of pearls on their foliage. The gentle stream that wound away from their encampment, sparkled in the early sunbeams, and the birds sung along its banks. But the roll of drums and the marching of men soon drove every tranquil thought from the heart, for that

\* Rev. Mr. Allen, of Pittsfield.

sweet summer day was to end in blood and carnage. The British troops were encamped on a hill in a bend of the Wollmsac stream, on whose banks Stark and his band of patriots stood. A part of their forces was intrenched on the further side of the stream, opposite the hill, the same side on which the Americans had been encamped, only a mile distant. A battery had been erected on the hill, and there too stood, in stern array, the heavy-armed German dragoons. Stark having resolved on his plan of attack, sent Colonel Nichols with two hundred men to the rear of the enemy's left, and Colonel Herrick with three hundred to the rear of their right, with orders to join their forces as they came up, and rush furiously to the assault. Colonels Hubbard and Stickney, with three hundred more, were directed to move down and make a demonstration in front, in order to distract the enemy's attention till the other troops could perform their circuitous march in the rear, and be upon them. Stark, with the rest of the forces, kept slowly down the stream, towards that portion of the British intrenched on the flat opposite the battery. The little stream which murmured on, all unconscious of the bloody strife that was to darken its waters, flowed in such a serpentine course that the line of march crossed it twice, though the point of attack was on the same shore from which the army started. Soon after mid-day the troops were put in motion, and the columns moved off to their respective destinations. That which Stark commanded in person followed the stream—now winding along the banks, and now splashing through its shallow bed, while the thrilling strains of martial music filled every bosom with excite-

ment and daring. Stark, slowly riding along, suddenly turned his head as the report of a heavy volley of musketry broke over the columns, and then the fierce command, "Forward!" ran along the ranks. He knew that his brave troops were upon the enemy in rear, and his whole command was hastened forward. As he reined in his steed, and cast his eye along the column, its movements seemed tardy to his impatient spirit, and he could hardly restrain his eagerness. Soon a bend of the stream revealed the whole scene to his view. The solitary hill on which the enemy were intrenched, was enveloped in a cloud of smoke, while below, in advance of him, stood the remaining troops in battle array. As soon as his eye fell upon them, his countenance kindled up, and leaning forward in his saddle, with his brow sternly knit, he pointed them out to his soldiers with his sword, saying, "*See there men! there are the red-coats. Before night they are ours, or Molly Stark's a widow.*" A loud and cheering shout was the reply, and the whole column pushed rapidly on. The next moment the cannon opened on the dense ranks, but nothing could stop the now thoroughly excited troops. Pressing close after their intrepid leader, they poured a destructive volley into the enemy, and then rushing forward with terrible impetuosity, swept the whole detachment across the stream behind the batteries. Then commenced one of the hottest fires of musketry ever witnessed among the same number of troops. Stark had not a single cannon and scarce a bayonet, and yet his men charged up to the mouth of the battery, and rushed on the intrenchments with the steadiness of veterans. That little hill

was wrapped in flame, and the two armies, now within a few yards of each other, delivered their fire with such "constancy and swiftness, it was as if the whole air had become an element of fire in the summer gloaming there." The incessant volleys were, for two dreadful hours, like the ceaseless roll of a thousand drums, or as Stark said in his dispatch, "*like a continued clap of thunder.*" The smoke fell like a mighty mantle over the hill and over the combatants, while in its bosom rung that incessant explosion, telling of the mortal struggle there. Stark's horse sunk under him, but, with his drawn sword in his hand, he still strode steadily through his thinned ranks, cheering them on to the final assault. The heavy German dragoons, tried in many a conflict, still stand with unbroken array, and their intrepid leader, who has fought worthy of a better cause, has placed himself at their head, to make one more desperate effort for victory. Those veterans have thrown away their muskets, and with drawn sabres rush in one unbroken mass on the foe. A wasting volley receives them, and shattered to pieces, with their leader left mortally wounded on the field, they break and fly. Over the cannon and over the breastwork the excited, maddened, shouting Americans, go in one overwhelming stream, and the field is won.

But no sooner was the hill cleared of the enemy than the soldiers dispersed on every side in search of plunder. While in this disordered state, word was brought that a large British reinforcement, under Colonel Breyman, only two miles distant, was rapidly coming up. The rain which had kept the Americans in camp, had also retarded his march—his cannon had

stuck in the mud, and the roads been rendered so bad that he could not arrive in time for the battle. In this critical juncture Stark endeavored to rally his men. He hastened hither and thither over the field, but before he could restore order, the army of Baum, finding help at hand, wheeled about, and advanced to the attack. The sound of cannon operated like an electric shock on the disbanded troops, and they rallied with wonderful alacrity to their respective standards. The sun was now just sinking in the west, and his farewell beams fell mournfully on that lonely hill-top, over which cannon, drums, broken muskets and neglected sabres, and bloody uniforms were scattered thick as autumn leaves.

The fresh troops of the British having now arrived on the field, rushed, with furious shouts, to the combat, and pressed the disordered Americans with such vigor, that the day, so nobly battled for and won, seemed about to be lost. They were driven from one hill to another, and post after post was carried, till symptoms of disorder, and a sudden flight, were visible in the ranks. But at this critical moment the Berkshire militia, who had arrived that morning before daylight, and till now stayed behind to dry their ammunition and prepare for battle, came up. Hastening to these fresh troops, Stark bade their colonel lead them instantly to the attack. The brave fellows charged almost on a run and the British ranks were again broken, and the discomfited troops became a herd of fugitives, fleeing through the twilight. The fire of the pursuing Americans for a while lighted up the gloom, and then darkness and silence fell over the scene. Joy and glad-

ness reigned through the American camp, and the shout of victory which there rung on the night-air was only the prelude to a still loftier one, that was soon to ascend from the plains of Saratoga.\*

The militia behaved nobly this day, and the spirit of resistance was strengthened in every bosom. One old farmer had five sons in the battle, and when it was over a friend came to him and said, sorrowfully, "I have sad news for you." "What is it," replied the father; "have my sons run away from the fight?" "No," replied the friend, "but one is dead." "Bring him to me," said the old man, without changing his countenance. The youthful, athletic form of his boy was laid before him. Not a tear dimmed the parent's eye, as he wiped the blood from the ghastly wounds, and the dust from his pallid face. "It was the happiest day of his life," he said, "to know that his five sons had fought nobly for freedom, even though one had fallen on the altar of his country." A country filled with such fathers and sons the world could not conquer.

This victory did not make Stark forget his wrongs,

\* A curious anecdote is related of this battle, so characteristic of our revolutionary struggle, that I give it. When the Berkshire militia reached the scene of action, Stark rode up to the regiment in hot haste, and ordered the captain to lead his men to the attack. But he very coolly replied, "Where's the colonel? (Colonel Warner;) I want to see him first." The colonel was immediately sent for, when the captain exclaimed, in a nasal tone, "Well, colonel, what do you want I should do?" "Drive those red-coats from the hill yonder." "Well," said he, "it shall be done;" and the last that was seen of them till they shouted victory was their long, awkward coat-tails, sticking straight out behind, as they disappeared, almost on a run, in the smoke of the volley that received them.

and as Congress had treated him with utter neglect, he would not deign to make any report of the battle to it. That body, at length forced by circumstances, as in the case of Arnold, to acknowledge its injustice, sent him the appointment of brigadier-general in the continental army. Honor, conferred so grudgingly, and rendered only on compulsion, adds no glory to the donors. Previous to this, however, Stark—after remaining a month at Bennington, receiving reinforcements of militia—had joined Gates at Saratoga. But the men were discontented, as they had enlisted under the condition they were to have no commander beside Stark, and their term of service expiring on the 18th of September, they started for home. Stark finding his persuasions of no avail, departed with them. He had not yet heard of his promotion, and as he would be without any command in the continental army, soon as his own troops left, he had no motive to remain. But the next morning, as the thunder of the artillery that opened the first battle of Bemis's Heights, came rolling by, many turned back. The firing, however, ceasing again, they continued their march. Everywhere Stark was received with acclamations, and the militia were ready, in any numbers, to enroll themselves in his army. Soon after he received his commission of brigadier-general. This took off the weight which had lain so long on his brave heart, and he entered with all the energy and resolution that distinguished him into the service. He raised a large force, and threw it in rear of Burgoyne, so that he could not retreat towards Canada; and thus rendered efficient aid to Gates.

In 1778, he was appointed over the northern army, and stationed at Albany. During the summer he was ordered to Rhode Island to join General Gates, and took up his quarters at East Greenwich. In the winter he returned to his native state to raise recruits. The spring found him again at his post, where he discharged his duties with ability and promptness. In the fall both he and Gates were ordered to join Washington in New Jersey. While the army was in winter-quarters, he was again sent to New England to hasten on the new levies. Having rejoined the army in the spring, he soon after returned to New England to obtain reinforcements for West Point. Having accomplished his business, he proceeded to New Jersey, from whence he was sent in September to West Point to relieve St. Clair. While here, he sat in court-martial on Andre. He asked for a furlough during the winter, in order to recruit his health, which began to give way under the tremendous strains he had made so long on his constitution. The next spring, 1781, he was appointed commander-in-chief of the northern department, and made Saratoga his head-quarters. During these four years, though engaged in no battle, his duties were complicated and onerous, and often very annoying, yet he performed them all with that integrity which had characterized his eventful life.

He was at Saratoga when the news of the surrender of Cornwallis went in one protracted shout over the country. He remained quiet after this, till called, in 1783, to head-quarters, by order of Washington, and then threw the whole weight of his character against those divisions and incipient conspiracies among the offi-

cers, which threatened seriously to overthrow the fabric erected at the cost of so much blood and treasure. After the disbanding of the army, he returned to his home, and at the age of fifty-five became a sober farmer and quiet citizen. Here he lived in retirement, and like a good ship which has long braved the storm, and at last is left to crumble slowly away in a peaceful port; gently yielded to the pressure of years and the decay of age. With his white locks falling around his strongly-marked visage, he would while away many a long winter evening in relating to his children and grandchildren the adventures of his early life. The roar of the blast without would remind him of his wild bivouacs when a bold young ranger, amid the snow in the wilderness, and the strange events of his stormy career come back like an ancient dream on his staggering memory. Eighty-four years of age when the Last War commenced, he listened to the far-off roar of battle like an old war-horse whose spirit is unbroken, but whose energies are gone. When he was told that the cannon he had taken at Bennington were among the trophies surrendered by Hull in the capitulation at Detroit, he evinced the greatest emotion. He mourned for "*his guns*," as he was wont to call them, as if they had been his children. They had become a part of his existence, associated in his old age with one of the most brilliant events of his life, and it was like robbing him to take away the monuments of his fame. He longed once more for the energy of youth to take the field again, but the thread of life was drawing to its last span, and his battles were all over. Still he lived

ten years longer, and at the age of ninety-four rested from his labors.

## HIS CHARACTER.

General Stark was a man of strong character, frank even to bluntness, and both stern and kind. Independent, yet fearless, he yielded neither to friend nor foe. In youth, an adventurous woodsman—in manhood, a bold ranger, and in maturer years an able and skilful commander, he passed through his long career without a spot on his name. Few lives are marked by greater adventure, yet amid all his perils—through two long wars, and in many battles, though exposing himself like the meanest soldier in the fight, *he never received a wound.*

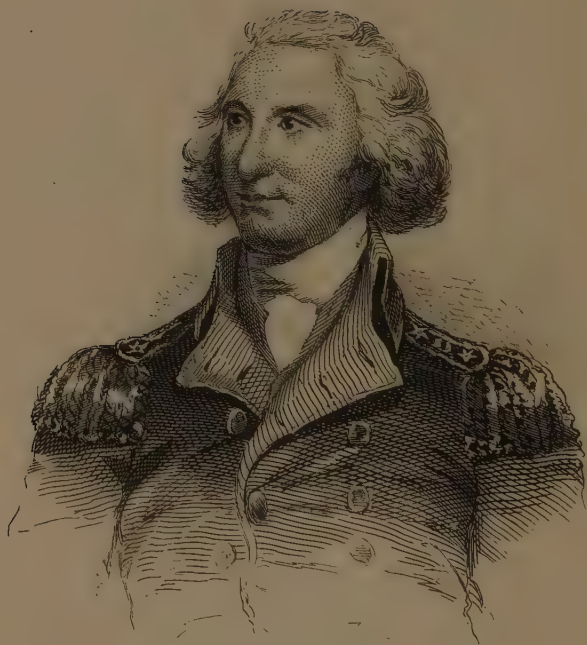
He was a good commander, and showed himself in every position equal to its demands. He loved action, and was at home on the battle-field. Charles XII. was his favorite hero, and he always carried his life with him in his campaigns. The stern and resolute character of this chivalric king harmonized with his own, and he made the history of his deeds his constant companion. He possessed, to a great degree, one of the most important qualities of an efficient and successful officer—wonderful power over his troops. We never hear of the militia fleeing from him in battle. At Bunker's Hill, at Bennington, at Trenton, and Princeton, they followed him without hesitation into any danger, and were steady as veterans beneath the most galling fire. This moral power over troops is the battle half gained before it is fought, and shows a character pos-

sessed of great strength, or some brilliant striking quality. His eccentricities and bluntness no doubt pleased his men, but it was his determined courage, confidence in his own resources, and amazing power of will, that gave him such unbounded influence over them. But his greatest eulogy is, he was an incorruptible patriot. No neglect or wrong could swerve his just and noble soul from the path of duty, and though honor forbade him for a while from serving in the army, he fitted out his sons, one after another, and sent them into the field. How different from the conduct of Arnold !

He was borne to his grave with military honors, and now sleeps on the shores of the Merrimac, where the river takes a long and steady sweep, revealing his tomb for miles up and down the quiet valley. He was buried here at his own request, and it seems a fit resting-place for the bold and independent patriot. As his glance was free and open in life, so his grave is where the winds of his native land have full play, and the vision full scope. A plain granite obelisk stands above his remains, on which is inscribed simply,

**MAJOR GENERAL STARK.**





• C. H. W. N. B. 1838 •

*Ph. Schuyler*

7/23/59

## VI

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### MAJOR GENERAL SCHUYLER.

His Early Life—Noble Conduct as Member of the Provincial Assembly of New York—Appointed over the Expedition to Canada—His Complicated Services—Evacuates Fort Edward—Murder of Jane McCrea—Battle of Oriskany—Relief of Fort Schuyler—Is superseded by Gates—His Noble Conduct under it—Resigns his Command—His Political Career—His Death and Character.

PHILIP SCHUYLER was the son of John Schuyler, and born at Albany, in 1733. He was a branch of the Dutch family by that name, so conspicuous in our early history. His early education was good, and he excelled in knowledge of the exact sciences, especially mathematics, which afterwards rendered him so useful as a civil and military engineer. He was elected captain in the New York levies, at Fort Edward, in 1755, and was with Lord Howe in his ill-fated expedition against Ticonderoga, and after the death of that gallant nobleman, was commissioned to bear the body to Albany. In 1764 he took a decisive part, as member of the Assembly, against the encroachments of English tyranny. Bold, determined, and full of integrity and honor, he denounced oppression without fear; and though he and his friends were a minority in the house, they defended their position with such spirit and eloquence and truth. that they

fairly broke down the majority. Schuyler and Clinton were the chief props of the cause of the colonies, and right nobly did they maintain it. The former moved and carried resolutions declaring that the oppressive acts of George III. were great grievances. In that momentous crisis, when everything depended on the union of the different states, and it was of the highest importance that New York should take sides with her sister provinces, Schuyler's voice was loud, and his appeals resistless for the right. In the very commencement of that tremendous struggle for principle, when it required more courage and more patriotism to take the part of the colonists against the government, and involved greater losses and greater disgrace than ever afterwards, Schuyler was firm as a rock. His reputation and his fortune he considered as nothing in the scale. It was owing to his influence and that of Clinton and Woodhull, that New York wheeled into the rank with Massachusetts and Virginia, and thus consolidated forever the glorious Union.

Everything now tended towards a revolution; yet Schuyler did not falter in the course he had taken. One of that immortal band whose seemed borne up by some hidden energy, and carried forward by an irresistible impulse, towards the daring attitude we finally assumed, he fixes himself in our affections, and binds us to him with that reverence that no time nor circumstances can change. A member of the second continental Congress, he is found on the committee with Washington to prepare rules and regulations for the army. Appointed by that body one of the first major generals, he immediately took the field, and prepared to defend

with his sword what he had asserted with his tongue. Placed at the head of the northern department, he bent all his energies to the task before him. In September he was ordered to invade Canada, but being taken seriously ill the command devolved on Montgomery. While the army in Canada was passing the dreary winter around Quebec, Schuyler was ordered to quell the disturbances in Tryon county. He marched, in the depth of the winter along the Mohawk, and having settled the difficulties and made a treaty with the hostile tribes, returned to Albany. Knowing that his abilities were something more than those belonging merely to a military chieftain, Congress taxed them to the uttermost. His duties "were so various, multiplied and incessant, as to require rapid movements, sufficient to distract and confound an ordinary mind. Thus, on the 30th of December, 1775, he was ordered to disarm the tories in Tryon county; on the 8th of January, 1776, he was ordered to have the river St. Lawrence, above and below Quebec, well explored; on the 25th of January he was ordered to have the fortress of Ticonderoga repaired and made defensible, and on the 17th of February he was directed to take command of the forces, and conduct the military operations at the city of New York."\* To fulfil all these requirements within the six weeks allotted to them, required no common powers of body or mind.

In March, 1776, he established his head-quarters at Albany, and bent all his efforts to raise supplies for the army in Canada. This employment, though equally

\* Vide Chancellor Kent's Address before the New York Historical Society.

necessary, was not so brilliant as that of conducting a campaign or battle. He brought all his skill and industry into this department, and infused new life in it. So pressed was the government for want of specie, that he himself raised over \$14,000 on his personal security. In June he was ordered to hold a conference with the Six Nations, and, if possible, form a treaty with them, by which our frontiers along the Mohawk should be secure. Three days after, however, he was ordered to Lake Champlain, to superintend some engineering where Whitehall now stands, and also build vessels with which to resist the approach of an English armament fitting out at St. John's. This was the fleet Arnold commanded. Thus, flying from point to point—met at every turn by fresh and often contradictory orders, every moment of his time was crowded to its utmost limit. In the meantime his various business transactions, necessary to carry out the orders of government, had brought him in collision with a great many men, causing much ill will against him. This, together with his own disgust at the partiality of Congress, in appointing junior officers to separate commands within his proper jurisdiction, prompted him to send in his resignation to that body. But Congress feeling that the country could not do without his powerful aid, prevailed on him to continue his command. They declared their high confidence in his attachment to the cause of freedom, a compliment he could not reciprocate to all of them.

The next year, 1777, opened with sad presages to the nation, and not the least of these was the invasion of Burgoyne with 10,000 men, by way of Lake Cham-

plain. Schuyler still held command of the northern department, and began to prepare for the coming storm; but not all his resources and strength could avail against this splendid army, which bore down everything in its progress. He was stationed at Fort Edward, and soon saw the fugitives of St. Clair's army emerge from the forest, hastening from Ticonderoga and Fort Anne. Unable to hold his ground, he immediately commenced his preparations to retreat south through the wilderness. In the meantime occurred one of those tragical incidents which characterized our border war. Jane M'Crea, the daughter of a clergyman in New Jersey, was engaged to a young lieutenant in the British service, who, it is supposed, sent some Indians to her, then on a visit north, to bring her to him. Quarrelling over their prize, they finally settled it by killing her. There are various versions to this story; but the mere fact that a young accomplished, and uncommonly beautiful woman should be thus massacred in cold blood by the allies of the English army, created a tremendous sensation. Her body was stripped naked and tied to a tree, her long and flowing hair was torn away with the scalp—and there, with the blood running in rivulets over her marble form, she stood an awful monument of savage cruelty. This event afterwards called forth a letter from Gates to Burgoyne, and the story, with every variety of coloring, sent a thrill of horror through the land.

The murderers of this lovely woman were the advance party of Burgoyne's army, on the march for Fort Edward. Schuyler, with his feeble force, immediately retreated across the wilderness to Stillwater

He however did not leave his path open to the enemy. He destroyed the navigation of Wood Creek, which he had labored so hard to open—he cut down trees in the defiles, piling them in every possible direction to obstruct the passage—tore up the bridges, and made that dreary wilderness still more dreadful by the wreck he strewed over the few paths through it. As he emerged on to the upper waters of the Hudson, where the country was settled, and brought the news of the progress of that invading army, consternation seized the inhabitants. No man can imagine the picture the country presented. Houses were deserted almost instantly, and the inmates, taking with them only the clothes they had on their backs, and a few necessaries of life, moved in a confused throng southward. The Indians were known to be with Burgoyne, and the murder of Miss M'Crea had gone before them to announce the manner in which the war would be carried on. Whole families, piled together into ox-carts, with a few loose articles of furniture about them, men on horseback, and sometimes two on the same animal; fathers leading their children on foot, and pale affrighted mothers; were seen fleeing along the roads, combining to render it a scene of dismay and horror which we at this time cannot appreciate. Schuyler saw it all, and his heart was moved with anguish, but there was no help. Still falling back, he called on the country to arouse and defend its own firesides and altars; and the hardy yeomanry heard his call, and answered it with shouts from their mountain homes. Mothers but the firelock in the hands of their youthful sons, and, Spartan-like, bade them go and do their

duty ; old men clutched tremblingly their trusty muskets, and enthusiasm, as noble as it was fearful, animated every bosom. All along the rivers, from every sweet valley and hill slope, the farmer, turned into a soldier, hastened forward. Casting one look on his waving fields, all ripe for the harvest, he left them un-reaped and descended to the greater harvest of men. Schuyler's army, from a few thousand men, swelled rapidly, and began to present a formidable appearance. Fighting as he went, retreating slowly southward, he passed his own estate, soon to be the prey of the spoiler. Cast down at first, as his troops deserted him in his march through the wilderness, leaving him only a feeble, disheartened band, with which to meet the shock—he now took courage as the militia flocked around him, and wrote to Washington full of hope and confidence. In those gathering thousands which answered his call, he saw the presage of final victory. The wilderness had closed on the magnificent army of his enemy, and already an ominous murmur was heard along the hills of Vermont, soon to swell into a deafening shout from the field of Bennington. The gathering storm filled the heart of Schuyler with delight ; for while the wave from New Hampshire and Vermont was rolling darkly over the Briton's pathway behind, an adamant wall of freemen was rising in front.

As the elements were thus gathering slowly for the final explosion, there occurred within the jurisdiction of Schuyler one of those events which the historian cannot pass ; I mean

## THE BATTLE OF ORISKANY.

While Burgoyne was moving down through Lake Champlain; Barry St. Leger, who had been dispatched for the purpose, was hastening up the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario, to Oswego, from whence he was to descend on Fort Schuyler, situated where Rome now stands. The British army from New York was to force our forts on the Hudson—Burgoyne those on Champlain and Lake George—while St. Leger was to seize Fort Schuyler and march down the Mohawk, and thus the three armies form a junction at Albany. The invasion was well planned and promised success, but it is one thing to beat an army and quite another to conquer the inhabitants. Though Schuyler had his hands full with Burgoyne, he did not leave Fort Schuyler to its fate. He called on the settlers of the Mohawk valley to rise in defence of their homes. At first a general apathy followed his proclamation; and offended and anxious, he wrote bitterly of the want of patriotism among the inhabitants of Tryon county. At length, however, General Herkimer issued a call, which broke the spell, and the people flew to arms. St. Leger's army, consisting of British, tories and Indians, numbered in all about seventeen hundred men. Their order of march—the wild warriors in five columns far in front, and the dense masses of English troops behind—presented a most picturesque appearance as they passed through the forest.

Schuyler had sent Col. Gansevoort in the summer to repair the fort, and a constant correspondence had been

kept up between them on the matter. The latter drew a gloomy picture of the state of the garrison, of the want of provisions, of bullets, and firelocks, and ammunition and men, affirming it would be impossible to carry out the repairs and execute the works required in his order without reinforcements. Still he declared like a brave man as he was, that he would give a good account of any force that should be brought against him. During the summer reinforcements were sent him with military stores, without which scarce the shadow of a defence could have been made. They arrived just in time, for scarcely were they within the fort before the enemy closed around it, and the forest rung with the war-whoop of the savage.

This fort, formerly a strong one, was now in a very imperfect state, but within it beat seven hundred brave hearts; determined to bury themselves in its ruins, before those seventeen hundred Tories and savages should sweep over its ramparts. Blocked in on every side, they went to work with a determination and skill that cover their names with honor. They had no flag to wave over them and stand as a signal of defiance, and so cutting some ammunition shirts into white stripes, while a camblet cloak captured from the enemy furnished the blue, and various other materials the red, they *made* a banner, which they hoisted, with shouts, to its place. As it floated off in the breeze, three cheers went up from the garrison, telling that wild work would be done before it should be struck.

On summing up their means, they found they had but six weeks' provision on hand, and but very little ammunition for the cannon—and thus supplied they commenced

their heroic defence. On the third of August, St. Leger sat down before the fort, and sent a flag to the garrison, demanding its surrender : but not the humane offers, nor the threatened vengeance of the savages, if resort should be had to storming, could shake their firm determination to hold out to the last ; and the next day the siege commenced. The rifles of the Indians picked off every man that showed himself above the works, while shells were ever and anon thrown over the ramparts. The next day passed in the same way, but at night that multitude of Indians, one thousand in number, surrounded the walls, and covered by the deep shadows of the forest, commenced at a given signal the most terrific yells that ever froze the heart of fear. The savage cry rung round the entire fort—a circle of discordant cries and screams that could be heard for miles. Suddenly it ceased, and death-like silence fell on the scene : again it commenced, making night hideous with horrid echoes. Again it died away, and again commenced, and thus the live-long night did these demons scream their war-whoops and death songs, and threats, in the ears of the listening garrison, filling the soul with visions of blood and massacres. Many a dark tale was that night told, and each one knew from that moment what their fate would be, if, overpowered by numbers, they should be compelled to surrender.

In the mean time, General Herkimer, having raised nearly a thousand men, determined to march to their relief, and sent an express to Gansevoort, announcing his approach to within eight miles of the enemy's camp. If the express arrived safely, three can-

non were to be fired as a signal, which he supposed he should be able to hear at that distance. The next morning Herkimer, who was listening, heard those three guns as the echo slowly traversed the forest down the valley of the Mohawk. The plan was to cut his way through the enemy's camp, while Gansevoort, in order to assist him, should send half his garrison forth to attack it on the other side.

Herkimer having reached this point, doubted the propriety of advancing on an enemy so much superior, and proposed waiting for reinforcements. But his officers overruled him, declaring to his face that his hesitation arose from cowardice. The brave old veteran told them they would be the first to run when the battle commenced, and his words proved true. All his remonstrances were of no avail, he was met at every turn by accusations and insults, until enraged at their obstinacy and abuse, he thundered out "MARCH ON!" A loud shout was the response, and the troops pushed tumultuously forward. In files of two deep, with flanks thrown out on each side, and an advanced guard to clear the way, they moved rapidly on. St. Leger had heard of their approach, and fearing to be attacked in his camp, had sent out a portion of Johnson's regiment of Greens, some rangers, and a large body of Indians under Brant, to intercept them. The road by which Herkimer was advancing, dipped into a deep ravine about two miles west of Oriskany, (eight from Whitesboro'), and crossed it by a causeway of logs. This ravine was somewhat circular, bending away towards the fort. The ground in and beyond this half elbow or bend, was slightly elevated. On the west side the

Indians had arranged themselves, extending their files along the ravine on each side of the line of march. The flanking detachments could not move outside of this defile, and so the whole army pressed vigorously across the causeway, and began to ascend the high grounds beyond. Instantaneously the savages closed around their rear, thus separating them from the rear-guard and the ammunition and baggage wagons. Herkimer was on horseback, moving quietly along, when a sudden yell, that seemed to rise out of the very ground, swept in one terrific echo entirely around his army, followed by a flash of rifles and a gleam of tomahawks that made the woods inherent with light. The surprise was complete, and the whole army was thrown into disorder that no after effort could restore. Herkimer, calm and collected, sent his voice over the din and tumult to steady the ranks, and with his sword over his head, sat for a moment the rock of the battle-field. The next moment a musket-ball pierced his horse shattering his leg in its passage, and he fell amid his followers. His aids immediately took the saddle from the dying steed, and fixing it against a tree, placed the wounded general upon it. There bleeding and helpless he calmly issued his orders, while the rattle of musketry, the yells of the savages, and death-shrieks of the fallen, made a scene of uproar and confusion terrific and indescribable. His officers were dropping like leaves around him, and whole ranks of his soldiers melted away in his sight, while, far as his eye could reach, was one fierce death-struggle. Here two powerful forms were rolling on the earth with their hands on each other's throats, and beside them two others wrest-

ling for the mastery, while their muskets swung to and fro in the air. Here a tomahawk crushed into a skull, and there a knife descended like a flash of light into the bosom. Still not a ray of excitement or a shadow of fear passed over his iron countenance. In reply to his officers, who wished him to remove to a place of greater safety, he said, "*I will face the enemy!*" and coolly taking out a pipe, he filled it, and lighting it with some tinder, commenced smoking as quietly as if he were in his own house. Neither his mangled leg, nor the dusky warriors around him, nor his own utterly broken troops, could disturb his equanimity. But that circle of fire and death kept gradually contracting, forcing his disordered ranks into a denser mass. Seeing that this would complete the ruin, he ordered his men to form into distinct separate circles, and thus prevent themselves from being crushed together. Having done this, their fire began to tell with terrible effect. It searched the forest on every side, and the reeling forms of the Indians and British soldiers showed that the hour of retribution had come. Just then a dark cloud swept rapidly over the heavens, turning day into night, and filling the forest with gloom. The English commander now saw that a desperate effort must be made to dislodge the Americans, and in the midst of this gathering of the elements he ordered the troops to cease firing and charge bayonet. Amid the deep hush that fell on the scene, the rush and tramp of charging ranks were heard; and the next moment the clashing of steel points against each other, as bayonet crossed bayonet in the close conflict, sounded like the ringing of a hundred anvils. Never did troops charge braver than they, and never was an onset more

firmly met. It was a deadly hand to hand fight, and many lay side by side with their bayonets in each other's bosoms. But nothing could shake the steady courage of the Americans, and they were on the point of rolling back the foe, when that heavy cloud emptied itself on the battle-field in a perfect deluge of rain, and the combat ceased. The sudden silence that succeeded was more awful than the loudest uproar. There sat Herkimer drenched with rain, while the two armies around him seemed suddenly to have been turned into stone. The pattering of the huge drops on the leaves was distinctly heard, and low groans and cries for help resounded on every side. During this suspension, the wounded general ordered his men to occupy an advantageous piece of ground, and form themselves into one great circle, two men behind each tree. Previously an Indian, whenever he saw a flash from behind a tree, would spring forward and tomahawk the American before he could reload his piece; but afterwards, when two were together, the moment he uncovered himself he was dropped.

At length the cloud rolled away, and the combat opened with tenfold fury. At this moment another detachment of Johnson's Greens was seen marching rapidly up, and soon opened their fire. The Americans had now become perfectly maddened by the prolonged conflict, and the murderous work that had been made with their ranks. Pouring in volley after volley, as the steady troops advanced, they at length burst away from their cover, and with a terrible shout, fell on them with the bayonet. Neither party gave way, and they mingled together in the embrace of death.

Now transfixing a poor wretch with the bayonet, and now crushing in a skull with the butt-end of their muskets, or in closer conflict throttling their antagonists, and plunging the knife into their sides; they raged through the fight more like unchained demons, than men, and presented one of the most terrific scenes ever furnished by human passion. At that moment a firing was heard in the direction of the fort, sending joy through their hearts, for they knew their friends were sallying forth to their rescue, and they sent a loud shout through the forest. Butler, who commanded the English rangers, now formed a plan that well nigh proved fatal to the Americans. Sending around a detachment of Greens with American hats on, to make them appear like reinforcements from the garrison, he suddenly came upon Captain Gardenier's company. The lieutenant immediately cried out, "They are friends." "No, no," replied the captain, "don't you see their green coats?" Coming steadily on, Gardenier hailed them, and one of his men recognizing an old acquaintance among their ranks, ran up to him and held out his hand, when he was immediately dragged within the lines, and made prisoner. He struggled manfully, however, to escape, and Gardenier, who saw the movement, sprang forward, and with one stroke of his spear transfixed the perfidious friend, and freed his man. Others immediately rushing upon him, he struck one dead at his feet, and wounded the second, and was turning to flee when three others sprang upon him. Struggling desperately to clear himself, his spurs got entangled in their clothes, and he tripped and fell. Two bayonets immediately pierced

his thighs, pinning him to the earth, while a third was descending in his bosom. Seizing this with his left hand, he wrenched it aside with a sudden effort, and bringing his foe, an English lieutenant, upon his breast, held him firmly there as a shield against the thrusts of the others. His thighs were pierced, his left hand cut to the bone by the bayonet which had been drawn through his grasp, yet he held his enemy, locked in his embrace. In this perilous position, some of his troops called out, "Hold, for God's sake Captain, you are killing your friends." He shouted back, "They are enemies—fire away!" One of his men seeing his danger, rushed forward to the rescue; and no sooner was the wounded hero released, than he leaped to his feet, and seizing his lance, laid his antagonist dead beside him, then fled back to his company.\* Pouring in one volley, they rushed upon each other, in that dreadful hand to hand fight, which distinguished the warriors of old. Gardenier shouted on his men, and deeds of valor and personal prowess were performed, never surpassed on any field of blood. A Captain Dillenback, who had declared he would never be taken alive, suddenly found himself opposed to three English soldiers. Turning like a lion upon them, he wrenched away his musket, which one of them had seized, and felled him at a blow; the second he shot dead, and the third bayoneted; but scarcely had the frown of rage given place to the smile of triumph, before a more distant shot struck him, and he fell amid his victims, to rise no more. For six long hours now had this murderous conflict raged, and nearly half of the entire army

\* Vide Col. Stone's Life of Brant.

lay dead or wounded on the field; yet the remnant, weary and exhausted, had no thought of retreating. Closing sternly on their foes, they pressed on, while the distant firing every moment grew nearer, sending hope to their hearts. Suddenly, over the tumult of battle rung the shout "*Oomah, Oomah!*" the Indian's cry of flight, and the whole turned and fled. The Americans gave them one last volley, and then made the woods ring with their loud hurrahs. A more bloody battle, considering the numbers engaged, was never fought, and the Americans remained victors.

The garrison had made a brave effort for their friends. Soon as the heavy shower passed by, Colonel Willett, at the head of a detachment sallied forth with such impetuosity, that the enemy had not time to form before he was upon them, carrying Sir John Johnson's encampment, and capturing all his papers, equipage, stores, and five standards. But finding himself exposed to be cut off by St. Leger, he was compelled to retreat into the fort. The captured flags were hoisted on the flag-staff, beneath their own extemporaneous banner, and as they drooped there in disgrace, the soldiers mounted the parapets and together gave three hearty cheers.

Thus ended the battle of Oriskany, to stand forever as a monument of American valor. But what a bloody field it was—there they lay, white man and savage, near a thousand of them scattered around through the forest—part pale in death, others reclining on their elbows, or sitting up against the trees, moaning piteously for water. The bright uniform of the officer glittered beside the naked body of the Indian; and all around.

thick as the leaves, were strewn shivered spears, broken muskets and neglected swords. Here lay a pile of fifty together, and there a solitary warrior stretched where the death shot had struck him. Two would be found side by side with their bayonets in each other's bosoms; and near by "a white man and Indian born on the banks of the Mohawk, their left hands clenched in each other's hair, the right grasping in a gripe of death the knife plunged in each other's bosoms—*thus they lay frowning.*" Days after the battle, the bodies still lay unburied, many of them torn to pieces by wild beasts. The Americans, though victors, had suffered too severely to think of cutting their way through to the fort, and precipitately retreated, leaving their dead unburied and carrying their wounded general with them. They bore him to his own house near Little Falls, where death soon put an end to his sufferings. His leg was amputated, but the operation being unskilfully performed, he bled to death. Like Moreau, who smoked during the amputation of his legs after the battle of Dresden, Herkimer sat up in his bed smoking his pipe as deliberately as he did on the field of battle. Towards night the old veteran saw that his hour had come, for no effort could staunch the blood, which in its steady flow was rapidly draining the sources of life, and he called for the Bible. Opening at the thirty-eighth psalm, he read it with a steady unaltered voice to the end, and then resigned his soul into the hands of his Maker.

The fate of Fort Schuyler seemed now to be fixed. The army sent to its relief had been compelled to retreat; and beleaguered by foes, starvation, if nothing else, threatened to reduce the strength of the garrison.

and force it to surrender. In the meantime two American officers, who had been taken prisoners in the battle of Oriskany, were compelled to write to Gansevoort, exaggerating the numbers of the enemy, stating that Burgoyne had arrived at Albany, and declaring finally that longer resistance would be his ruin. The officer who bore this letter made a verbal demand of surrender: Gansevoort coolly read the letter through, and in answer to the summons, said that he would give no reply to a verbal communication but at the cannon's mouth. The officer then went into a statement of the case; and, among other things, intimated that the Indians would be let loose on the defenceless settlements if he persisted in his defence. Gansevoort, looking him full in the face, replied that his long speech, stripped of all its superfluities, amounted to this simple declaration—that if he did not deliver up the fort he would send the Indians to murder the women and children. Throwing all the sarcasm in his tone he was master of, he hurled his withering scorn at the proposition and its author, and wound up with—  
*“After you get out of the fort, you may turn round and look at its outside, but never expect to come in again unless you come a prisoner. I consider the message you have brought a degrading one for a British officer to send, and by no means a reputable one for a British officer to carry. For my own part, before I would consent to deliver this garrison to such a murderous set as your army, by your own account, consists of, I would suffer my body to be filled with splinters and set on fire, as you know has, at times, been practised by such hordes of women and children*

*killers as belong to your army."* There spoke out the true hero—no fear of future revenge, should he fall at last, could check the indignation of his noble heart, and he hurled defiance and scorn on the merciless enemy in whose power he might soon be. St. Leger, finding what metal the American commander was made of, sent, on the 9th of August, a written summons to him to surrender, concluding with the declaration that the Indians were becoming very impatient, and longer delay would be fatal to the garrison and the whole valley of the Mohawk. To this formal and haughty summons Gansevoort deigned only the following stern reply: "Sir: Your letter of this day's date I have received, in answer to which I say, that it is my determined intention, with the forces under my command, *to defend this fort to the last extremity in behalf of the United States, who have placed me here to defend it against all their enemies.*" Finding all other resources failing, St. Leger began to make regular approaches, for the purpose of sapping the fort.

In the meantime Col. Willett, he who had headed so gallantly the sortie to aid Herkimer, proposed to pass by night through the enemy's lines, and hasten to Tryon county to raise another army for the relief of the garrison. Taking with him only one other officer, Major Stockwell, armed like himself with nothing but a spear; and supplied with a few crackers, some cheese, and a canteen of whiskey, he started. Leaving the sally-port after dark, these two brave men crawled on their hands and knees to the river, over which they crept on a log, and then plunged into the forest. Becoming entangled in the woods, they lost their way, and stumbled about; til

suddenly they heard in the distance the barking of a dog, telling them they were approaching the Indian camp. Stopping immediately, they stood for hours in the gloom, speaking only in whispers, until at length the morning star began to sparkle over the forest, lighting their path. They then pushed on; at times wading along streams, to throw the Indians from their trail, and never halted once or slackened their speed till night. Unable to find their way in the darkness, they were compelled to remain where they were till morning. But they dared not kindle a fire, and so, eating a few of their crackers, they threw their arms around each other, and like "brother warriors, true and tried," stretched themselves upon the damp earth and slept, locked in fraternal embrace. Two braver hearts never beat against each other. Next morning they resumed their journey, and having exhausted their slender stock of provisions, were compelled to pick berries on the way to satisfy the cravings of hunger. Before night they reached Fort Dayton. Here they heard, to their great joy, that Arnold was on his way with an army to relieve the fort, and Col. Willett immediately mounting a horse, started to meet him.

Gansevoort's situation, in the meantime, was becoming more and more critical. St. Leger had advanced to within a hundred and fifty yards of the fort, into which he constantly threw shells, while the Indians picked off those who exposed themselves to view. Nothing had been heard of Willett, and it was not even known whether he had made his escape. In the midst of this uncertainty and distress, Gansevoort, who never thought of surrendering, determined as a last

resort, to issue forth at night and cut his way sword in hand through the enemy's camp. He was, however, saved from executing this desperate and bloody resolve. Schuyler, then at Albany, had heard of the defeat of Herkimer, and his noble heart was wrung at the thought of what would befall that brave garrison if relief were not sent. He immediately called a council of officers and stated the situation of Fort Schuyler, and the necessity of relieving it. But Burgoyne was now moving rapidly down, and it was deemed unsafe to send away any of the troops—it would need all the force they could muster to meet him. Schuyler would not listen to a refusal—he reasoned, he urged, but still could not overcome the opposition of the officers. In this dilemma, he walked about the room in great agitation, and as he heard some remarks fall about his “weakening the army,” his teeth closed so angrily over his pipe that it crumbled in his mouth. Turning fiercely round, he exclaimed, “*Gentlemen, I shall take the responsibility upon myself; where is the brigadier that will take command of them? I shall beat up for volunteers to-morrow.*” Arnold, ever ready to go where danger pointed, or brave men needed his help, sprung to his feet and offered to head the expedition. The next morning the drum beat for volunteers, and enough were found ready to start. Arnold and Larned were immediately despatched with three regiments, and ordered to raise other troops on the way. Schuyler now felt relieved, and wrote to Gansevoort, saying “*Dear Colonel—A body of troops left this place yesterday, and others are following to raise the siege of Fort Schuyler. Everybody here*

*believes you will defend it to the last, and I strictly enjoin you so to do. General Burgoyne is at Fort Edward—our army at Stillwater—great reinforcements coming from the eastward, and we trust all will be well and the enemy repulsed.”* He was right—he who defended that fort was one of those whom neither famine, nor torture, nor death can frighten from their high purpose.

At length, on the 22d of August, after having been closely besieged for three weeks, the garrison noticed a great movement in the enemy's camp, and in a short time not a soldier was to be seen. Indians and English, all had fled, leaving their tents standing, and their artillery and baggage behind. They looked with unutterable surprise on this sudden flight, unable to give any conjecture of the cause. I have before spoken, in my sketch of Arnold, of the stratagem he practised, with so much success, to frighten the Indians from their allies, and which caused this hurried abandonment of the siege.

As the head of Arnold's column emerged from the wilderness, and marched up to the ramparts, a salute of cannon was fired, and the brave, overjoyed garrison made the forest ring with their cheers.

Thus was saved Fort Schuyler—and while Stark had struck Burgoyne a staggering blow at Bennington, Gansevoort had broken up his plans with regard to St. Leger ; so that instead of hemming in the American army, as he anticipated, he found himself locked in on every side, and the heavens gathering blackness over his head.

The energy and determination with which Schuyler

labored to save the fort named after him, rescued the American army from the threatened attack in that quarter. Had he acted with less resolution, it would have fallen, and the result of that whole campaign, very likely, been different. With St. Leger, reinforced by the tories, moving down the Mohawk, and Burgoyne down the Hudson, our position would have been harassing in the extreme. The army, instead of concentrating, would have been compelled to divide its strength, and thus lessen the prospect of success.

Schuyler had conducted throughout with consummate ability, and though the country had been filled with clamors against him, for abandoning Ticonderoga and Fort Edward, it could not have been helped, and a few days would show the soundness of his views, and the correctness of his calculations. But at this critical moment, just as he was about to clear himself before the country, and wipe out, by a glorious victory, the remembrance of his former defeats, Gates was appointed to supersede him. The excuse for this was, that the former was unpopular in New England, from which large reinforcements were expected, while the latter was very much liked. This may have been the sole reason, and if so, the act is defensible on the ground of policy, yet deserving the deepest condemnation on the score of justice. No doubt it is better that a man should be sacrificed than his country. Personal reputation is of small moment compared to the salvation of an army; and if it was *necessary* to remove Schuyler, no matter how ridiculous the grounds on which the demand was based, it should have been done. Our prospects were gloomy enough, and the difference the success or de-

feat of Burgoyne would make in them was incalculable. The whole matter then turns on the simple question of necessity, or of *supposed* necessity. But there is great reason to believe that no such necessity existed; and that the clique in Congress, which wished to put Gates in the place of Washington, lay at the bottom of this great wrong. The whole country looked upon Burgoyne as doomed—he must retreat or fall—and the appointment of Gates, there is cause to fear, was made in order to give him laurels which were already prepared for another. What if the Eastern states had clamored against Schuyler? the reinforcements were rapidly coming in—it was a matter of self-defence, and they could not withhold their aid. Interest, if nothing else, prompted them to respond to the call which he issued, and there is no doubt but that the campaign would have been conducted to as glorious an issue under his management, as it was under that of Gates. The battle of Bennington, and defeat of St. Leger, fixed irrecoverably the fate of Burgoyne, unless some blunder was committed by the American commander, which would have disgraced him forever. To advance was ruin, whoever might command the American army. It is sad to think, that a so much nobler, abler man than Gates—one who had done all the drudgery of the campaign, exerted himself to the utmost, spared no effort, and shrunk from no hardship, endured complaints and murmurs without anger or retort, should, in the very moment when his labors were to be crowned with complete success, be compelled to stand aside, and see another receive all the honors. To prepare the ground, sow the seed, and just as the harvest is ripe, to see it fall into the

arms of one who has put forth no effort, is a bitter task ; yet Schuyler had to bear it. Said he, in his noble grief, "*I am sensible of the indignity of being ordered from the command of the army at a time when an engagement must soon take place.*"

He was with Gates when Burgoyne surrendered, and beheld, one may easily imagine with what feelings, the British host, as prisoners of war, file off before the American army. He heard the shout that rocked the nation in honor of Gates, and saw the laurels belonging to *his* brow twined round the temples of his successor. Still no low indignation or envy stained his spotless character, for his patriotism was of that lofty kind, which could exult in the triumph of his country, though it sprung from his own disgrace.

After the surrender, he behaved with all that magnanimity which one is led to expect from him. When the Baroness Reidesel approached the American tents, a stranger stepped forward and assisted her from the carriage—kissing and caressing the children so affectionately, that the tears rushed unbidden to her eyes. "You tremble," said he ; "do not be alarmed, I pray you." He then led her to the tent of Gates. After a moment, this same stranger came and said it might be embarrassing to remain the only lady in such a large company of gentlemen, and invited her to come with her children to his tent, and take a frugal meal. She did so, remarking, that he must be a husband and a father, to show her so much kindness. That stranger was General Schuyler, thus helping to add grace and true glory to the victory of Gates. Not content with these trifling attentions, he urged and prevailed on the

Baroness to make his house at Albany her home and sent an escort to accompany her there, where she was received by Mrs. Schuyler, more like an old friend than a stranger. He made Burgoyne his guest also, and treated him like a prince, though, without provocation he had ordered Schuyler's house at Saratoga, together with mills and other buildings to the value of nearly twenty thousand dollars, to be burned to the ground. The British general was so much struck with this generous behavior, that he once said to him, "You are too kind to me, who have done you so much injury." "Oh, that was the fate of war," replied the noble man, "pray think no more of it."

What a contrast do the characters of the two American generals present under the different circumstances in which they are placed! Gates, made dizzy by his success, commences plotting against Washington, and in his supercilious pride refuses, as a subordinate officer, to make any report to him; while Schuyler, unchanged by misfortune or unjust treatment, renders freely and nobly to Congress the knowledge he possesses of the Northern department, and offers his advice and counsel as to the best mode of securing the greatest benefits from this victory. But time, which "sets all things even," has put these two commanders in their proper places. Gates lived to see the laurels wither on his brow, and discover that his great triumph only made more prominent the defects and weakness of his character; while Schuyler's apparent disgrace served to illustrate him, and show to the world the transcendent qualities he possessed. Gates on the field of Saratoga a victor, and Schuyler there

without command, seemed very unequal candidates for immortality ; yet who would not now prefer the fame of the latter to that of the former.

In 1778 his wish to have his conduct, in evacuating Ticonderoga and Fort Edward, tried before a court-martial, was gratified. The court acquitted him with the "highest honor," and Congress approved the decision. Washington was anxious that he should then resume the command of the Northern department, but he steadily refused all requests of this kind, and resigned his command in the army. In this he did right ; self-respect, his own honor and reputation, demanded that he should no longer be under the control of a body which underrated his services, disregarded his reputation, and stamped him with public odium. He, however, did not retire from the service of the country, though he left the army. In 1778 and 1779 he exhibited his zeal as member of Congress, and in 1781 was elected member of the New York senate, which seat he held for several years. In 1789 he was elected member of the first senate under the federal constitution, which he had supported with the whole weight of his character and ability. In 1796 he is seen in the New York senate, urging a plan for the improvement of the revenue of the state. In 1797 he was again elected senator in Congress, but was soon compelled, from ill health, to resign, and ever after lived in retirement. Honors clustered around his declining years, and the country for which he had perilled so much, at last appreciated the labor he had performed, and the patriotism with which he had borne his misfortunes. When Washington died, the good old man clad himself

in deep mourning, and wept like a son for the "father of his country." Domestic afflictions gathered around him at the close of his life, but he found consolation in the Christian religion, of which he was a firm believer. In 1801 he lost his daughter, Mrs. Van Rensselaer; in 1803 he laid his noble wife in the grave, and the next year his son-in-law, General Hamilton, of whom he was justly proud, was killed in a duel. The aged veteran did not long survive these successive blows, and in November of this same year, 1804, he also, at the age of seventy-one, departed to a better world.

## HIS CHARACTER.

General Schuyler was one of those men who honour our race. Rich and prosperous at the outset of the Revolution, he cheerfully embarked his fortune and his life in the doubtful struggle on which we entered. A life of ease was surrendered for the toilsome one of the camp, and amid embarrassments and difficulties we cannot now appreciate, he bore up with a fortitude and energy worthy the friend of Washington. Full of energy and industry, of great knowledge and great resources, he brought incalculable aid to the cause of freedom. Possessed of solid rather than brilliant qualities, he was better fitted to shine in the cabinet than in the field. Not that he was deficient as a commander, but that the love of military glory, and adventurous deeds and the deadly conflict, were not so much suited to his tastes as the more peaceful career of the statesman. Yet his services while in command of the North-

ern department were invaluable—nothing escaped his attention, and he effected as much by preventing as by conquering difficulties. The Indians, whom he held in such constant check on our northern and western frontier, felt that he was the strongest enemy they had to encounter. They made two attempts to assassinate him, illustrating equally their fear of his power and their respect for him as a man. The first attempt was frustrated by the presence of mind of a female servant. In the other instance, two men, an Indian and a tory, lay in ambush together near his house, to shoot him as he passed. As Schuyler approached on horseback, they took deliberate aim, and his death seemed inevitable but at this critical moment the Indian knocked up his associate's gun, saying, "*I cannot kill him, I have eaten his bread too often.*" Thus respected, even by his enemies, for the nobleness of his character, he passed through his trying career without a spot on his name.

There was not a mean trait in Schuyler's character, and though of a quick temper, he was one of those magnanimous, high-souled men, whose virtue can be touched neither by rewards nor disgrace. His conduct, when superseded by Gates, was one of the noblest triumphs of patriotism and virtue over envy, jealousy, and the consciousness of being wronged. His domestic and social qualities were of the highest order, and endeared him to his family, and made him beloved by a wide circle of friends, whom his large hospitality never wearied of entertaining.

One of his last acts was to manumit all his slaves,

leaving each of them sufficient property to relieve them from want.

A truer sword was never drawn in defence of human liberty, and a more untarnished blade never returned to its scabbard when the conflict was over.

## MAJOR GENERAL GATES.

**His Early Life—Is Wounded at the Battle of Monongahela—Appointed Brigadier General of the American Army—Commands the Northern Army—First Battle of Bemis's Heights—Second Battle of Bemis's Heights—Scene after the Battle—Gates's Vanity and Meanness—Plots against Washington—Battle of Camden—Bravery of De Kalb—Gates's Character.**

ALTHOUGH at the commencement of the Revolution the country was so largely supplied by emigration, there were but few native-born English found in the army. The commanding officers especially, who proved most efficient, were Americans by birth. Their early training amid the difficulties and dangers of our new settlements, gave them enterprise and daring, while their hardy and independent life rendered them stern republicans and enduring soldiers. Montgomery, and Gates, and Conway, and Lee were the only exceptions, all being Englishmen, and all having served as officers in the British army. The former fell gloriously before Quebec, while the rest, one after another, came very near effecting our ruin.\*

Horatio Gates was born in England in 1729, and at an early age entered the English army. At the cap-

\* St Clair was born in England, but never served in the army there.



G A T E S .



ture of Martinico by the English he acted as aid to General Monkton, and after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, sailed for Halifax under Cornwallis. He was in the bloody battle of Monongahela, and while striving manfully, side by side with Washington, to stem that dreadful slaughter, received a shot through the body and was hurried from the field. After the conclusion of the war he bought an estate in Berkeley county, Virginia, and settled down as a planter. In the quarrel which soon after commenced between the colonies and the parent country, he proved true to the land of his adoption, and so strenuously maintained its rights, and advocated resistance, that he was looked upon as one of the prominent leaders in the approaching struggle. When hostilities commenced, among the first appointments made out by Congress was one constituting him adjutant-general, with the rank of brigadier. The next year he was appointed to supersede General Schuyler in the command of the northern army, and took post at Ticonderoga and Crown Point. A short time after, Schuyler was reinstated in his old rank, but gave way the next spring to Gates, who held his place as commander-in-chief till the surrender of Burgoyne.

The invasion of Burgoyne was one of the important events in the history of the war. Accompanied by more than seven thousand veteran troops and three thousand Canadians, and supported by a train of forty cannon, the plan of cutting the country in two, and stretching a cordon of fortresses from the British provinces to New York city, seemed to promise complete success. This large army, with its splendid train of artillery, its picked engineers and secondary officers

of renown and experience, was the finest that had ever attempted an invasion of the country. Driving everything before them, crushing our strongest forts in their passage, the heads of the menacing columns were already almost within striking distance of Albany. Crown Point, old Ticonderoga, Forts Anne and Edward, those keys of the Union, had fallen, one after another—the dreary wilderness had been passed, and a feeble retreating army seemed the only obstacle between Burgoyne and the object of his wishes. But the eighteen miles of forest between Lake George and the nearest navigable part of the Hudson, through which he had to carry all his baggage, stores and artillery, had caused delays that gave time to rouse the militia, so that when he emerged into the open country a vast army met his astonished gaze. The sudden upspringing of this host of freemen in his path, sent a chill to his heart; and those visions of glory which beckoned him on began to grow dim, and sad forebodings fill the future.

As we have seen, Stark's victory at Bennington had roused Vermont and New Hampshire to throw a strong force in his rear, threatening his very garrisons; while Fort Stanwix, on the fall of which he had calculated so much, had been relieved, and thus destroyed all hopes of assistance from that quarter. And here he stood on the banks of the Hudson, in the heart of an enemy's country—a wilderness behind him, and a determined foe before him. It was a sad spectacle, that noble army, thus cut off from all relief, casting about for some way of escape, and finally resolving to cut its way onward or fall in the effort. This was the state of affairs when Gates took command of the army,

Burgoyne waited for provisions, which had to be brought from Ticonderoga, and at length, after incredible efforts, collected enough for thirty days, and pushed on to the plains and heights of Saratoga, within three miles of the American camp.

#### FIRST BATTLE OF BEMIS'S HEIGHTS.

Immediately forming his troops in order of battle, he rested one extremity of his army on the bank of the Hudson, while the other stretched across the country, and up to the high grounds, some distance from the river. This latter constituted the right wing, and around it, flanking it, hovered the light infantry and grenadiers. Here too, amid the broken ground and trees, were posted the Canadians and Indians. Over the left wing, resting on the river, Phillips and Reidesel were placed, with the immense train of artillery. Parallel to this, stretching in the same manner from the Hudson to the high ground, Gates drew up his forces, though the flats in that place were narrower than where Burgoyne was posted, being only about forty rods wide. He himself commanded the right wing, resting on the river, and Arnold the left, on the heights. With a steady movement the whole British line swept forward, when Arnold, eager for the combat, urged Gates to advance and meet it. He consented that Morgan should be sent forward with his riflemen, and his attack, if necessary, be supported. Arnold gladly took advantage of this permission, and the battle of the 19th of September opened. The two wings of the two armies, in the meadows

upon the river, were separated by a deep ravine and two streams, and hence came to no engagement during the day. With the exception of one regiment taken from a brigade, Arnold's division did all the fighting.

At noon the firing commenced. Morgan with his light horse, and Major Dearborn with his light infantry, rushed against the Canadians and Indians on the hills and routed them. The sharp crack of Morgan's rifles made the woods ring; but in the hurry and fury of their charge the men became scattered, and their leader was seen riding around almost alone, making the woods echo with his turkey-call—the signal-whistle for their return, while with tears in his eyes, he swore that he was ruined. But soon the brave fellows came rushing back in every direction, and the loud voice of their leader was again heard cheering them to the onset. As he and Dearborn were following up their advantage, reinforcements of the enemy came up and forced them back to the line. Burgoyne immediately stretched his right up the hills, and pushed his left wing still farther on, in order to outflank Arnold, who had now arrived on the field, and was leading his division into action. But the latter was endeavoring to execute a similar manœuvre on him, and the lines again met, and the conflict at once became furious.

At this moment reinforcements, under General Phillips, approached. His position was in the meadows below, and a piece of woods separated him from the combatants. But the rapid and continuous roll of musketry, with ever and anon explosions of artillery, and clouds of smoke that rose over the tree-tops, told him that a fierce battle was raging with those two wings

of the army, and with rapid steps he led his column up the heights, and emerged on the field just as Arnold was driving everything before him, and threatening to cut the entire wing asunder. The latter struggled desperately to bear up against the overwhelming numbers which now arrested his progress, but in spite of all his efforts he was pushed back to the lines.

It was now about three o'clock, and a sudden cessation of arms took place, while the two divisions prepared for the final encounter. An oblong clearing about sixty rods in extent, and entirely surrounded with woods, separated them, as they stood out of musket-shot of each other, like the opposite sides of a parallelogram. This clearing sloped down from the northern side towards the southern, on which the Americans were posted. A deep wood sheltered them while the British were drawn up in an open pine forest. The scene now became one of thrilling interest. As the Americans looked out from their leafy covering, they saw amid the dark pine trees on the farther side, long rows of brass cannon shining through the green foliage, and beside them the gunners with lighted matches, while still farther on gleamed the solid lines of steel bayonets. Nought broke the silence that wrapped the heights, save the hurried orders, as regiment after regiment wheeled into its place; while the sun shone sweetly down on the springing grass, gently waving in the mild September breeze. Thus slept that quiet clearing on the top of the hills, with the long shadows of the trees stretching across its bosom—and all around it lay that slumbering volcano, soon to move into its midst, and make it tremble as if in the grasp

of an earthquake. The Americans could hear distinctly the orders given in the English army, and waited, with beating hearts, the shock that was preparing for them. At length the word "fire" rang through the woods—the lighted matches descended like a flash on the guns, and the next moment the balls came crashing through the trees, followed by an explosion that shook the hills, and the battle commenced. The Americans stood firm before that iron storm, watching the shattered boughs that were hurled about their heads, but not a shot replied. Finding that the cannonade produced no impression, the English commander ordered the woods to be cleared with the bayonet.

In perfect order and close array that veteran infantry emerged from the pine trees into the clearing, reddening the whole extent with their scarlet uniforms. In double-quick time, with their standards streaming in the wind, and the drums beating their wildest notes, they swept over the open ground, and steadily moved up to the farther margin. All there was still and motionless, though thousands of flashing eyes were on the advancing battalions, and thousands of sinewy hands were clutching convulsively their trusty muskets. At length those steady troops approached the American lines; when suddenly halting, they poured in one deep volley—the next moment their levelled bayonets gleamed through the smoke, and, with deafening shouts, they rushed to the charge. A single order echoed along the concealed ranks, and in an instant that silent wood was a mass of flame rolling on the foe. The firm-set ranks staggered back before it, like a strong ship smitten by a wave, then with a noble effort closed up the huge gaps

in their line, and again rushed shouting to the charge. But that same astonishing fire mowed them down, till torn and rent into fragments, they turned and fled. Then like a tiger springing from his covert, the Americans leaped from their concealment, and poured in one wild torrent upon them. Over their dead and dying enemies, across the clearing, up to the very British lines, and over the guns, they went in one black resistless wave. The artillery was captured, and the exulting victors seizing the drag-ropes, attempted to carry it away, but the pieces were too heavy, and the wood too dense. They cannot turn them on the enemy, for the artillerists have carried off the matches. One only is seized, and Colonel Cilley has mounted it, and with his sword administered the oath of allegiance, and thus in triumph is borne over the field.

The British, rallying in the woods, made a desperate charge to recover their guns, and finally drove the brave militia-men back, down the slope to their covert. But here again they were met by those destructive volleys—whole companies sunk at once on the field, and the solid formation which is necessary to give terror to the shock of the bayonet, was utterly broken. Falling back, they attempted to reform in the clearing, but the Americans were upon them with such fury, that they broke, and fled to the protection of their guns. But up to the very muzzles the maddened patriots rush, and bayonet the gunners at their pieces, and hurl the whole British line back into the woods. Here Burgoyne again rallied his men, and with levelled bayonets they advanced to the charge. Forced slowly back, the Americans again retreat, while those cannon pour a

perfect storm of round and grape-shot into their ranks, and all over the field are seen wounded men crawling away to the wood. But rallying behind their covert, they present the same wall of fire on which the bravest grenadiers dash in vain.

Thus the battle swayed to and fro across this clearing for three fearful hours. It was one continued thunder-clap and driving mass of flame over its bosom, while the cries and shouts of maddened men added still greater terror to the scene. Now closing in with the bayonet, now retiring before the destructive discharges of grape-shot, and now sweeping with loud huzzas over the captured guns, they fought with an energy and desperation that perfectly astonished their adversaries. The oldest officers declared they had never witnessed such destructive work with small-arms, or such terrible firing from infantry. Before their onset, the firmest troops went down, and again and again did they charge those strong batteries home, and wrench them from the grasp of the enemy. Out of forty-eight men who commanded one battery, thirty-six were killed—the dead lay in heaps amid the wheels of the carriages, while the blood stood in pools over the clearing. In the midst of this carnage the sun went down—his farewell beams just gleamed a moment through the sulphurous cloud that curtained in the field, and then twilight slowly settled over the landscape. Through the deepening gloom, bright flashes were seen as the dark columns still rushed to the encounter; but at length deep night came on, and the battle ceased. Here and there detached parties still maintained the fight lighting up the forest with their vollies, but the

great struggle was over, and night and death remained sole masters of the field. On that single clearing were piled nearly a thousand men, covering it with a perfect carpet of corpses, and all around was scattered the wreck of the fight. Here lay a trampled plume, there a neglected sword, further on a rent banner, while the blue frocks of the American militia-men and the scarlet uniforms of the British soldiers were mingled together in inextricable confusion. Arms raised an hour before in hate and rage, now lay across each other in the repose of death, and over the still scowling brow the dews of night slowly gathered. But even this desolate scene was soon rendered more appalling; for the soldiers in search of spoil stripped the bodies and left them naked corpses, ghastly and white in the cold starlight. Kind fathers were there, and noble sons, who had left their hearth-stones to battle for freedom, and thus they had fallen before the stroke of the oppressor. There they still sleep, and no monument, alas, rises over their dust to tell of their deeds.

Both parties claimed the victory; but the English remained masters of the field, and lay all night under arms, and Gates retired behind his intrenchments. The next morning Burgoyne pitched his camp within cannon-shot of the American lines, and began to intrench himself, throwing up strong defences both on the meadows and among the hills. Gates also strengthened his position, and thus the two armies lay within cannon-shot of each other for sixteen days.

It was at this time the quarrel commenced between Gates and Arnold, mentioned in the sketch of the latter. Arnold had been a great favorite of the former, while

under his command at Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and he had defended him constantly against 's enemies. He had even stretched his power to cover up some transactions which were looked upon at the time as of rather doubtful character. But vanity and selfishness now stepped in, and prompted him to commit an act of injustice, and they became open enemies. Gates deemed his enemy secure, and so cared not whether Arnold stayed or left; but war has many chances, and the removal on the eve of battle of a victorious general, in whom the troops have confidence, and who is a host in himself, often makes a wide difference in the result.

During the interval between the 19th of September and the 7th of October, constant skirmishes took place between detached parties, resulting from the efforts of the Americans to prevent the enemy from foraging. Burgoyne, though taught a sad lesson, by the battle that had been fought, of American valor and steadiness, still clung to his first dream, and looked long and wistfully for aid from New York, and refused to retreat. At length his provisions becoming nearly exhausted, he resolved to make another desperate effort to cut his way through the American lines, and push on to Albany.

#### SECOND BATTLE OF BEMIS'S HEIGHTS.

To understand the general plan of the battle-field, imagine the American camp pitched on a branch of the Hudson, and extending back about a half a mile from the shore. Almost directly in front, and within cannon-shot, is the British camp, similarly situated. A little to the north and west of the British encamp

ment, was a large redoubt occupied by the Hessians, and the one which Arnold entered. Between the two armies were two creeks running nearly parallel to each other along which the American pickets were stationed. These presented serious obstacles to the advance of an army, while towards their sources, and to the left of Gates, the approach was easier. It was on this account Burgoyne resolved to make his attack in that direction. Accordingly, on the 7th of October, moving his troops in three columns, he advanced to the American left, and taking up his position in an open wheat field, displayed his line. The fierce and rapid roll of drums in the American advance guard, beating to arms, announced their approach, and Gates immediately sent out Morgan with his riflemen to open the battle.

Burgoyne, sustained by his best officers, occupied a rising ground, and Morgan took a wide circuit to fall on his right, while General Poor was to march straight up the hill against the left, and if possible separate it from the main army. Burgoyne had with him twenty cannon; and with these, at half-past two in the afternoon, he opened on the advancing column of Poor. But this gallant officer led his brigade steadily forward up the hill; and with the orders not to fire till the summit was reached, pressed rapidly on through the storm of grape-shot. With the same coolness he entered the deadly volleys of musketry, then as he gained the brow of the height, opened to the right and left, and poured in a close and rapid fire with terrible effect. Moving resolutely forward upon the dense masses of the grenadiers, the Americans mowed them down with volley after volley, and stood within close musket-shot of the

artillery, and let it play upon their ranks. But nothing could long withstand those murderous batteries, and the Americans, excited to madness by the galling, devouring fire, rushed with terrific shouts up to the very mouths of the guns, and swept them like a storm. But met by those resistless grenadiers, they were rolled sternly back to their position. Again they rallied and charged with such impetuosity, that everything went down in their passage: but that same steady valor reclaimed the victory, and hurled them back to their first position. On one gun they rushed five successive times, and captured it in each onset, and as often were forced to relinquish their prize, until at length they carried it off in triumph. Major Ackland, who commanded the grenadiers, held them to the shock with a firmness that baffled every effort. Galloping fiercely amid the disordered ranks, he rallied them again and again by his voice and example, until at last he himself was struck to the ground by a ball, when they broke and fled. Morgan, in the meantime, with his deadly riflemen had poured down with resistless strength on the left wing, carrying everything before him. Rallying bravely behind a fence, the shattered troops attempted to stay his progress; but reinforcements coming up under Dearborn, and rushing with shouts and headlong fury to the attack, they again broke and fled.

The whole English line now began to shake, and Burgoyne was just forming a second line with his right wing, when Arnold, maddened with excitement, and stung with rage, burst in a headlong gallop on the field, and plunged into the thickest of the fight.

His practised eye soon saw that General Frazer was the chief support of that tumultuous battle, as on his splendid gray horse he moved amid the chaos, bringing order out of confusion, and courage out of despondency, wherever he passed. Dashing up to Morgan, he told him not to let him see that officer long in the saddle. The latter, selecting a few of his best marksmen, said, pointing to Frazer: "That gallant officer is General Frazer: I admire him, but it is necessary he should die. Do your duty." The first shot cut the crupper of his horse, the second pierced the mane, the third the gallant rider himself, and he fell back mortally wounded. Arnold had no sooner given this order, than he placed himself at the head of three regiments of Larned's brigade, and with a shout those who heard it never forgot to their latest day, led them fiercely on. The Hessian troops threw themselves in his path, and for a moment broke his charge. The next moment, with a mere handful of men, he burst like a falling rock through their midst, and scattered them from his path. Nothing could exceed the terror and fury of his charges: before such onsets the firmest troops in the world must sink. He shook terribly the whole British line, and Burgoyne, now thoroughly alarmed, put forth a desperate effort to maintain his ground. But in vain did he expose himself to the hottest of the fire to animate his men—in vain did his bravest officers again and again lead his devoted troops to the attack—nothing could stop that astonishing infantry. Their rapid tread shook the field—their dreadful volleys swept away the head of every formation, as pressing hard after their intrepid leader, they closed steadily on

the shrinking line. No charge of bayonets could break their firm array, no blaze of the close and deadly batteries check their lofty enthusiasm, as moving amid the horrid carnage, they gathered with brows of wrath closer and closer on their foes. Those shattered veterans labored a moment as if about to bear up in the storm, then swung and rent asunder, and rolled heavily to their camp. Morgan and Dearborn and Ten Broek following up their advantage with the same impetuosity, the whole army took refuge behind the intrenchments. Nothing could now arrest the victorious Americans, as with shouts that were heard above the din of battle, they rushed forward and stormed the camp itself. But behind their intrenchments and under cover of their heavy guns, which bristled in fearful rows along the ramparts, the British fought with the energy of desperation itself. On the uncovered ranks of the impetuous Americans they opened all their batteries, and hailed a leaden tempest from the small-arms, while bombs, hissing through the atmosphere darkened with dust and smoke, added tenfold horror to the fight. They were no longer struggling for victory but for life, and therefore summoned all their energies to check the progress of the victors. But neither formidable intrenchments with the abatis in front, nor the hotly-worked batteries exploding in their faces, nor the close and destructive volleys of musketry, could stay the excited patriots. Through the tremendous fire, and over the ensanguined field, now covered with a sulphurous cloud, amid which incessant lightnings played, and one continuous thunder-peal rolled, they charged up to the very muzzles of the guns, The

camp itself was shaken throughout its entire extent, and trembled like a reed in the blast; while Arnold, enraged at the abatis, which baffled all his efforts in front, called around him a few brave fellows, and taking a short circuit, made that desperate charge into the sally-port, where he fell. One hour more of daylight, and that camp would have been swept as with a hurricane; nay, one hour more of safety to Arnold on his steed, and that darkness would have been filled with the flying enemy, and a routed camp ended the day.

At length the thunder died on the field, the conflict was over, and the American columns slowly retired, and marched triumphantly back to camp. The scene within the American lines was now one of intense excitement, though of quite another kind. At the opening of the battle, Gates had ordered all the baggage to be loaded and the teams attached, ready in case of disaster to retreat. These teams, with their drivers, stretched more than a half a mile back into the country. During the day, when the firing seemed to gain on the Americans, they would move on in alarm, and when again it retired, they would halt. At length, as the news was brought that the whole English army was retreating, a loud joyous "huzza! huzza!" ran the whole length of the line of teams, carrying in exulting accents to the people the news of victory. From every farm-house and hut in the whole region, the excited inhabitants came streaming forth, and hurried to the American camp, shouting like mad creatures in their frantic joy. In the meantime the columns, one after another, returned from the field of battle, playing triumphant music as they came, making the night echo

with the roll of the drum and the shrill tones of the fife. As they approached the camp, "VICTORY! VICTORY!" went up in shouts, and was echoed from rank to rank, and then the long loud "huzza" from those who watched their coming, rent the heavens. In the outskirts, sentinels hailed each other through the gloom, and lights danced to and fro in the darkness, while the groans of the wounded, borne slowly past, added still deeper interest to the scene. The dead lay in piles on the field—and amid them also were found men and women, who, like the crowds which follow in the wake of an European army, were so lost to humanity as to plunder and strip the bodies. Next morning naked corpses were scattered around in every direction—in the edges of the forest, on the meadows and hillocks, with their limbs flung out upon the dewy grass, they lay cold and white in the October sun.

The British army abandoned their camp during the night, and took post on the hills, and in the morning the American troops marched into it with colors flying and drums beating, and a long shout went up from the abandoned intrenchments. During the day a scattered fire of artillery was kept up, and ever and anon was borne back to the camp the rapid discharge of musketry, as small detachments from either army came in collision. Frazer, who had died early in the morning after the battle, had requested to be buried at sunset in the chief redoubt. The procession was formed, and at six o'clock was seen moving slowly up the hill to the place of interment. General Winslow observed it, and not knowing its object or character, ordered it to be cannonaded; and while they were lay-

ing the chieftain in his grave, a solitary cannon kept booming at intervals on the evening air, and the heavy shot tore up the earth in their midst. Throughout the solemn burial-service, the voice of the chaplain was ever and anon interrupted by that solitary peal of thunder, and his priestly robes were covered with dust, which the ball, as it smoked past, threw upon him.\* The sun had now gone down, and twilight drew its mantle over the scene. The American officers discovering at length that it was a funeral procession, ceased playing upon it, and in sympathy with the brave who had fallen, fired minute guns till the solemn ceremony was over. It was a burial worthy of the chieftain who had thus fallen on his last battle-field. Amid the thunder of artillery, he was borne from the disastrous fight—the enemy's guns pealed over his grave, and when the mute procession turned away in the gathering shades of evening, their cannon gave his last salute, and the sullen echo, as it rolled over the hills, was his only requiem.

Burgoyne, now convinced that he could not cut his way through the American army, took the only alternative left him, and began his retreat, hoping to retrace his steps to Lake George, and from thence to Canada. This he should have done sooner—now it was too late—for the American army, extending itself on every side, baffled all his efforts, and soon well-nigh completed a circle about him. In every direction the roar of cannon told that the avenues of safety were cut off. Even the last desperate effort, to abandon all his artillery and baggage, and by a rapid night march reach

\* Vide Burgoyne.

Lake George, was seen to be useless. Still Burgoyne lingered—his proud heart refused to yield to the stern necessity which bound him. What! that splendid army, on whose success he had staked his reputation, be surrendered, and all his bright visions sink at once? The thought was too bitter, and he still clung to hope, and dreamed of escaping by some accident from the perils that only thickened as he advanced. For six days he turned and turned, like a scorpion girt with fire, as every moment the devouring element rages nearer—his camp was uncovered, and cannon balls were continually falling into it, while from every height the artillery played upon him, and the sharp crack of the rifle was heard along his lines. He could not enter a house without its becoming in a moment a target for the batteries. Through the hall of council, and through the apartment in which they sat at their scanty dinner, the cannon balls would crash, and it was a constant and steadily increasing storm of iron around him. At length all hope was abandoned, and a council of war was called to deliberate on the terms of capitulation. Their consultations were interrupted by the whistling of bullets and roar of artillery, and the very tent in which they sat was pierced by the American marksmen. Pride and ambition at length yielded to inevitable fate, and that splendid army, the relics of ten thousand men, laid down its arms. Forty-two brass cannon, five thousand stand of arms, and all the camp equipage fell into the hands of the Americans.

Gates received the vanquished commander with courtesy, dressed in a plain blue frock, while the soldiers, on marching out to pile their arms, found not an Ameri

can in the field. The brave fellows were spared the mortification of grounding their arms in the presence of their enemies. But afterwards they were formed in line, and escorted by a light company of dragoons, bearing the stars and stripes over their heads, were conducted through the American army, drawn up in parallel lines. This avenue of victorious soldiers extended nearly a mile; and as the vanquished troops filed off between them, the American bands struck up Yankee Doodle, till the hills rung again with the exultant strain.\*

Thus ended the tragedy, and hope and joy filled the land. Gates had been successful; still he had not shown the highest qualities of a commander, for he had fought both of these battles like a European gentleman—in his camp. With such troops as ours he should have been in the field, especially where so many obstructions required the near oversight of the commander-in-chief. The chieftain whom he disgraced really gained for him the battle; but he did not look on it in that light, and became inflated beyond measure, thus showing himself to be radically a weak man. In his sudden importance and supreme self-conceit, he never deigned to let Washington know of his victory, much less report to him, as commander-in-chief of the army, what he had done.

After this, Gates entered soul and heart into the conspiracy which had been set on foot to displace

\* It is said it was amusing to see the pet wild animals which the Hessian soldiers tugged along in this sad march. Here one tugged away at a grizzly bear, another led a tame deer, a third a fox, a fourth carried a raccoon under his arm,—presenting a most comic spectacle to the American soldiers.

Washington, and put him at the head of the army. The faction which supported his views in Congress created a Board of War, and placed him at the head of it. He then began to enact those follies, and show that disrespect of Washington and that unbounded vanity which make us despise him beyond measure. He planned an invasion of Canada, and prevailed on Congress to adopt it, without consulting Washington in any particular. Lafayette was appointed to command the expedition, under the expectation that the honor would bring him over to the views of the conspirators. The infamous Conway was made second in command, but Lafayette stubbornly refused to accept him, and chose De Kalb in his place. This chagrined Gates deeply, but another act of Lafayette mortified him still more. Previous to his starting for Albany to superintend preparations for the projected invasion, the marquis visited him at Yorktown, and at a public dinner in which great conviviality prevailed, and many toasts were given, arose and said, that one toast had been omitted, which he would propose:—"The commander-in-chief of the American armies." It was received coldly, and even the besotted Gates could see that Lafayette was not to be reckoned on in carrying out his mad designs.

The expedition was abandoned, and probably because it would not further Gates's ambitious plans. While at Yorktown, "his table was filled with plotting civilians, discontented officers, and favor-seeking foreigners; and never was this giddy man more happy than when he saw assembled around him a little court basking under the sunshine of his new fortunes."\* But

\* Vide Life of Hamilton.

with all his plottings and falsehoods he could not shake the army; true to their glorious leader, they exclaimed, "No Washington, no army."

In 1779 Gates was stationed at Providence, in command of the eastern section of the army, but was engaged in no important military service until he was placed by Congress over the southern army. The fall of Charleston had opened the south to Cornwallis, and he was fast overrunning the whole country. Baron de Kalb had been sent forward from the main army to relieve Lincoln, but before he could reach him he had been compelled to surrender, and the former was therefore left in sole command of the forces opposed to Cornwallis. To retrieve these heavy losses Gates had been hastily dispatched south, and arrived at the camp on Deep River the twenty-fifth of July. He immediately issued his proclamations, and called on the militia to rise in defence of their homes. His reputation gained at Saratoga kindled the expiring hopes of the people, and soldiers came flocking to him from every quarter. Assembling his troops, he marched towards Camden, where Lord Rawdon was posted with the British army. The latter immediately concentrated his forces on Lynch's Creek, near the town, and took a strong position, while he dispatched a letter to Cornwallis in great haste, informing him of the storm that was about to burst on his head. Gates, hurrying on, would neither stop for provisions nor to let his army rest. For five or six days at a time the soldiers were without meat, bread, or flour, and lived entirely on green apples, corn, and whatever vegetables they could lay hands on.

At length he arrived in front of Rawdon's position, where his haste seemed suddenly to leave him, for he consumed four days in skirmishes from which he gained nothing. Afraid to force the passage of the creek and attack the English commander in his quarters, he seemed to be waiting for some turn of fortune, he scarce knew what. In the meantime Cornwallis arrived in camp, and Gates saw that his dilatoriness had not been unproductive to the enemy if it had been to himself. Attempting neither to flank his adversary, and thus overwhelm him with his superior force or drive him into a less favorable position; nor to cross the creek higher up and make a descent on Camden, which would have insured the victory, he waited four days in front of a strong position till his enemy could be reinforced, then made a rash attack. There was indeed, at last, some demonstrations made of a flank movement, which caused Rawdon hastily to retire to Camden; but Cornwallis in the meantime had arrived. His energy and skill soon changed the state of affairs—though he was still too feeble to contend with the American army if it had been commanded by an able general. The odds were indeed against him, but he knew that to retreat was to give up both South Carolina and Georgia, for which he had struggled so hard; and so he resolved to hazard a battle. He could not have had a very high opinion of the conqueror of Burgoyne, or he would not have risked so unequal a contest; for he not only determined to hazard an engagement, but also to advance on Gates, posted strongly at Rugely's Mills.

## BATTLE OF CAMDEN.

At length, on the 11th of August, at ten o'clock at night, the English army began to advance in two columns. Not knowing this plan of the British commander Gates had resolved also to move against the English, and at the same hour left his position, and in dead silence came hurrying on through the gloom. The muffled tread of the advancing battalions, the stifled words of command, and the low rumbling of artillery wagons, as the two unsuspecting armies rapidly approached each other, were the only sounds that accompanied their march. They thus toiled silently on for four hours, when suddenly, at two o'clock in the morning, the advance guard of the British found themselves on the head of an American column. The dark mass wound backward till lost in the gloom, but the British boldly advanced to the attack. The midnight was suddenly illumined by flashes of musketry, and in their transient light as far as the eye could see, the fields were filled with marching columns and squadrons of cavalry. Flash followed flash in quick succession, and those two armies looked like huge black monsters in the gloom spitting forth fire from their mouths on each other. Suddenly, as if by mutual consent, the uproar ceased, and darkness again mantled the hosts, and silence rested on the scene. Both generals, unwilling to hazard a nocturnal combat, had resolved to wait for daylight to uncover their respective positions, and the troops stood to their arms through the night.

In a council of war called by Gates, the brave De Kalb wisely advised a retreat to their position at

Rugely's Mills and there await the attack of the enemy. Gates overruled this opinion, and, carried away by some strange infatuation, resolved to give battle in his present position, though hemmed in between two swamps, where his superiority of numbers would give him no advantage in flank movements, and everything must depend on the firmness of the opposing columns. The road ran between these two marshes; and Cornwallis, dividing his army into two portions, stretched one from the road to the swamp on the right, and the other from the road to the swamp on the left, the artillery forming the connecting link. Behind each of these masses stood a battalion as a rear-guard, while Tarleton's legion sat on their horses a little to the right of the road to take advantage of circumstances.

Gates divided his forces into three columns, the centre one, commanded by Caswell, in the road, and the other two, led by Stevens and Gist, on either side. The continental troops of Delaware and Maryland composed the reserve, while Armand's cavalry were placed opposite to Tarleton's legion. Thus the two armies stood when the warm August morning broke over the scene. A death-like calmness rested on the fields, not a breath of air was abroad, the leaves hung motionless on their stems, and a summer haze veiled the sky and gave to the sun a blood-shot appearance as it rolled slowly into view. The Americans looked calmly on the dense masses of scarlet uniforms before them, and would doubtless have met the shock firmly, but for the downright madness of their general. Not exactly liking his order of battle, he endeavored to change the positions of the left and centre columns. Right in the

presence, and within striking distance of his wary foe, he opened his columns and began to execute a manœuvre with his undisciplined militia. A smile passed over the face of Cornwallis when he saw it, and he immediately ordered the right division to charge. Those undisciplined troops were undulating on the field in their slow effort to close up their ranks again, when the artillery opened upon them, and the rapidly advancing column poured a most destructive fire into their very faces. They made a feeble effort to rally, when the Virginians broke and fled. In a moment the field was in an uproar—the artillery on both sides began to play furiously, while from swamp to swamp it was one flash and peal of musketry as the two armies advanced on each other. The smoke of battle would not rise in the dull air, but settled down on the field, and folded heavily in the contending columns. The separate portions of the armies thus became hid from each other, and shouted and charged through the smoke, ignorant of the state of the conflict about them. Amid the intervals of the thunder of artillery, and over the rattle of musketry, strains of martial music struggled up through the sulphurous cloud, and all was confusion and uncertainty. But these two columns, assailed in the process of formation, could not recover their order, and rapidly crumbled away, and at last began to stagger back in a broken mass over the field. Tarleton, seizing the favorable moment, ordered the charge to sound. The blast of those bugles sent terror through the disordered ranks—and the next moment the fierce riders were among them trampling down the dead and dying, and sabering the fugitives without

mercy. All was now lost: the ruined army rolled backwards, and uncovered the reserve of continental troops standing firm as a wall of iron in their places. Letting the disordered tide of battle flow past them, as the rock the waters, they closed sternly on the advancing battalions. De Kalb, the brave, the noble De Kalb, towered on foot at their head, with his drawn sword in his hand, while his hoarse shout was heard even above the uproar of the conflict. Over the piles of dead bodies that obstructed his way—through the terrible fire that wasted his ranks, he led his gallant band to the charge, and fell in such desperate valor on the enemy, that inch by inch they were forced back. The British rushed on at the point of the bayonet, mingling in rapid intermediate volleys; but those resolute troops never shook, though rapidly crumbling away before the overwhelming fire that smote them. Again and again did the calm stern voice of De Kalb carry them to the charge with terrible impetuosity, and three times in succession did they close sternly in with the bayonet. But the whole right wing of the English now leaving the pursuit of the fugitives, turned suddenly upon him and his brave continentals. Enveloped in fire and smoke, fast melting away, that heroic band could not save the battle, but they could save the honor of the flag that waved over them. Turning furiously on those fresh battalions that crowded upon them, they cleared a terrible path for themselves, and stood a blazing citadel on the lost and bloody field. But amid their thinned ranks Tarleton's cavalry now came on a fierce gallop, and De Kalb saw that his hour had come. Shot after shot had struck him,

and the blood was pouring from his side in streams: yet, animated by that spirit which has made the hero in every age, he rallied his men for a last charge, and led them at the point of the bayonet on the dense ranks. Striking a bayonet from his breast, and laying the grenadier that held it dead at his feet, he pressed forward and in the very act of cheering on his men, fell with the blood gushing from eleven wounds. His aids immediately covered him with their bodies, exclaiming, "Save the Baron de Kalb, save the Baron de Kalb!"

This ended the fight, for that noble band, disheartened at the fall of their leader, broke and fled. De Kalb was taken prisoner, but lived only a short time. He spent his last breath in dictating a letter of thanks to his brave troops, who had stood so nobly by him. While this stirring scene had been enacting on the field, Gates was miles away, endeavoring to arrest the fugitives—but round a man who never exposes himself in battle, broken soldiers never rally. The rout was utter, the chase continuing for twenty miles, and the "hero of Saratoga" saw, with inexpressible chagrin, his laurels wither in a moment. Lee, when he met him on his way to join the army, said, "Beware, your northern laurels will turn into southern willows:" and his words had proved true.

This man, who had thought to step into Washington's place, was speedily recalled, and the command given to Greene. When the order to this effect reached him, he was filled with the deepest mortification—he walked the room in great agitation, while his countenance revealed the emotions that struggled within. He showed, however, in this painful position, a better spirit than

could be expected of him : he indulged in no recrimination, no petty revenge, but furnished to his rival all the knowledge and aid in his power. Washington, ever noble and magnanimous forgot, in his disaster, the conceit and rudeness that had marked his prosperity, and wrote to him a kind letter, assuring him of his continued confidence, and condoling with him on the loss of a son, the news of which, just then received, helped to swell the load of sorrow that weighed him down.

But there is no excuse for the management of Gates in this campaign. He committed blunder on blunder, and seemed to be in a desperate hurry, as if he had only to see his enemy in order to capture him. His previous success had intoxicated him, and made him, as it did Marmont in Spain, lose his head. But every one commits blunders, and mistakes are inevitable. These are never thought of in victory, while they are carefully discussed and pointed out in defeat. In this way Gates has been accused of more errors than he really ought to be held accountable for ; and even the palpable one of remaining four days before Rawdon, instead of marching on Camden, *may* have its excuses. Refusing to retreat to a strong position, when he found himself hemmed in between two marshes, was a worse error, but this too *may* have its apologies, and might, under certain views and information, be defended. All these may be mistakes in judgment, arising from causes we cannot fully appreciate ; but he committed one error for which no apology can be rendered—the fatal one of executing a difficult manœuvre—difficult, at least, to the troops he commanded—just when the battle was to be thrown upon him. It

would have been a hazardous experiment with veteran soldiers, and sanctioned only in a case of the most urgent necessity. He knew what was the discipline of the raw recruits under him, and he was perfectly aware of the confusion they would be thrown in by the movement he attempted to make ; and to suppose that a vigilant enemy, drawn up in order of battle, within striking distance of him, would not take advantage of it, argued a lack of common sense perfectly unpardonable in a commander. Marmont lost Spain to Napoleon, and well nigh ruined his own fame, by a similar error, though not half so gross. He had out-manceuvred Wellington, and opened his communications with the reinforcing army, so that the English commander had no other resource but a rapid retreat. In his eagerness to cut this off, he executed a bad manœuvre in the presence of the enemy. Wellington, though thinking only of retreat, took advantage of it, and won a signal victory. Yet Marmont had veterans under his command subject to the most rigid discipline ; while Gates had raw militia, whom he had no right thus to rob of their strength and confidence, and open to the charge of well-trained soldiers. The militia fled shamefully ; but it is not an easy matter for untried troops, while in a state of disorder, to stand firm before the onset of those which are disciplined and steady.

Gates's command was afterwards restored to him, but not till 1782, so that this ended his military career. After the war was over he settled on his old estate in Berkeley county, Virginia. From thence, in 1790, he removed to New York and was elected member of the legislature. He died April 10th, 1806, seventy-seven years of age.

## HIS CHARACTER.

General Gates was a thorough gentleman in his manners, and a good scholar. Possessed of a handsome person, and elevated to the highest rank in the army, he needed only a stronger character and intellect to have finished his career as he commenced it. He seemed, however, to have before him the example of those European generals in former times, who fought battles as gracefully as they would dance a cotillion. The impulse of the brave warrior rushing into danger to arrest a disaster, or by his example carry his men where they dare not go alone, he did not possess. The bare fact that he never stirred from his camp during the two bloody battles that gave him his fame, is enough to condemn him. An emperor could not have acted with more dignity, or set a greater price on his life, than he did at Saratoga. This would hardly be excusable in a commander on an open field, where his observatory commanded the whole scene of action, much less where none of it was in view, and he had to depend entirely on the report of his aids. While the bullets were whistling round Burgoyne as he galloped over the field, Gates sat quietly in his camp, prepared, not to restore a lost battle by his presence and personal bravery, but to order a decent retreat.\* One

\* During the hottest of the battle, Gates was in camp, discussing with Sir Francis Clark the merits of the Revolution. This gentleman had been wounded, and taken prisoner, and was lying on Gates's bed, talking with him. When one of the aids of the latter came galloping from the field. The latter, to his surprise, found his general very much excited, though not about the battle, but because his antagonist

can never think of him with patience in this listless attitude, when it was of such vital importance to our success that the militia should be encouraged and sustained by the sight of their officers. He had none of the spirit of Arnold, who would rather die a thousand deaths than suffer a shameful defeat, nor of De Kalb, who believed a great example was more valuable than his life. That he was not a skilful tactician the battle of Camden is sufficient testimony. His fame rests on the capture of Burgoyne, but here we find that he was not on the field in either battle. The first was fought entirely by Arnold's division and at his urgent request; and with the issue of it, Gates had no more to do than one of his aids. The second was directed after the first few minutes chiefly by Arnold, who did not receive a single order the whole day, while the last brilliant manœuvre that gave such decisive character to the conflict was his entirely. Arnold gave him the victory at Saratoga, yet he quarrelled with him; and De Kalb saved the American arms from utter disgrace at Camden, yet he scorned his counsel, and seriously wounded his feelings. Our country should honor her defenders, but no examples of spurious greatness ought to mislead those who come after.

With all Gates's good breeding he was often wanting in that noble spirit which belongs to a true man. His reception of Burgoyne was gentlemanly and refined, but his neglect to report his actions and his victory to Washington, mean and contemptible. It showed not

would not allow the force of his argument. Walking out of the room he called his aid after him, and asked him if he had "*ever heard so independent a son of a b—h.*"—Vide Wilkinson's Memoirs.

only a weak pride, but an ignoble spirit. Puffed up by his success, and considering himself already commander-in-chief of the American army, he could not condescend to give an account of his actions to any one but Congress. The mild rebuke which Washington administered him contrasts beautifully their characters, and shows the immeasurable distance between them as men. His neglect of the brave Morgan, too, because he would listen to no proposals to overthrow the commander-in-chief—bluntly declaring he would serve under no one but Washington, is another evidence of the ambitious weak man. Even he and his favorite Wilkinson finally quarrelled, and when the latter challenged him he accepted it, and then burst into tears when they met to fight, declaring he would as soon think of shooting his son. This sudden burst of sentiment, after all the preliminaries had been gone through with, and they had arrived on the field, *some* will be so uncharitable as not to appreciate. Gates never betrayed his country, and was doubtless very much shocked at Arnold's treason; but in his efforts to undermine Washington he laid a train which, if it had exploded, would have shivered the Union into fragments. One, selfish and revengeful, offers to surrender a strong fortress for a bribe—the other, equally selfish, shakes our political fabric to its foundations to gratify a mean ambition. Both were doubtless patriotic at first; but both fell through ambition.

## VIII.

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### MAJOR GENERAL STEUBEN.

Wrong Views in the Country respecting Discipline--Steuben's Rank in Europe—Arrival in this Country—Joins the Army at Valley Forge and is appointed Inspector General—His Mode of Discipline—Changes he introduced into the Army—Effect of Discipline—Retires to his Land near Utica—His Death and Burial—His Character, with Personal Anecdotes.

THE name of this generous foreigner is introduced here not for the battles he fought, but for the real benefit he conferred on the country. Though a warrior of tried ability, and capable of managing any army, he unfortunately was unable to speak our language, and hence could not be trusted with a command in the line; but to him, and almost to him alone, were we indebted for that discipline and order which finally made our troops effective. The benefit of his constant drills and instructions to the officers was seen in a few months after he arrived—order sprung out of disorder, and instead of a confused though patriotic throng, we had the basis, at least, of a well-disciplined and powerful army. There is no error more common or more fatal to republican governments, than that raw recruits are as good as regular troops. The wrong impression which the country received on this subject from the battle of

Bunker Hill was soon removed. The battle of Long Island and the retreat to Harlaem, and still later, the battle of Brandywine, showed how little reliance could be placed on raw militia in the open field, when opposed by disciplined soldiers. To fight well behind ramparts, where no manœuvres are to be executed or met, and steady courage and sharp-shooting are the only requisites, is one thing; but to march into the open field, where more or less evolutions are necessary, in order to check those of the enemy, is quite another. The difficulty was not that our troops lacked bravery, for individually they were full of courage; but that they became disordered even from their own motion, and in changing their form or position, passed from the firm array of soldiers into the confusion of a crowd of men.

Firm order not only awes the enemy, but imparts confidence to the soldiers themselves—while on the other hand, they lose all heart when they find their own ranks unsettled and confused. Enthusiasm will frequently compensate for want of discipline, nay, overcome it in a single battle; but it will not keep an army together through long campaigns, fatiguing marches, and protracted sufferings. The power of an enthusiastic people is immense, and men frequently point to Switzerland and Vendée as evidences that determined men, though undisciplined, are always equal to their own defence. But this depends very much on the kind of country in which the warfare is carried on. There is no doubt but that any army which had attempted to advance into our interior, would have shared the fate of Burgoyne's. A land filled with mountain gorges, and

channelled by deep rivers, furnishes a thousand battle-grounds where undisciplined men can make a successful stand. Thus the lofty passes and narrow defiles of Switzerland render the march of an immense army into it fatal. The more formidable the mass the larger the mark for the sharp-shooters, and the greater the destruction when rocks and trees are hurled from the precipices upon it. Vendée too was an inland country, furnishing no point of safety on which an invading army could fall back in case of defeat, and no great key, the occupation of which would secure the conquest at once—the *soil* had to be conquered. We could have done equally well away from our seaboard. Had the Alleghanies and hills of New Hampshire and Vermont been our rallying points, and their dark gorges and fastnesses the places where we made our stand, no army in the world could have overcome us. But to defend our sea-ports, and keep possession of the open and level country, bulwarks of men were necessary—men who were accustomed to all the subtle movements of war. Physical force is but half, even when everything depends on hard blows. Mind and skill are needed, and the discipline which puts that force under their control. A single false movement is often fatal in battle. Washington found it useless to drill his men; for the moment they began to exhibit the benefit of their instructions their term of enlistment expired, and they shouldered their muskets and marched home. Besides, our officers were almost entirely ignorant of military tactics, and had no books from which to instruct themselves. Hence in open field fight our army was unwieldy, unmanageable, and could

not be thrown steadily, or with half the force it really possessed, on the enemy. At Alneida Wellington could swing his army in perfect order, as on a pivot, across a plateau four miles in breadth, while artillery cavalry and infantry thundered upon it with a fierceness that threatened to bear away the very plain itself. The French infantry at Wagram could stand for a whole hour before the Austrian batteries, and let the heavy balls tear through their ranks without returning a shot; and the young Guard at Krasnoi could march into a semicircle of Russian cannon, and there remain till nearly half of their entire number sunk to the earth, in order to save the army. Undisciplined troops never do such things. To prevent an enemy from penetrating into the interior of a country, where every ravine and gorge and river furnishes a rallying place for brave men, is comparatively an easy task; but to protect seaports without ships and without a thoroughly organized army, is altogether another affair; yet this was what the nation expected of Washington.

The state of our army the second year after the war commenced, shows the result of this reliance on mere enthusiasm. A few thousand of half-naked men at Valley Forge constituted our main force, and but for the discipline and oversight of Steuben, and other foreign officers, it is difficult to say what the next two years would have been.

It is very singular that Steuebn ever consented to come to this country. Aid-de-camp to the King of Prussia—having leurned the art of war under the renowned Frederick, he finally resigned his place, and was presented with the canonry of the Cathedral of

Havelburg, and a salary of twelve hundred florins. Returning to his estate at Wilhelm, between Baden and Wirtemberg, he was there made grand-marshal of the court of the Prince of Hohenzollern-Hechingen, with an additional salary of twelve hundred florins. He was also appointed knight of the order of Fidelity by the Prince Margrave of Baden, who soon after made him chief of all his troops, with emoluments amounting to some two thousand florins more. He had received before brilliant offers from the King of Sardinia, to enter his service, and also was sought by the Emperor of Austria. With a salary of nearly three thousand dollars, the baron was well settled, and on that sum could live like a prince; and yet he resigned it all and came to this country a soldier of fortune. Not an exile—not a man like Pulaski, or Kosciusko, who suffered from oppression at home—but high in honor and rank, he hastened to share our struggles and our sufferings.

At the urgent request of some English noblemen, who had been passing some time with him in Germany, he, in 1777, set out to visit England, stopping on his way at Paris. Here Count St. Germain, then French minister of war, endeavored to persuade him to go to America and join the army. The wary French minister knew that our great weakness lay in our want of discipline and ignorance of military tactics; and fully resolved on depriving England of her colonies, he wished to get experienced officers among us. He knew also there was no one better fitted to render us aid in this department than Steuben, and he therefore held out flattering promises to him. The latter, however, spoke of his age, his lucrative situation, and the

risk he ran in throwing it away in an uncertain struggle, and also of his ignorance of the English language. Still he gave the subject serious consideration enough to see the American envoys, Dr. Franklin and Silas Deane, then in Paris. They were anxious to secure his services, but could make no offer of funds or position. This decided him, and he returned home. But on reaching Rastadt, he found a letter from St. Germain, informing him that a vessel was about to sail for America, and urging him to return and embark in it—adding that a satisfactory arrangement should be made. He did so, and relying entirely on the promises of the French Court for remuneration, and fortified with letters of introduction from our envoys to Congress and Washington, set sail and at length on the 1st of December, 1777, arrived in Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

Congress received him with every mark of distinction, and appointed a committee to confer with him. He proposed, of his own accord, to enter the army as a volunteer; and if his services were not satisfactory, or if the United States should not succeed in obtaining their independence, he was to receive nothing. If, on the contrary, they were successful, and he was retained in the service, he expected that the money he was compelled to lose in order to take up arms in their behalf, would be refunded, and a fair compensation given him. These certainly very generous terms Congress accepted, and forthwith the baron departed for Valley Forge. A more sorry introduction to our army for one who had served in Europe, could not well be conceived. He had found our cities in possession of a powerful enemy, and when he came to look for the

force that was to retake them, he saw only a few thousand famished, half-naked men, looking more like beggars than soldiers—cooped up in miserable log huts, dragging out the desolate winter amid the straw. As the doors of these hovels opened, he beheld men destitute of clothing, wrapping themselves up in blankets, and muttering complaints against Congress, which could treat them with such injustice and inhumanity. He was astonished; and declared that no European army could be kept together, under such sufferings. All discipline was gone, and the troops were no better than a ragged horde, with scarcely the energy to struggle for self-preservation. There was hardly any cavalry, but slender artillery, while the guns and accoutrements—a large portion of them—were unfit for use. Our army had never before been in such a state, and a more unpropitious time for Steuben to enter on his work could not have been selected. Nothing daunted, however, and with all the sympathies of his noble nature roused in our behalf, he began, as soon as spring opened, to instruct both officers and men. His ignorance of our language crippled him at first very much; while the awkwardness of our militia, who, gathered as they were from every quarter, scarcely knew the manual exercise, irritated him beyond measure. They could not execute the simplest manœuvre correctly, and Steuben, who was a choleric man, though possessed of a soul full of generosity and the kindest feelings of human nature, would swear and curse terribly at their mistakes, and when he had exhausted all the epithets of which he was master, would call on his aid and ask him to curse in his stead. Still the soldiers

loved him, for he was mindful of their sufferings, and often his manly form was seen stooping through the doors of their hovels, to minister to their wants and relieve their distresses.

It was his practice to rise at three o'clock in the morning, and dress his hair, and smoke, and take a cup of coffee, and at sunrise be in the saddle. By that time also, if it was a pleasant day, he had the men marching to the field for their morning drill. First he would place them in line, then pass along in front, carefully examining their guns and accoutrements, and inquiring into the conduct of the subordinate officers. The fruit of his labor soon appeared in the improved condition of the men—and so impressed was Washington with the value of his services, that he wrote to Congress, requesting a permanent appointment for him. He was in consequence made inspector-general, with the rank of major-general. This branch of the service now received the attention it deserved, and sub-inspectors were appointed throughout the army; and discipline, before irregular, or practised only under particular leaders, was introduced into every portion. All the arrangements, even to the minutest, were planned and perfected by Steuben, and the vast machinery of an army began to move in harmony and order. His labors in this department were incessant. He had one company which he drilled to the highest point of discipline, as a model by which to instruct the others. The result of all this was seen in the very next campaign, at the battle of Monmouth. Washington there rallied his men while in full retreat, and brought them into action under the very blaze of the enemy's guns

They wheeled like veteran troops into their places, and then moved steadily on the foe. Steuben, during the action, was employed in reconnoitering the enemy and in forming the troops, and so accustomed had the soldiers become to his orders, that they obeyed them in the very heat of the engagement, as accurately as they would have done on drill. Hamilton, who had often had the opportunity of seeing our militia manoeuvre on the battle-field, was struck with the change, and was afterwards heard to say, that he never before had any conception of the value of military discipline. The taking of Stony Point and Paulus Hook, at the point of the bayonet, without firing a single shot, pleased Steuben amazingly, and he said, "We are beginning to walk."

At Monmouth, while reconnoitering, he came very near being taken prisoner; and the report he made to Washington, of Lee's retreat, provoked the latter into such harsh expressions against him, that the old veteran promptly called him to account for them, and compelled him to withdraw the offensive language.

He now wished to take command in the line, and claim his rank as major-general, but our officers made such a clamor the moment a foreigner was promoted over them, that Washington dare not gratify him, and the Baron, seeing the embarrassing position in which the commander-in-chief was placed, had the generosity not to press his request.

In the fall of 1778, he was engaged in writing a sort of manual for the army, containing the rules of discipline and inspection. He undertook it at the request of Washington and the Board of War, and having no

work from which to compile it, was compelled to rely entirely on his own knowledge and remembrance of the Prussian system. Being comparatively ignorant of the English language, he wrote it first in French, and afterwards had it translated. This, though a small work, caused him much annoyance, especially in getting it through the press. It was adopted by Congress, approved by Washington, and became the standard, indeed the only work on discipline in the army, and continued to be so till the close of the war; and even after that, was selected by several of the states, as the guide for the discipline of the militia. Steuben had the good sense to perceive that our people were not in a state to receive benefit from all the minutiae and detail of the European system; and hence rejected many things he himself had been accustomed to practise.

In August, the next year, he was sent to Providence, to introduce among the troops under Gates the rules which had been adopted by the main army, and from thence went to Boston to conduct the French minister, Chevalier de la Luzerne, to head-quarters. The February of 1780 he spent in Philadelphia, to aid the Board of War in putting the army in the best state for the approaching campaign. His accurate and extensive knowledge of our forces, the means in their power, and their state of discipline, were of invaluable service. He then went to West Point, to give his counsel respecting the best means of defending the fortress against the threatened attack of the British. Here he often reviewed the troops, and the French officers, who frequently visited him, were surprised at the perfection of discipline he had secured in so short

a time General Montmorency was especially struck at the silence with which the troops performed all their evolutions, and remarked upon it, saying he was surprised to hear so little noise. "*Noise !*" exclaimed the Baron ; " I do not know where the noise should come from, when even my brigadiers dare not open their mouths but to repeat my orders." At another time, one of them was mentioning some difficult evolutions performed by the Prussians, in Silesia, and added, that they could not yet be expected from Americans. Steuben replied, that he would save the gentlemen present the trouble of going to Silesia to witness them, for he would have them gone through with the next week, at Verplanck's Point ; and true enough, at the appointed time they saw, to their amazement, those very evolutions, which they deemed so intricate, performed with the utmost precision. The Baron was proud of his men, for they improved rapidly under his instructions ; and scarcely a review passed in which he did not distribute rewards to some of the soldiers, who had shown uncommon quickness in mastering their lessons. In 1780, he was selected as one of those who were to try Andre—and possessing the soul of honor himself, had no hesitation in pronouncing sentence of death on that unfortunate officer.

After the rout of Gates at Camden, he was sent with Greene to defend the south. The latter, passing over into North Carolina to measure his strength with Cornwallis, left him to command in Virginia. The Baron now unexpectedly found himself acting in the capacity of major-general, but as he was compelled to forward all the troops he could raise to Greene, he

was scarce ever in command even of a single regiment. His duty was an odious one, for, besides the harassing business of raising recruits, he was exposed to the complaints and clamors of the people, who no sooner saw an army furnished, than it disappeared over the borders to protect a sister state. Steuben, who was not remarkable for the virtues of forbearance and patience, often spoke out his sentiments rather bluntly, even to the authorities of the state; but Jefferson, who knew and appreciated him, bore all in good part.

In the meantime, Arnold's sudden irruption into the state excited the greatest alarm, and all eyes were directed to Steuben for relief. But he had only a hundred and fifty men under his control, and could do nothing. It chafed him dreadfully to find himself thus fettered and crippled, while the traitor, whom he abhorred, marched unmolested through the country. When Arnold sent a flag to him, offering not to burn Richmond, if he would allow the vessels to ascend the river without molestation, and carry off the tobacco, the old soldier gave an indignant refusal; and so the former, having set fire to the public buildings, and plundered the private ones, retreated. Steuben immediately collected what force he could, and followed after—making a demonstration wherever there was the slightest chance of even partial success. He felt the successful invasion as keenly as if it had been a personal insult, and strained every nerve to fetch his enemy a blow. Like Ney in the retreat from Moscow, he descended to the duties of the commonest soldier, and did all that could be done by any man with his means.

At length the four thousand militia voted by the state were raised, but before they could be brought into the field Arnold was safe in Portsmouth; and so, three-quarters of them, for the sake of economy, were dispatched again to their homes. With the remainder Steuben closed around Portsmouth, hoping for a favorable opportunity to harass the enemy. While here, he and Jefferson concerted a plan to get possession of Arnold, but the constant watchfulness of the latter frustrated it.

Another plan was laid, however, which promised greater success, and which would not only have destroyed Arnold, but his entire army. A portion of the French fleet was dispatched to the Chesapeake to hem him in seaward, while Lafayette was sent with a division of the army to surround him by land. His orders were positive, not to grant the traitor any terms which should secure him from the punishment he deserved. He reached his destination, and joined Steuben; but while they were looking anxiously for the arrival of the vessels with which they were to co-operate, an English fleet came sailing up the bay, and thus released Arnold from a position from which it would have tasked even his extraordinary genius to extricate himself. With a heavy heart Lafayette turned his footsteps north, and Steuben was again left alone. In April, however, a new invasion of the state, under General Philips, with twenty-five hundred men, being planned, Lafayette was ordered to retrace his steps and save Richmond. While yet on his way, the British had ascended as far as Petersburg, where Steuben, with only a thousand militia, defended himself so

bravely, that the enemy advanced only one mile in two hours. With twenty-three hundred regular troops against him, he still contested the ground with such stubbornness, that he retarded their progress, and killed and wounded sixty of their soldiers. By forced marches Lafayette succeeded in reaching Richmond and saving the place.

Soon after Cornwallis entered Virginia and effected a junction with Arnold, who, on the death of Gen. Phillips, had succeeded to the command. Washington hearing of it, dispatched Wayne with reinforcements, who, with Lafayette and Steuben, pressed Cornwallis so vigorously that he was compelled to intrench himself at Yorktown. In the siege that followed by Washington, the Baron was gratified by receiving a place in the line, and did good service. He was in the trenches when the proposition to surrender was under discussion, and at the relieving hour Lafayette came up with his division; but the former stubbornly refused to be relieved, saying that European etiquette required that the officer who receives the overtures should keep his post till the capitulation is either signed or broken. During the siege a shell fell near him, when he suddenly threw himself in the trench to escape the explosion. He had scarcely struck the bottom before Wayne, leaping from the same danger, fell upon him. The Baron, looking up very coolly, remarked that he was an excellent officer, for he covered the retreat of his general admirably.

It is difficult to sum up the full value of Steuben's labors, but his arrival among us formed one of the epochs of our Revolution. The discipline he intro-

duced wrought such wonders at Monmouth, and made such veterans of those who stormed Stony Point, that the eyes of government and of the officers were opened at once, and a complete revolution was effected in the army. From that time on our regulars were never beaten in a fair fight. At Camden, where the militia fled almost at the first fire, how bravely the continentals met the whole shock of the battle, and saved the honor of our flag on that disastrous field. Greene in his southern campaign relied entirely on the regulars. At Guilford a single regiment broke two regiments, each larger than itself, to pieces, "without stopping to breathe. At Eutaw Springs, although the militia fought nobly, the finishing blow was given by the continentals, who swept the field with the bayonet, and, to the utter amazement of the English troops, beat them with their favorite weapon.

Just after the close of the war, Steuben was sent to Canada, to demand of the commander of that province the surrender of the posts on the frontier. Not succeeding in his mission, he returned to head-quarters, and in a short time the army was disbanded. Washington, on the day he resigned his commission to Congress, wrote him a letter, expressing the high esteem and affection he bore him. Failing to obtain the office of Secretary of War, he retired to private life, and for seven years endeavored in vain to prevail on Congress to remunerate him for his services. At length, through the instrumentality of Hamilton and Washington, he obtained a salary of twenty-five hundred dollars a year—only half of that which he had surrendered fourteen years before to risk all in our ser-

vice. How Congress could thus coolly violate its own contract, the witnesses to which were still living, and had given in their testimony, is not easily reconciled with justice or national integrity. Steuben, however, had to be satisfied with it; though some of the states generously made him grants of land as testimonies of the high value they placed upon his services. Virginia and New Jersey gave him small tracts, while the New York Assembly voted him a whole township, near Utica.

Here the old aide-de-camp of Frederick having built himself a log-house, and cleared off sixty acres of land, sat down for the remainder of his life. With his trusty servants, and some few friends who still clung to him with romantic attachment, around him, he watched the current of his years drift peacefully away without a sigh for the courtly splendors he had left behind him in the old world. Notwithstanding the injustice with which he had been treated, he never seemed inclined to leave his adopted country. Its free institutions suited well his bold and independent spirit, and he loved it like a father to the last. His life was passed in acts of generosity, and beloved by all, he was enjoying a vigorous old age, when, on the 25th of November, 1797, he was suddenly struck with paralysis, and lived but three days after. He directed just before his death, that he should be buried in a forest near his house, in his military cloak, with the star of honor, which he always wore, placed on his breast. His weeping servants, and a few rustic neighbors, formed the procession that bore him to his solitary place of burial; and there in the still woods, with his martial cloak around him, and the star flashing on his breast,

they laid the old warrior down. His stormy career was over, and he who had passed his life on the battle-field, had not a flag to droop over his hearse, or a soldier to discharge his farewell shot above his grave. He was left alone in the forest, with the tall stems of the trees standing like sentinels about him, and the wind sighing through their tops his only dirge.

#### HIS CHARACTER, WITH PERSONAL ANECDOTES.

Steuben was eccentric in his habits, frank blunt and irritable, and always expressed his sentiments without regard to friend or foe. Having spent his life in camp, he was frequently rough in his manners, and when excited, rash as a storm. Still, the soldiers and officers loved him, for a generous act would always repay a sudden wrong, and under that stern military exterior beat as kind a heart as ever dwelt in a human bosom. He was prodigal to a fault, and an appeal to his sympathies he never could resist—consequently, as objects of charity were plentiful enough during our Revolution, he was never long in possession of money. Whenever he had anything to eat, his table was crowded with officers, and often with those of inferior rank. Once, in directing some of the latter class to be invited, he said, “Poor fellows, they have field-officers’ stomachs, without their pay or rations.” On one occasion, he sold a part of his camp equipage in order to give a dinner to some French officers, at whose table he had often been a guest. “I can stand it no longer,” said he in his blunt manner, “I will give one grand dinner to our allies, should I eat soup with a wooden

spoon forever after." After the surrender of Yorktown, he sold his horse to be able to give a dinner to the British officers. Every major-general in the army had extended this courtesy but him, and distressed at the reflection this neglect cast upon his hospitality, he parted with his horse in order to raise the funds he needed. His watch had been pawned before under some generous impulse, and as he could not borrow the money, this was his last resort. When the army was on the point of leaving Virginia, he went to Major North, who was lying sick with a fever, and told him that he was to be left behind; "but," said he, "the instant you are able, leave this unhealthy place; I have left my sulky for you, and here (handing him a piece of gold) is half of all I possess in the world. Go bless you, I can say no more." Of the strictest integrity and honor himself, he scorned meanness or treachery in others, and hence never could hear Arnold mentioned without an expression of indignation. Once in reviewing a regiment, he heard the name of Benedict Arnold called in the muster roll. He immediately ordered the private bearing this detested cognomen to advance out of the line. He was a fine-looking fellow—every inch a soldier—and the Baron, after surveying him a moment, said, "Change your name, brother soldier; you are too respectable to bear the name of a traitor." "What name shall I take, general?" inquired the young man. "Take any other; mine is at your service." He accepted it, and immediately had his name enrolled Frederick William Steuben. The Baron settled upon him in return a pension of five dollars a month, and afterwards gave him a tract of land.

With all his strict notions of discipline and subordination, he was prompt to redress the slightest wrong done to the meanest soldier. Once at a review near Morristown, he ordered a Lieutenant Gibbons to be arrested on the spot for a supposed error, and sent to the rear. The latter was, however, innocent, and felt the disgrace keenly. The colonel of the regiment saw that he had been wronged, and waiting till the baron's wrath had subsided, advanced and told him that the young officer was not in fault, and was suffering keenly under the mortification inflicted upon him. "Ask Lieutenant Gibbons to come to the front, colonel," said the old veteran. He was brought forward, when Steuben said aloud before the whole regiment, "Sir, the fault which was made by throwing the line into confusion, might have been fatal in the presence of an enemy. I arrested you as its supposed author; but I have reason to believe I was mistaken, and that you were blameless. I ask your pardon; return to your command. I would not deal unjustly by any, much less by one whose character as an officer is so respectable." "All this passed with the Baron's hat off, the rain pouring on his venerable head."\*

His acts of kindness were innumerable. In passing from New York to Virginia, on one occasion, he heard a constant wailing in the fore part of the vessel, and on inquiring the cause, and being told that a little negro boy, who had been purchased by a southern gentleman, was crying for his parents, he immediately purchased him and carried him back to his home. Soon after the little fellow, while out a fishing, fell into the water

\* Vide Thatcher's Military Journal.

and was drowned. When the Baron heard of it he evinced the deepest emotion, saying, "I have been the cause of his death; if he had followed his own destiny all would have been well."

The disbanding of the army at Newburgh was a distressing scene—officers and men were required to lay down their arms, and poor, unpaid and destitute to return to their homes. Steuben, though he had no home, nor relative in the country, and was a stranger in an impoverished land, still endeavored to cheer up the desponding officers, and throw a little sunshine on the gloom. Seeing Colonel Cochrane standing alone, the picture of sorrow, he tried to comfort him, by saying that better times would come. "For myself," replied the brave officer, "I can stand it. But my wife and daughters are in the garret of that wretched tavern, and I have nowhere to carry them, nor even money to remove them." "Come, come," said the Baron, whose kind nature this reply had completely overcome, "I will pay my respects to Mrs. Cochrane and your daughters, if you please;" and away he strode to the tavern. He was not absent long, but he left happy hearts in that lonely garret. He had emptied the entire contents of his purse on the table, then hastened away to escape the tears and blessings that were rained upon him. As he walked towards the wharf, he came upon a poor negro soldier whose wounds were yet unhealed, bitterly lamenting that he had not the means with which to get to New York. Touched with his sufferings, the Baron's hand immediately sought his pocket, but the last cent had been left in the garret; so turning to an officer, he bor-

rowed a dollar, and handing it to the negro, hailed a sloop and put him aboard. As the poor fellow hobbled on deck, he turned, and with tears streaming down his face, exclaimed, "God Almighty bless you, master Baron!" The old veteran brushed a tear from his eye, and turned away. Thus did this stern warrior heart, which had moved without flinching, through the storm of so many battles, melt like a child's at the call of sympathy.

Steuben was a firm believer in the Christian religion, and a constant attendant on divine worship, when in the city. He sleeps well beneath the soil of the land he helped to free; and though the nation refuses to erect a monument to his worth, when we cease to remember his deeds, we shall be unworthy of the heritage he left us.

## IX.

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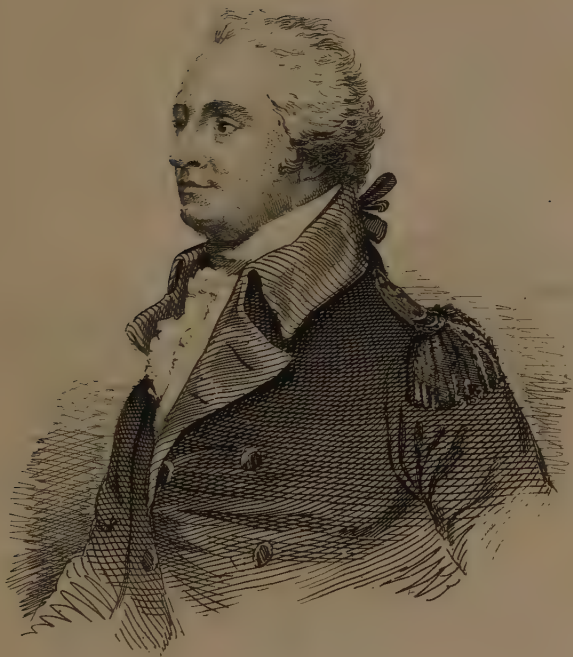
### MAJOR GENERAL WAYNE.

His Early Life—Appointed Brigadier General—Conduct at Brandy wine—Battle of Germantown—Is Surprised by the British—Bravery at Monmouth—Storming of Stony Point—Bravery at Green Spring—Wounded by a Sentinel—Is sent to Georgia—Defeats the Choctaws—Surprises the English—Storming of his Camp by the Indians—Returns to Private Life—Expedition against the Indians in 1793—His Character.

Nothing tends so much to perpetuate the brilliant deeds of a man as some sobriquet indicative of his character. Thus Lannes was called the "Ajax" of the French army; Junot, "the tempest;" Murat, "the preux chevalier;" and Ney, "the bravest of the brave." Wayne is known the country over, as "Mad Anthony." The fierceness of his charge, and the fury with which he stormed through a fight, gave him this appellation. Such an epithet, by its familiarity, endears the brave officer to the people, and they love to call him by it alone.\*

ANTHONY WAYNE was born in the county of Chester,

\* This name was originally given by a witless fellow in the camp, who used always to take a circuit when he came near Wayne, and shaking his head, mutter to himself, "Mad Anthony! mad Anthony!" It was so characteristic of Wayne, however, that the troops universally adopted it



Anty Wayne



Pennsylvania, the 1st of January, 1745, and a better new year's gift fortune could not have presented to the nation. Sent to school at an early age to his uncle, he passed from thence to the Philadelphia Academy where he remained till seventeen years old, devoting most of his time to mathematical studies. Having completed his education, he returned to his native place and opened a surveyor's office.

Such was his reputation as an energetic and careful man, that though only twenty years of age, he was sent by some gentlemen of Pennsylvania to Nova Scotia, for the purpose of locating a grant of land to be obtained from the crown. He fulfilled his task so well, that he was chosen superintendent of the settlements, and retained this honorable post until 1767. At this time he married the daughter of Benjamin Primrose, of Philadelphia, and returning to his birthplace, resumed his former business of land-surveyor. Here he continued till the question of taxation began to agitate the colonies. He not only took firm ground against the aggressive acts of the mother country, but from the outset declared that the difficulties would end in open hostilities. Leaving politicians, therefore, to discuss the question of right, he went to work organizing a volunteer corps, and in six weeks had a regiment under his command. At the opening of the war he was appointed colonel by Congress, and dispatched to the northern army, then invading Canada.

He was at this time thirty years of age; handsome, fearless, full of fire and energy, and panting like a young knight for glory. Arriving at the river Sorel, he was selected to take part in the miserably conducted attack on Trois Rivières. The commanding

officer, General Thompson, having been taken prisoner, and Colonel St. Clair, next in rank, being injured by running a root through his foot, the direction of the troops devolved on Wayne, who, though wounded infinitely worse than St. Clair, conducted the retreat with skill and success. He fell back with the army to Ticonderoga, and was there when Arnold fought his naval battle on Lake Champlain. When Gates was ordered to the Jerseys to reinforce Washington, then hard pressed, he was left with two thousand five hundred men in command of the fortress. Here he received his appointment of brigadier-general.

The next spring at his urgent request he was joined to the main army, and placed over a brigade. He knew that the great struggle was to be about Washington, and he did not wish to be away while it was passing. Young and ardent, his fiery spirit needed more action than the confined walls of a fortress permitted, and he begged to be placed in the open field, where work was to be done and glory gained. Previous to the battle of Brandywine, he then in Sullivan's command, hung incessantly on the rear of the British army—now rushing to the attack, and now retreating, exhibiting a daring, and yet prudence, which elicited the highest praise from his commander. At the battle of Brandywine he was stationed at Chad's Ford, to prevent the enemy from crossing at that point. Two miles off on his right, lay Armstrong's division, and on his left that of Sullivan, while Greene held the reserve. But Howe did not choose to risk the battle by forcing the Americans in front, and so detached Cornwallis, with the main part of the army, to cross several miles

farther up the river, and by a circuitous march fall on the flank and rear of the Americans. The manœuvre succeeded, and the latter were driven in disorder from the field. When Knyphausen saw the progress of Cornwallis, he put his columns in motion, and began to cross the ford, so as to join in the battle. Ever since morning he had kept up a furious cannonade across the river, on purpose to distract the American general from the main point of attack.

Wayne defended his position with great bravery, steadily hurling back the masses of the enemy till sunset, when seeing some British emerge from a wood on his flank, he ordered a retreat, and pressed after the defeated army.

Washington retired to Chester, and from thence to Philadelphia. Soon after, however, having received reinforcements, he again took the field, and marching rapidly on the Lancaster road, halted within five miles of Goshen, where Lord Howe lay with his forces. The two armies were immediately placed in battle array, the advanced parties opened their fire, and everything indicated a fierce battle. But just then there came on a furious rain-storm, drenching the American troops and spoiling their ammunition, so that they were compelled to retire.

The next day Washington dispatched Wayne to Howe's rear, in order to cut off his baggage train. Making a circuitous march, he at length took post three miles from the British camp and waited for the reinforcements under Smallwood. In the meantime, Howe had been informed by spies of his dangerous proximity, and immediately resolved to make a

night attack on his camp and capture it. A rumor of this expedition reached the latter before evening and though he doubted its truth, he still, as an act of precaution, doubled his pickets and patrols, and ordered his men to sleep on their arms, with their ammunition under their coats. It was a dark and rainy night, and all was silent in the camp, when word was brought that a British column was close upon it. Guided by the fires, the dark mass of the enemy was noiselessly approaching with fixed bayonets, hoping to find the Americans sunk in sleep. But Wayne immediately ordered Colonel Hampton to wheel the line, and move off, while he himself, with the horse and a portion of the infantry, covered the retreat. This officer delayed to execute the orders given him, till they had been repeated three times, and thus allowed the British to approach. Rushing furiously to the attack, and relying solely on the bayonet, they for a while made terrible slaughter. The midnight was lighted up with the flash of musketry, as Wayne, endeavoring to arrest the assailants, poured his volleys upon them; but nothing could stop their progress, and they swept the entire camp, capturing all the baggage and stores, and leaving one hundred and fifty Americans on the field. Smallwood was only a mile from the scene of action, and had his troops been firm and marched forward, they might have reversed the victory; but meeting the wreck of Wayne's command driving through the darkness, they turned and fled in affright.\*

\* There is much difference of opinion respecting this surprise of Wayne. Following my authority, I have here given the best version of the affair, which I candidly confess I do not wholly believe. It is

## BATTLE OF GERMANTOWN.

Shortly after this the battle of Germantown was delivered, in which Wayne fought with his accustomed bravery. After the action of Brandywine, the British steadily advanced until they finally took possession of Philadelphia. Cornwallis, however, entered the city with but a small portion of his troops, leaving the main army encamped at Germantown along the Schuylkill. On this Washington determined to fall suddenly with his entire force, and retrieve the heavy losses he had sustained. Dividing his army into four portions, he designed to enter the town at four different points—the whole, in their advance, tending to a common centre, like the spokes of a wheel—and thus distracting the enemy by attacking them in so many opposite directions, capture them at once or drive them into the river. On the evening of the third of October, at seven o'clock, the columns were put in motion, and marched rapidly towards Germantown. It was a dark night, and a heavy fog enveloped everything. Detachments of cavalry were sent forward to scour the road, and went galloping through the gloom—officers dashed about in the mist to preserve order, while the rumbling of the artillery wagons, and the heavy tread of the advancing thousands, shook the ground; and all betokened a fierce struggle at hand.

difficult to conceive how Wayne should have lost a hundred and fifty men, and all his camp equipage, when he was prepared for an attack and had a safe retreat open to him. The simple fact, that Hampton did not immediately obey orders, does not explain it. Whether to blame or not, he was evidently taken by surprise.

Thus they marched all night, and in the morning reached the outskirts of the town, when the separate columns wheeled off to their respective positions. Armstrong was to gain the enemy's left and rear Greene to move down on the right wing, Smallwood and Freeman to march along the old York road, upon the right flank, while Sullivan and Wayne, accompanied by Washington in person, were to fall on the centre, and thus together crowd the British army in a confused mass on the Schuylkill.

The day now began to dawn, and the troops, though they had marched fourteen miles during the night, pressed cheerfully forward ; and the army, with its wide extended wings, swooped like a descending eagle upon the enemy's camp, threatening to bear it away with one fell stroke. The pickets were driven in, and firing their guns in alarm, fled back to camp. In a moment drums beat furiously through the mist—" *To arms ! to arms !*" rose in muffled accents on the thick air, the artillery blazed through the twilight, horsemen glanced like spectres on the sight, and amid the pealing of trumpets, and roar of cannon, and shouts of men, the battle opened. Wayne, at the head of his column, drove everything before him. His steady troops took the first fire of the enemy without returning a shot, and pressing rapidly forward, swept the field with the bayonet. The disordered troops, however, rallying again, awaited the onset firmly, when the volleys on both sides opened with terrible effect. But nothing could resist the impetuous Americans, and again and again they broke the enemy's ranks to pieces. Led on by Wayne, who galloped into the hottest of the fire, they charged with

such fury that the firmest grenadiers recoiled from the shock. The fog was so thick that the lines could not see each other till within a few rods, and hence often fired at each other's volleys, and charged where the last blaze was seen. Riding gallantly at the head of his column, cheering on his men, Wayne was struck in the foot by a spent ball—another grazed his hand, a third and fourth smote his horse in the head and flank, and he sunk to the earth.\* Springing to his feet, he shouted “forward!” and, pressing on in his fierce passage, drove the routed enemy before him in utter confusion. Sullivan, with Washington, a little to the south, was charging like fire on the centre, while the smoke of the musketry and cannon mingling in black volumes with the fog, made the darkness still more impenetrable, and enveloped the armies in a strange and fearful battle-cloud. The white steed of Washington was seen galloping through the gloom, and where the volleys were heaviest, there that lofty form towered on the sight, as the cloud opened for a moment around him. Bearing down all opposition, the victorious troops swept forward with shouts and huzzas, and a glorious victory seemed already won. Oh! then for one hour of broad daylight, for a single burst of sunshine to reveal to those divided columns their true position.

But in this critical moment a large body of troops emerged through the mist, directly on the left flank of Sullivan's and Wayne's divisions. Terror-struck at the thought of being cut off in the rear, the men turned and

\* Two days after the battle, this noble roan, much to the astonishment of Wayne, walked leisurely into camp. His wounds had proved not to be mortal, and he had wandered about till he found the army.

fled. Alas ! his was but one of the attacking columns just entering the battle. It was too late, however, to remedy the error ; everything got in confusion, and the enemy in the interval rallied and turned in pursuit. A large stone building, called Chew's house, directly on the line of march, into which some British soldiers threw themselves, and maintained their position against every attack, also contributed to secure a defeat. Afraid to leave this strong post in the rear, and stopping to reduce it, retarded the onward movement of the whole army, and hence weakened the force of the first attack. The other columns, after coming into the action gallantly, found they were not sustained, and fell back, and the order to retreat was given.

Wayne commanded the rear-guard, and placing a battery on a low hill, opened such a destructive fire on the heads of the pursuing regiments that they staggered under it, and finally recoiled. A detachment of Americans, exhausted and close pressed, were flying in a broken mass before them, and would have been captured but for this sudden and well-directed fire.

The actual loss on both sides was nearly equal ; and though the attack, so well planned, owing to the dense fog, was repulsed, the Americans considered themselves by no means beaten, and were eager for another engagement.

These two battles on a large scale, the first in which Wayne took a part, did not destroy the confidence reposed in him by the commander-in-chief. Cool in the hour of danger, steady in the shock, and headlong in the assault, he showed himself worthy to stand beside his renowned leader.

The next winter, while our army lay at Valley Forge, naked, destitute, and heart-broken, Wayne was busy in New Jersey obtaining provisions and horses, in which service he was compelled to exercise all his dexterity to prevent being surprised by the enemy. One company was taken by the Hessians, and massacred while crying for quarter.

At the battle of Monmouth he commanded under Lafayette, and during that fearful day fought with such desperate valour, and poured his troops to the charge with such impetuosity, that he drew forth expressions of admiration from Washington. Disputing every inch of ground with a tenacity that nothing seemed able to shake, and pressing every advantage with a vigor that even the burning sun under which he toiled could not lessen, he stood one of the chief props of that glorious battle. In the first place, when the council of war decided against the action, he sternly refused to sign the proceedings; and at Lee's retreat was thrown into a perfect rage. Burning for the conflict, he entered it soul and heart, and his last charge on the enemy's centre was terrible. Nothing could resist it—the English thousands recoiled and fled, and those who pressed after “Mad Anthony” that day, never forgot the enthusiasm and fury with which he carried them to the onset.

#### STORMING OF STONY POINT.

But the most brilliant action of his life, and one most illustrative of his character, was the storming of Stony Point. Washington, at Wayne's request, had organized a corps of light infantry, and put him over it, with directions to take this stronghold. This fortress was

apparently impregnable to any storming party; for situated on a hill, it was washed by the Hudson on two sides, while on the other lay a marsh which every tide overflowed. Besides these natural defences, a double row of *abatis* surrounded the entire hill, and on the top were high ramparts bristling with cannon. Six hundred veteran troops garrisoned this rock; sufficient, one would think, to defend it against five times the number. But it was no common obstacle that could deter Wayne when his mind was once made up, and he determined, formidable as it was, to execute the task assigned him or perish in the attempt. It is said that while conversing with Washington on the proposed expedition, he remarked: "General, if *you* will only plan it, I will storm *H—I*."

He carefully reconnoitered the ground, and having ascertained the exact position of things, formed his plan of attack. On the 15th of July, 1779, he started from Sandy Beach, fourteen miles distant, and at eight in the evening arrived within a mile and a half of the fortress. It was now twilight; and the mild summer evening with its cooling breeze stole over the water—the stars came out one by one on the sky, and the tranquil river flowed by in majestic silence, and all was sweet and peaceful. While nature was thus reposing in beauty around him, Wayne, with his strong soul wrought up to the task before him, stood in the gathering shades of evening, and gazed long and anxiously in the direction of the fort.

Over hills, across morasses, and along the broken shores of the Hudson, he had led his little army noiselessly, in Indian file, and now waited for the deep,

ening night to lock his enemies in slumber. Still undiscovered by the garrison, he began to reconnoitre the works more closely, and at half-past eleven put his columns in motion. He divided his army into two portions, one of which was to enter the fortress on the right, and the other on the left. In advance of each went a forlorn-hope of twenty men, to remove the piles of rubbish that were stretched in double rows around the rock, and placed just where the batteries could mow down the assailants fastest. Behind these forlorn-hopes marched two companies of a hundred and fifty men each. Wayne knew that everything must rest on the bayonet, and so he ordered the load of every musket of those two companies to be drawn, while the first man who should take his gun from his shoulder or utter a word without orders, or attempt to retreat, was to be put to death by the officer nearest him. Silently these devoted bands submitted to the desperate measures, and fixing a piece of white paper in front of their caps to distinguish them from the enemy, gallantly moved forward at the low word of command. At midnight the two columns, headed by their forlorn-hopes, came in sight of the fortress, along whose dark ramparts the sentinel was lazily treading his accustomed round, while the deep "All's well" fell faintly on the listening ear. Grim and still the huge black rock loomed up against the sky, soon to shake with its own thunder, and stand a blazing volcano in the midnight heavens. Noiseless and swift the fearless patriots kept on their way, when lo! as they came to the marsh, they saw only a smooth sheet of water—the tide was up, flooding the whole ground. The brave fellows paused a

moment, as this new and unexpected obstacle crossed their path, but at the stern "forward," of their leaders, they boldly plunged in, and without a drum or bugle note to cheer their steady courage, moved in dead silence straight on the palisades. The noise had now alarmed the sentinels, and the rapid discharge of their muskets through the gloom, was followed by lights, moving swiftly about upon the ramparts, and hurried shouts of "*To arms ! to arms !*" and the fierce roll of drums, rousing up the garrison from its dream of security. The next moment that dark rock was one mass of flame, as the artillery and musketry opened along its sides, shedding a lurid light on the countenances of the men below, and "*Advance ! advance !*" rung in startling accents along the ranks.

The ramparts were alive with soldiers, and amid shouts and hurried words of command, the fiery torrent from the summit kept rolling on those devoted men. The water around them was driven into spray by the grape-shot and balls that fell in an incessant shower, while the hissing, bursting shells, traversing the air in every direction, added inconceivable terror to the scene. Yet those forlorn hopes toiled vigorously on, and heaved away at the abatis to open a gap for the columns, that without returning a shot, stood and crumbled under the fire, waiting with fixed bayonets to rush to the assault. At the head of one of these was Wayne, chafing like a lion in the toils, at the obstacles that arrested his progress. The forlorn-hope in front of him worked steadily on in the very blaze of the batteries, and the rapid blows of their axes were heard in the intervals of the thunder of artillery tha

shook the midnight air, while one after another dropped dead in his footsteps, till out of the twenty that started, only three stood up unharmed. Yet still their axes fell steady and strong, till an opening was made, through which the columns could mass, and then the shout of Wayne was heard above the din and tumult, summoning his followers on. With fixed bayonets they marched sternly through the portals made at such a noble sacrifice, and pressed furiously forward. Through the morass—over every obstacle—up to the very mouths of the cannon, and up the rocky acclivity, they stormed on, crushing everything in their passage. Towering at the head of his shattered column, pointing still onward and upward with his glittering blade, and sending his thrilling shout back over his followers, Wayne strode steadily up the height, till at length, struck in the head by a musket-ball, he fell backward amid the ranks. Instantly rising on one knee, he cried out, “*March on! carry me into the fort, for I will die at the head of my column.*” And those heroes put their brave arms around him and bore him onward. Not a shot was fired, but taking the rapid volleys on their unshrinking breasts, their bayonets glittering in the flash of the enemy’s guns, they kept on over the living and dead, smiting down the veteran ranks that threw themselves in vain valor before them, till they reached the centre of the fort, where they met the other column, which, over the same obstacles, had achieved the same triumph. At the sight of each other, one loud shout shook the heights and rolled down the bleeding line—was again sent back till the heavens rung with the wild huzzas, and then the flag of freedom

went up and flaunted proudly away on the midnight air. The thick volumes of smoke that lay around that rock, slowly lifted and rolled up the Hudson, the stars appeared once more in the sky, and all was over. The lordly river went sweeping by as it had done during the deadly strife that cast such a baleful light on its bosom, and darkness and death-like silence shrouded the shores. Mournfully and slow those forlorn-hopes and their brave companions who had fallen in the assault, were brought up from their gory beds and conveyed to the grave.\*

Wayne's wound proved not to be severe—the ball having only grazed the skull for two inches, and he lived to wear the laurels a grateful nation placed on his brow. The country rung with his name, and Congress presented him with a gold medal. The whole plan of the assault was most skilfully laid, and the bearing of Wayne throughout gallant in the extreme. He chose the post of danger at the head of his column, and led his men where even the bravest might shrink to follow, and when struck and apparently dying, heroically demanded to be carried forward, that he might die in the arms of victory, or be left where the last stand was made. His troops were worthy of such a leader, and more gallant officers never led men into battle. Their humanity was equal to their bravery, for notwithstanding the barbarous massacres perpetrated by the English, they did not kill a single man after he asked for quarter. Eulogiums came pouring in upon him from every direction. Even Lee, whom he had condemned for

\* Lieutenant Gibbons commanded one of the forlorn-hopes and Knox the other.

his conduct at the battle of Monmouth, wrote to him saying, "What I am going to say you will not, I hope, consider as paying my court in this your hour of glory for it is at least my present intention to leave this continent. I can have no interest in paying court to any individual. What I shall say, therefore, is dictated by the genuine feelings of my heart. I do most sincerely declare, that your assault of Stony Point is not only the most brilliant, in my opinion, throughout the whole course of the war, on either side, but that it is the most brilliant I am acquainted with in history; the assault of Schweidnitz, by Marshal Laudon, I think inferior to it. I wish you, therefore, most sincerely, joy of all the laurels you have deservedly acquired, and that you may long live to wear them." Lafayette congratulated him, and Benjamin Rush wrote him, saying, "My dear sir, there was but one thing wanting in your late successful attack upon Stony Point to complete your happiness: and that is, the wound you received should have affected your *hearing*; for I fear you will be stunned through those organs with your own praises. Our streets, for many days, rang with nothing but the name of General Wayne. You are remembered constantly next to our good and great Washington, over our claret and Madeira. You have established the national character of our country; you have taught our enemies that bravery, humanity, and magnanimity, are the national virtues of the Americans."

Not long after this he was sent to break up a nest of British banditti, who had established themselves between the Hudson and Hackensac, and built a block house in which to shelter themselves. Only partially

succeeding in this expedition, he rejoined the main army in its winter-quarters at Morristown. His corps was stationed at a little distance from the town, in order to act as occasion might require. While stationed here dissatisfaction began to appear among the troops, which, on New Year's day, broke out into an open mutiny. The soldiers renounced all obedience, fired upon and killed the officers and men who withstood them, and declared they would march to Congress and demand, at the point of the bayonet, a redress of their grievances. Wayne endeavored by every means in his power to allay the discontent, but finding them all ineffectual, he drew his pistol at the ring-leaders. The men levelled their guns at him, when he calmly told them to fire if they wished. They replied they had no desire to harm him, but their wrongs should be redressed; and marched away, fifteen hundred of them, for Congress. The second day Wayne followed and overtook them. Regardless of the danger of thus throwing himself among the exasperated mutineers, he rode up to the head of their column, urging the men to exercise more care in their march, and exhorting them not to desert to the enemy. The next day proposals came from the British commander to have them join his army in New York. These disorderly but patriotic men immediately imprisoned the bearers of this proposition, and declared to Wayne that if the enemy should make any hostile movement, they "would immediately march under their old and beloved commander to meet and repel it." The difficulties were finally adjusted through the efforts of Wayne and a great calamity escaped.

In 1781, he, with a corps of eleven hundred men, joined Lafayette in Virginia, when the latter stopped retreating, and immediately assumed the offensive. Pushing Cornwallis steadily before him to Jamestown, he was told that the main body of the English had crossed the river, leaving only a rear-guard behind. He immediately ordered Wayne to push on with seven hundred chosen men, and fall upon it. The latter, advancing rapidly, soon met the enemy's pickets, which he drove before him, and pressed straight for the camp. But on coming up, he found, to his surprise, instead of a rear-guard, the whole British army drawn up in battle array, and the columns already in motion stretching off to outflank him. At this critical moment the hero of Stony Point needed all his presence of mind, for a single false movement would insure his ruin. But with his usual promptness and decision, he instantly took his determination. Knowing that a precipitate retreat would cause a great part of his corps to be sacrificed, he resolved on a sudden and bold attack of the whole army. The charge was sounded, and that gallant little corps moved steadily forward in the face of a tremendous cannonade, and pushed on with such vigor, that Cornwallis, thinking the whole American army was upon him, hastily called in his flanking companies, and began to concentrate his forces. Taking advantage of this panic and doubt, Wayne ordered a retreat, which was so rapidly and skilfully executed that no pursuit was attempted. He left a hundred and fifty of his brave troops stretched on the field, showing through what a terrible fire he

had carried them; but he probably saved his whole corps by the sacrifice.

Cornwallis soon after retired to Yorktown, where he closed his career. When the French fleet arrived in the Chesapeake, Wayne sought an interview with Lafayette. The latter appointed a time; and Wayne proceeding to his camp, arrived there about ten o'clock at night. The sentry, who challenged him, notwithstanding the proper password was given, was so panic-struck, that he discharged his musket at him, shooting him through the thigh. The wound troubled him for some time, but he recovered so as to be present at the siege of Yorktown. After the surrender he joined the army of General Greene, still struggling manfully in the south, and was sent by this officer with only seven hundred troops to operate in Georgia. The enemy outnumbered him three to one; yet he boldly took the field, and kept it in spite of every effort made against him.

Fearless, untiring, and indefatigable, he made up in activity and promptness what he lacked in strength; and driving his enemy from one post to another—now hanging on his flanks, and now falling furiously on him in front—he pressed every advantage with such vigor, that in five weeks he had wrested the entire state from his grasp, with the exception of Savannah. But a strange spectacle met his gaze as he advanced. The British, in order to distress him, gathered together, as they fell back, all the provisions and forage, and set fire to them; so that as he slowly moved down the river, all along its winding course, as far as the eye could reach—from the shores and islands, fires were blazing

and vast volumes of smoke ascending; rendering the scene at once fearful and picturesque.

During these five weeks of almost constant marching and fighting, Wayne exhibited a patience and fortitude equal to his intrepidity, and imparted a portion of his spirit to his brave troops, who cheerfully marched wherever he led, and never in the whole time once took off their clothes to rest. In speaking of the difficult task assigned him, in a letter to Greene, he says: "The duty we have done in Georgia was more difficult than that imposed upon the children of Israel; they had only to make bricks without straw, but we have had provision, forage, and almost every other apparatus of war, to procure without money; boats, bridges, &c., to build without materials, except those taken from the stump; and what was more difficult than all, to make Whigs out of Tories. But this we have effected, and have wrested the country out of the hands of the enemy, with the exception only of the town of Savannah. *How to keep it without some additional force is a matter worthy of consideration.*" True enough, worthy of *serious* "consideration," especially how, with a few hundred cavalry and infantry, to blockade this same town of Savannah, containing more than two thousand troops.

Receiving, however, a small reinforcement, he kept the field, and every advantage he had gained. In the meantime, the British commander had induced the Choctaws and Creeks to join him as allies, and they were far on their way before Wayne got word of it. Immediately putting his troops in motion, he fell furiously upon the former, just as they were approaching

Savannah, and routed them completely. Hearing of this catastrophe, the British commander sent out a strong party of horse and foot to protect the Creeks, now also marching up. Wayne, knowing of a defile across a swamp, over which the detachment must pass, took with him only one company of infantry, and a few dragoons, and set out for it with all the speed he was master of. Remembering Stony Point, he had all the flints knocked out of the muskets, telling his men to rely solely on the bayonet and sabre. The gallant little band pushed rapidly and noiselessly forward, and reached the defile at midnight, when to their surprise they found the enemy already entering it. It was star-light, and Wayne could see by the glittering of the bayonets and sabres, that he was outnumbered two to one; but there was no time for hesitation, and instantly ordering the charge, he poured his enthusiastic troops with such impetuosity on the astonished column, that it broke and fled.

The Creeks heard of this disaster, but it did not prevent their intrepid chieftain from pressing on. Leaving, however, the open country, he kept to the woods, and marched so warily that Wayne could get no tidings of him. Stealing thus cautiously through the swamps and forests, he at length, one evening, found himself within a short distance of Wayne's camp. Waiting till all were wrapt in slumber, these stealthy warriors crawled up to the sentinels, and dispatched them so silently that the alarm was not given. They then advanced directly upon the camp, and suddenly screaming out their terrific war-whoop, rushed to the attack. With a single bound they swept over the

artillery, driving the guard in affright before them, while that thrilling war-cry brought every sleeper to his feet. The men rushed for their arms, but all was terror and confusion. Wayne, however, whom no terror could unbalance, was himself in a moment, and rallying his men like magic, and ordering them not to fire, neither dragoons nor infantry, but trust to their swords and bayonets, led them fiercely against the shouting savages. A tall chief threw himself before him, whom he, with a single stroke of his sword, cut to the earth; but the undaunted warrior lifted with a dying effort his rifle, and discharged it at him. The gallant steed sunk dead in his footsteps, but Wayne, springing to his feet, pressed forward on foot amid his men. After a short conflict, the savages were routed, and fled, leaving their dead chief and thirty warriors behind them.

In this conflict Wayne exhibited that wonderful presence of mind which distinguished him; for, although the surprise was complete, he was not staggered for a moment; and in the very midst of the panic his quick mind took in the whole extent of the danger, and planned his defence. Being now close on Savannah, it occurred to him that the attack was designed to be a combined one, and that the firing on the Indians would be the signal of a sally from the town. Instantly, while everything was in confusion, and the midnight was blazing with musketry, and echoing with the war-whoop, he dispatched a company to fall on the English pickets, in order to convey the impression that he had won the battle, and was ready to meet them. A short time after this the British evacuated Savannah, and Wayne rejoined Greene. Peace followed.

and broken down in health by his long exposure, he returned to his native state, and was elected member of the legislature. Georgia made him a grant of land, in consideration of his services in this state, but he was compelled to sell it in order to relieve his embarrassed finances. Instead, however, of effecting this object, he lost both the money and the land.

#### EXPEDITION AGAINST THE INDIANS.

He continued on his farm till called by Washington, in 1793, to take the field against the Indians, who had for years continued their depredations on the western frontier. Two expeditions had failed—the one under General Harmar, in 1791, and the other of the same year under St. Clair—the latter ending in a perfect rout and slaughter of the American army. In this dilemma, Washington looked around for a fit officer to take charge of a war which had become serious in its aspect. His eye rested on Wayne, who, though nearly fifty years of age, was in the vigor and strength of manhood. Five thousand men were raised and placed under him, and he commenced his march westward. Wintering where Cincinnati now stands, he in the spring took the field, and advancing to the junction of the Au Glaize and Miami, erected a fort, which he called Fort Defiance. Here being reinforced by eleven hundred mounted men from Kentucky, he marched forward to attack the enemy in their position. They had chosen a spot between the Miami river and an almost impenetrable thicket, with huge piles of fallen trees protecting them in front. Here two thousand

warriors waited the approach of the Americans. Moving slowly and carefully forward, Wayne at length came in sight of them, when the advance-guard was suddenly fired on from a low thicket of grass and shrubs. He immediately ordered a halt, and forming his troops in order of battle, sent the mounted men to attack the Indians in flank. While the fearless horsemen were slowly working their way through the thickets and over fallen trees, he ordered the first line of his legion to "rouse the savages from their lair with the point of the bayonet, and when up, to deliver a close and well-directed fire in their backs." With levelled bayonets the intrepid legion moved rapidly upon the thicket, which started the Indians from their cover. But no sooner did they rise into view, than such a destructive volley was poured upon them, that they were thrown into inextricable confusion—and before the other portions of the army could come to its assistance, that single line had stormed over everything, sweeping with loud shouts into the very encampment of the Indians, and leaving it strewn with the dead. Only a little over a hundred Americans fell in this fierce encounter, which was so murderous and terrific to the Indians, that they could not rally again, and their whole country was laid waste with fire and sword. This brought them to terms and ended the war. Wayne, on his return home, was everywhere hailed as the saviour of his country. The hero of Stony Point, who had led his column so gloriously on the enemy at Monmouth, and fought side by side with Washington and Lafayette through the Revolution, was by this victory again brought to remembrance. On his entrance into Phila-

delphia, all business was suspended, as on some great public occasion—the troops of the city marched out with flying colors and welcoming music to meet him—the artillery thundered forth its stern applause, all the bells were set a-ringing, and one protracted and deafening shout from the assembled people followed him as he rode through the streets.

After this, he was appointed by the government commissioner to treat with the Northwestern Indians. Having performed the arduous task assigned him, he started to return home, but while coming down Lake Erie from Detroit, was violently attacked with the gout, which in a few days carried him off.

He now lies interred in his native place, and over his remains stands a monument reared by his brave companions in arms. He was fifty-one years of age when he died, and held the rank of Commander-in-Chief of the American army.

#### HIS CHARACTER.

The brilliant qualities of Wayne rendered him one of the most popular men in the army. In person he was a little above the medium height, and finely proportioned. With a forehead high and well formed, nose slightly aquiline, and dark hair, and dark, fiery hazel eyes, his countenance was distinguished for manly beauty. His chivalric bearing in battle, his promptness, decision, and headlong courage, and blunt familiarity with the soldiers, endeared him to them, and they would charge beside him like veterans. When men saw his column in motion, they knew there would be

wild work before it returned. Perhaps the most striking quality of his character was self-possession. One cannot point to a single instance in his life where it forsook him. It seemed impossible to surprise him, or come upon him suddenly enough to disturb the clear action of his mind. It is not common for a man of his impetuosity to possess such self-collectedness in every emergency. Always intensely excited in battle, he would tear like a madman through the ranks; yet not his own strong feelings, nor the smoke and carnage and confusion through which he moved, nor even the disorder of an utter overthrow, could unsettle his judgment. His feelings are as steady and his thoughts as clear when struck in the head by a musket-ball at Stony Point, or suddenly finding himself face to face with the whole British army at Green Spring, or roused at midnight by the bayonet of the English, or war-whoop of the Indian, as when commanding a battery on an open field. This mastery of one's self in the most critical situations, is one of the chief elements of a great commander. It enables him to correct any mistakes of his own army at once, and to take sudden and terrible advantage of those made by the enemy. The most skilful, well-formed plan is often rendered useless by some unexpected turn of the battle, and then the rapid, clear thinker wins. The tremendous physical force of an army is always under the control of a leading mind; and if, while in such terrific action, it becomes unsteady or ill-directed through foolish or contradictory orders, all is lost. Bonaparte was never confused, and Washington never lost his composure in battle, and hence were so hard to beat. The resources

of a strong and steady soul are almost endless, and will bring safety out of despair itself. Wayne had all this self-possession in the midst of the highest excitement—indeed, his excitement never confused, it only gave momentum to his actions. His courage was proverbial, and made his soldiers love him. They knew he would lead wherever he would ask them to follow, and sharing all their dangers, he shared also their affections. His was one of those stormy natures that delight in dangers, and find their appropriate life in scenes of great action and excitement. This perhaps amounted to a fault in him, for, Cæsar-like, he could never refuse an offered battle, whatever the terms might be. He seemed to look upon it as a privilege he might not soon enjoy again, and hence was inclined to take the best advantage of it he could: still there was nothing ferocious in his character, and none of those sordid qualities which so often dim the lustre of a great warrior. Generous, frank, and cordial, he loved two things supremely—*his country and glory*. For these he would undergo any toil, submit to any privation, and risk any death. He fought nobly, maintained his honor untarnished to the last, and stands in the front rank of the defenders of their country.

## X.

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### MAJOR GENERALS CONWAY AND MIFFLIN.

THE CONWAY CABAL—Duel between Conway and Cadwalader—Letter of the former to Washington—Mifflin's career and Character.

THESE names are associated together, because they were the chief conspirators against Washington in that mad attempt to put Gates in his place, as commander-in-chief of the American army. The real cause of this conspiracy originated in selfish, ambitious schemes, which gathered into their vortex all the disaffection, and personal pique, and envy of the land. The hostility of Gates dates back to the commencement of the war. Appointed by Congress adjutant-general, with the rank of brigadier, he requested Washington to give him the command of a brigade, which the latter refused to do on grounds which would have been perfectly satisfactory to an honorable mind. His overweening vanity, however, took umbrage at it, or what is probably nearer the truth, he was offended, at the outset, because he himself had not received a higher grade: and so he asked immediately after the army left Cambridge, to be employed at a distance from the commander-in-chief. Being stationed at Ticonderoga, he gave vent to his spleen by neglecting to communi-

cate his actions to Washington, or doing it in a manner that bordered on insult. Mifflin was appointed aid to the commander-in-chief, at first with the rank of colonel—and, at the same time that Gates asked for a brigade, petitioned for a regiment. Meeting with the same refusal, he seemed to make common cause with the former, and was his right-hand man in his nefarious attempts to disgrace Washington.

THOMAS CONWAY was by birth an Irishman, but went with his parents, when but six years of age, to France, where he was educated to the profession of arms. He had seen a good deal of service, and had a high military reputation, so that when he came to this country in 1777, fortified with the highest recommendations, Congress immediately appointed him brigadier-general. Arrogant, boastful, and selfish, he was especially repugnant to Washington. With his deep insight, he penetrated the hollow character at once, and both disliked and distrusted him. He considered him an unsafe man, who would use whatever power he might be intrusted with for the purpose of self-aggrandizement; and when he heard that Congress thought of promoting him, wrote a strong remonstrance against it, giving frankly and boldly his reasons. Conway saw that he was understood, and angry with the virtue he could not endure, commenced plotting against it. In a short time the plan began to assume a definite form; and he, and Mifflin, and Gates controlled the whole affair. They succeeded in gaining over a part of Congress, and hence a faction was formed in that body as destitute of patriotism as it was of real ability. The victory of Saratoga seemed to ripen matters fast,

and the conspirators began to act more boldly. Wilkinson, aid-de-camp of Gates, who evidently had been let into the secret more than he ever confessed, imprudently divulged the scheme to a man whose patriotism was above the plague-spot of selfish ambition. While on his way to Congress with dispatches containing an account of the capitulation of Burgoyne, he stopped at the head-quarters of Lord Stirling, then at Reading, and mentioned to him in confidence a letter he had seen from Conway to Gates, in which Washington was spoken of disparagingly, and stigmatized as a "weak general." Whether this was done on purpose to sound Stirling, or not, does not appear—at all events, the latter, a firm and devoted friend of the commander-in-chief, immediately communicated to him what Wilkinson had told him. This originated a correspondence between Washington, Gates, and Conway, which blew up the whole affair. Gates, in order to extricate himself from the difficulty, implied that Wilkinson had forged the extract he pretended to give, which induced a challenge from the latter. Gates accepted it, and then withdrew, as stated in the sketch of him. Conway had taken every means, both secretly and openly, to injure Washington, and descended even to anonymous letters, containing aspersions and falsehoods, which showed him lost to all integrity and virtue. His conduct was so infamous, that at length General Cadwalader, a brave and noble man, and devoted friend of Washington, could bear it no longer, and challenged him. By the terms agreed upon, they were to fire as soon or as late after the word was given as they chose. "Conway fired almost immediately, but

with the greatest deliberation, but missed his aim. Cadwalader then raised his pistol, but just as he was in the act to fire, a sudden gust of wind swept by, when he immediately dropped his arm. 'Why do you not fire, General Cadwalader?' exclaimed Conway. 'Because,' he replied, 'we came not here to trifle. Let the gale pass, and I shall act my part.' 'You shall have a fair chance of performing it well,' rejoined Conway, and immediately presented a full front. General Cadwalader fired, and his ball entering the mouth of his antagonist, he fell directly forward on his face. His second running to his assistance, found the blood spouting from behind his neck, and lifting up his hair, he saw the ball drop from it. It had passed through his head, greatly to the derangement of his tongue and teeth, but not inflicting a mortal wound. As soon as the blood was sufficiently washed away to allow him to speak, he turned to his opponent and said good-humoredly, 'You fire, general, with much deliberation, and certainly with a great deal of effect.'\*\*

The miserable man, however, thought soon after that he could not recover, and remorse awakening as the retributions of the next world rose before him, he wrote the following letter to Washington:

*Philapelpia, Feb. 23, 1778.*

Sir:—I find myself just able to hold my pen during a few minutes, and take this opportunity of expressing my sincere grief for having done, written, or said anything disagreeable to your excellency. My career will soon be over; therefore, justice and truth prompt

\* Anecdotes of the Revolutionary War

me to declare my last sentiments. You are, in my eyes, the great and good man. May you long enjoy the love, esteem, and veneration of these states, whose liberties you have asserted by your virtues.

"I am, with great respect, your excellency's most obedient and humble servant,

"THS. CONWAY."

He finally recovered, but this finished his career in this country, and he returned to France. When he was about to depart, Gates, with that effrontery which is characteristic of a weak, vain man, endeavored to prevail on Congress to send him home with honor; declaring that we ought not to let a brave and gallant officer, who had fought our battles, leave us without some public testimony to the value of his services. In the full tide of their success, these two men had been associated together in the Board of War, created on purpose to cripple Washington. Conway had been appointed inspector-general, with the rank of major-general, but he never acted in either capacity in the army. He was a brave man and a good officer, but utterly selfish and reckless. He came to this country as an adventurer, ripe for any scheme that would tend to his own aggrandizement, and he sunk into that disgrace he so richly merited.

THOMAS MIFFLIN was born in 1744, of Quaker parents. He took a zealous part with the colonies against the mother country; and when Congress made out the list of officers for the continental army, he was appointed quartermaster-general. He acted as aid to Washington, as mentioned above, but soon exhibited

feelings of hostility to him. With the commencement of his military career ended, of course, his Quaker professions, and he was read out of the society. He entered soul and heart into the contest, and rendered important service in arousing the Pennsylvania militia. He was appointed inspector-general of the army, but performed his duties so slackly that he was superseded by Greene, who soon wrought a change in the department. He was in very little active service, and the part he took in the "Conway Cabal," cast a shadow on his patriotism which no after effort could wholly restore. In 1787 he was a member of the convention which framed the constitution of the United States, and in 1788 succeeded Franklin as president of the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania, and was elected the first governor of the state. In 1794 he made extraordinary exertions to quell the insurrection in Pennsylvania; and by his harangues and appeals compensated for the defective laws, and performed a noble and patriotic work. He died at Lancaster, January 20th, 1800, aged fifty-seven years. Of sanguine temperament, vain, and ambitious, he seemed to prefer the tortuous course of the politician to the lofty and self-sacrificing service of a warrior, or the true dignity of the statesman. He did the country great service, but as one of those who came very near doing it a great wrong, he cannot rank high in our estimation, or command that reverence which is due to his distinguished compatriots.

## XI.

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### MAJOR GENERALS WARD AND HEATH

ARTEMAS WARD was born in 1727, and graduated at Harvard College in 1748. He saw some service in the French and Indian war, and after its close was elected member of the Massachusetts legislature, and afterwards member of the common council. At the commencement of the Revolution he was judge of the court of common pleas, for Worcester county. In the list of major-generals made out by Congress, Ward stood next to Washington, and was placed by him over the right wing of the army at Roxbury, during the siege of Boston; the next spring, however, he resigned his commission, and retired to private life.

After a long decline, he died at Shrewsbury, Oct. 28th, 1800, aged seventy-three. He was a man of incorruptible integrity, and a true Christian. His service in the army was of short duration, and hence, as I have to do exclusively with the military history of the Revolution, I only mention him to make the list of major-generals complete.

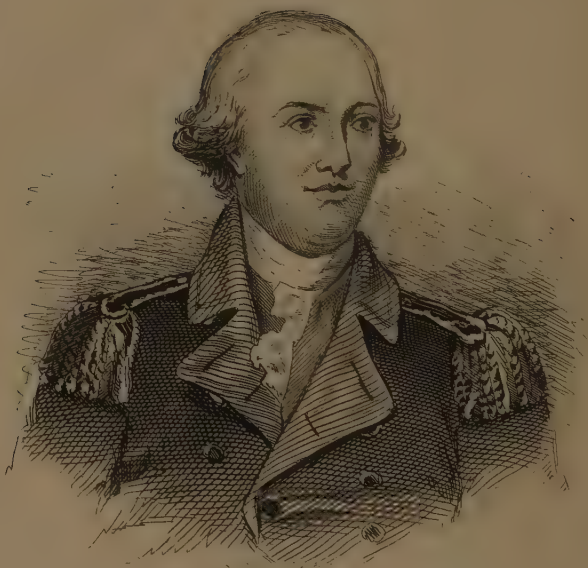
WILLIAM HEATH was born in Roxbury, Massachusetts, 1737, and grew up on the ancestral farm. He early espoused the cause of the colonies, and in 1770

wrote addresses to the public, urging the necessity of military discipline. He at the same time organized companies of militia and minute-men, and when the war opened in 1775, he was appointed by Congress brigadier-general. He accompanied the army to New York, and commanded in the Highlands while Washington was making his memorable retreat through the Jerseys. During 1777 and 1778, he had charge of the eastern department, with his head-quarters at Boston. While here he had to superintend Burgoyne's captured army quartered at Cambridge. This was no easy or pleasant task, and frequent collisions took place between him and the English officers. Heath, however, would not abate a jot from his duties, and, on one occasion, revoked the parole of Gen. Phillips, on account of improper language used by the latter against Congress. In 1779 he was elected Commissioner of the Board of War, but declined the appointment, preferring to serve in the field. In 1780 he was sent to Rhode Island to make arrangements for the French fleet and army, expected soon to arrive. During the siege of Yorktown he commanded the army posted in the Highlands. After the war he retired to private life, and died at Roxbury, January 24th, 1814, seventy seven years of age.

**VOLUME II.**







Wathelgus

## XII

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### MAJOR GENERAL GREENE.

**His early Life—Whipped by his Father—appointed Brigadier-General—Is Sick during the Battle of Long Island—Bravery at Brandywine, and Germantown, and Springfield—Appointed over the Southern Army—Battle of Cowpens—His famous retreat through the Carolinas—Battle of Guilford—Battle of Hobkirk's Hill—Turns fiercely on Cornwallis's Line of Posts—Storming of Ninety-six—Battle of Eutaw Springs—Distress and Nakedness of his Army—Triumphant Entrance into Charleston—Removes South—Death and Character**

It is pleasant to take up a character, the resplendent qualities of which are not darkened by serious defects. Arnold was adventurous and heroic, but he lacked principle—Lee, brilliant and brave, but too ambitious, while Greene possessed all their good qualities, with none of their bad ones. Poor, and without patrons, he began his career on the lowest steps of fame's ladder, and by his energy and effort alone, reached the highest—yet he never became dizzy by elevation, nor exhibited any of those weak or wicked passions power and rank so invariably develope.

NATHANIEL GREENE was born in Warwick, Rhode Island, May 27th, 1742, and hence was a young man at the breaking out of the Revolution. His father was a Quaker preacher; and young Nathaniel was early

instructed in the principles of peace and universal brotherhood. To have seen him about on the farm, in his drab suit and broad-brimmed hat, or sitting meek and grave as a statue in one of those silent conventicles, one would never have picked him out for a major-general in the American army. His father owned a forge, and to this Nathaniel was finally promoted from the farm, and worked at the anvil with the same vigor he afterwards did in hammering out his own fortune. For awhile his youthful energy and ambition expended itself in athletic sports, such as wrestling, leaping, throwing the bar, and so forth, and in these none swung a more vigorous or steadier arm than he. He was very fond of dancing, which, of course, was looked upon by his sect with abhorrence. To have the son of a Quaker preacher the wildest in the frolic, and the merriest in all the dance, was a public scandal not to be tolerated a moment, and the most peremptory commands were laid on young Greene. The latter pretended to obey; but after his grave father was asleep he would often drop from his chamber window, and steal away to the scene of mirth. The suspicious parent, however, got wind of it in some way, and so, one night, when there was to be a large ball in the neighborhood, kept watch. Finding, late in the evening, that his son had gone, the old gentleman locked the door of the house, and, with a horsewhip in his hand, began to pace backwards and forwards under the window from which the culprit had escaped. The latter, returning home before daylight, saw through the gloom the figure of his father slowly moving to and fro, and he knew what to expect. To wait at a distance till morning

would lead to certain detection, and to enter the house without being discovered was impossible, and so, after holding a short council of war with himself over the matter, he determined to advance boldly and take the flogging prepared for him. But with that quick invention which afterwards served him so well on more important occasions, he slipped some shingles under his coat behind, to deaden the blows of the horsewhip, which he knew his stern father would wield with no baby hand. Having taken this wise precaution, he walked boldly up and took the castigation. The shingles, however, did their duty, much to the young culprit's gratification.

But his strong mind could not long be satisfied with these follies, and he soon became enamored of books, and, whether in the field or at the forge, was ever found with one by his side. He took up Euclid by himself, and mastered its difficult problems without assistance. While his iron was heating, he would sit down, and with his soiled hands turn over the pages of the renowned geometer with delight. This and similar studies, gave to his mind a breadth and grasp which he never could have obtained in his ordinary occupations. All the pocket-money he could raise was spent in purchasing books, and he made toys or trinkets of various kinds which he disposed of for the same object. His craving mind, having once seized on books, it seemed impossible to satisfy it; and hence, at the age of twenty, he laid the basis of a powerful character Abstemious—eating but two meals a day, he devoted all his leisure hours to the cultivation of his mind, and the accumulation of knowledge, and before twenty

eight years old, had a library of two hundred and fifty volumes. In 1770 he was elected member of the General Assembly of the colony, and entered at once with all the ardor of his nature into the contest which had commenced between the colonies and the parent country. He was soon convinced that the battle-field must decide the question, and, casting aside all his Quaker prejudices, resolved to draw his sword for freedom. He immediately plunged into the intricacies of military science, and eagerly devoured every book relating to the subject, on which he could lay his hands. Bold and decided, he made no concealment of his determination: and the sect to which he belonged, unable, of course, to overlook this violation of their rules, called him to account. But neither persuasions nor threats could change the young Quaker's purpose, and he was cut off from the society. His drab coat and broad-brimmed hat were now thrown to the winds; and with his musket on his shoulder, he entered, as a private, one of the many independent companies then everywhere forming.

In the year 1774, he was married; but not even the attractions of his young bride could restrain him from the scene of danger. The next year the battles of Lexington and Concord were fought, and the rattling of arms was heard the length and breadth of the land, as the entire nation rose to defend its hearth-stones. Greene immediately started for Boston. In the organization of an army, which followed, Rhode Island voted to raise a force of sixteen hundred men, and appointed Greene major-general.

After the battle of Bunker Hill, he joined the army

at Cambridge. Congress, in appointing the officers of the continental army, was compelled in some cases to change the rank held by the provincial commanders; and Greene, under the new arrangement, sunk to brigadier-general. He immediately entered upon a course of discipline, the effect of which was soon apparent in the troops under his command. This habit formed at the outset, was of great use to him ever afterwards.

He seems, also, to have studied more deeply than many others the character of the quarrel between the two countries, and his strong mind to have forecast the necessity of a more decisive step than the mere redress of grievances; for, from his camp at Prospect Hill, he writes to a member of Congress, saying, "Permit me to recommend, from the sincerity of a heart at all times ready to bleed in my country's cause, a *declaration of independence, and call upon the world, and the great God who governs it, to witness the necessity, propriety, and rectitude thereof.*"

He early won the confidence and esteem of Washington, and the latter sent him in the spring to occupy Long Island with his brigade. He entered on his work with ardor—examined the ground, established his posts, and made all the preparations in his power, to give the enemy a warm reception. But at this critical juncture, he was seized with a bilious fever, which laid him on his back, and for a while seriously threatened his life. It was thus Putnam became placed over his troops, who, from his ignorance of the ground, and unpreparedness every way, suffered that defeat, which, but for the promptness and energy, generalship

and skill of Washington, would have proved fatal to the whole army. One can imagine what a brave man like Greene must have felt, in being compelled to lie idle in such an important crisis. Just as his career was opening, and after all the labor and drudgery had been gone through, to be thrown aside as a useless thing, was a most bitter disappointment. Besides, the fate of his brave troops, of which he had become so fond and so proud, might rest on the manner in which they were led into action. From his sick bed he heard the thunder of the first cannon, as it shook the house in which he lay helpless, and half-rising from his feverish couch, he exclaimed, "*Gracious God, to be confined at such a time !*" His brave heart was wrung with such sorrow as only heroes know, and as the uproar of the combat increased, his agitation became intense. Explosion after explosion shook his bed, and his eager inquiries as to the fate of the battle, could brook no delay. At last, when told that his favorite regiment—that of Swallowwood—had been terribly handled and cut to pieces, he could contain himself no longer, but burst into an agony of tears.

In the meantime, he had been promoted to the rank of major-general. As soon as he could sit his horse, he took the field, and was present at the battle of Harlaem Heights. The capture of the garrison of Fort Washington, was owing chiefly to Greene's want of judgment, who insisted on holding it against the enemy. He always contended, however, that his views in the case were correct, and that had the troops proved sufficiently brave, the fort could not have been taken. He was beside Washington in his memorable retreat

through the Jerseys, and in the brilliant movement upon Trenton, commanded the division which the latter accompanied in person. In that fearful night and fearful passage, he exhibited the coolness and stern resolution which afterwards so characterized him. He was with him also in the march on Princeton, and led his battalions to the charge with incredible fury. In these desperate encounters, the young Quaker had taken severe lessons in the art of war, while the heroism and personal exposure of the commander-in-chief had shown him how a general should behave in the moment of peril. He gazed in admiration on him, as he rode amid the guns through the gloom and storm towards Trenton, and saw, with unbounded delight, that tall form spur into the deadly volleys at Princeton. His heart fastened at once on his glorious leader, and amid all the dangers and conspiracies that afterwards shook so terribly the integrity of many of the officers, his love and faithfulness never faltered.

When the army went into winter-quarters at Morristown, he was dispatched to Congress to push that dilatory body to an immediate re-organization of the forces. He afterwards was sent to examine the passes of the Highlands; but spring found him again at his post. At the battle of Brandywine—the finale to the manœuvres that had been performed all summer, he exhibited that decision, and power over his soldiers, which rendered him such a dreaded antagonist. At the commencement of the action he had been stationed far in the rear, as a reserve, to co-operate with any portion of the army which needed him most. But when the flight commenced, he hastened up, and

marching his men *four miles in forty-nine minutes*, met the terrified disordered army. Untouched by the panic and terror around them, his brave troops wheeled sternly in front of the pursuing, shouting enemy. As the throng of fugitives came pouring on them, the ranks would open and let them pass, then close again, as the turbulent stream rolled away over the field. Thus opening and shutting his steady ranks, and slowly retreating, Greene at length cleared himself of the shattered army, and reaching a narrow defile, made a bold stand. Encouraging his little band, by voice and gesture, he held it to the shock for three-quarters of an hour. His firm front and steady volleys repelled every effort—and at length, as darkness shut in the scene, the enemy withdrew, and he hastened up to the main army. The conduct of his troops on this occasion, in thus withstanding the panic around them, and steadily holding in check the entire British force, was worthy the veteran armies of Europe.

In the battle of Germantown, which followed, he commanded the left wing, and did all that could be done to save the battle. In the retreat the gunners forsook their pieces, and he, after trying in vain to rally them, made them take hold of hands, and thus drag the artillery off. During this year he was appointed quartermaster-general, and his energy and industry soon wrought a wonderful change in this hitherto neglected department of the army. The next winter his home was a log hut at Valley Forge. At the battle of Monmouth, which opened the summer campaign, he commanded the right wing, and brought his troops nobly into action. His heavy guns sent disorder

through the advancing lines, and gave double power to Wayne's charge on the centre. In July he was sent to Rhode Island to co-operate with Lafayette and Sullivan in the projected descent on Newport, and covered that skilful retreat which saved the army.

In the discharge of his duties as quartermaster-general, he had exhibited not only his energy and skill, but also the noblest moral qualities, in bearing up against suspicion and hate and slander, and generously sinking his own feelings and reputation in the general good. But at length Congress made his department so odious to the people that he determined to resign. Washington, however, persuaded him to remain until he could present a plan to the government which, if accepted, would put his department on a proper footing. The plan, instead of being adopted, was mutilated and sent back, and Greene resigned. The letter conveying his resignation was, both in its manner and spirit, a stern and severe condemnation of the conduct of Congress; and that body, swayed by passion and faction more than by judgment and patriotism, instantly proposed to dismiss him from the service altogether. A fierce discussion ensued, and the friends of Greene could scarcely check the torrent of wrath that was about to roll on his head. Washington heard of it, and wrote letters of earnest entreaty and solemn warning, telling those factious members to beware how they touched one so necessary to the country, and so beloved by the soldiers. Better counsels finally prevailed, and Greene's resignation was received without any reference to his rank in the line.

During the year 1780 occurred his heroic defence at Springfield, New Jersey. Washington, fearing the

enemy was about to make a demonstration on West Point, moved towards the Hudson, leaving Greene, with only thirteen hundred men at Springfield. Here the latter received intelligence that Sir Henry Clinton, with five thousand British troops, had landed at Elizabethtown, and was marching against him. With his little band drawn up on the western bank of the Rahway, he coolly waited their approach. His first position was by the bridges, and his second on the heights in the rear. Soon the advancing columns emerged into view, and as they came within range, opened their artillery, and a fierce cannonade was kept up for two hours. Finding all attempts to dislodge our troops with the artillery fruitless, the infantry were ordered to advance, and soon opened their fire. Our men withstood gallantly for a while this overwhelming force; and when at length they were compelled to retreat, did so in perfect order, and slowly fell back to their second position. Here Greene waited anxiously for a second struggle; but Clinton wisely forebore, and returning to the village, commenced the nobler work of burning it to the ground. Having accomplished this feat, he rapidly retreated, lest Washington should turn upon him.

In the fall of this year, when the treason of Arnold sent consternation through the country, Greene was in command of the army—Washington being at the time absent on a journey to Hartford, to confer with the French commanders. On him fell the painful duty of presiding at the court-martial which tried and condemned Andre. West Point was immediately put under his command; but scarcely had he entered upon

his duties before he was called to the South, to repair the ruin wrought by Gates's terrible defeat at Camden. Although he had now been five years in service without any interval of repose, and his property was wasting away through want of his supervision, and his strong constitution was shattered by constant exposure, he hastened without delay to the new field of his labor.

From this point commences the real history of Greene. Intrusted with a separate command, at a distance from the commander-in-chief and Congress, and surrounded by all the difficulties that try men most, the resources of his powerful mind, and his amazing energies, began to develope themselves. He had hitherto been an able and efficient under-officer; he was now to show that he possessed the higher qualities necessary to conduct a long and arduous campaign to a successful issue. But the obstacles that met him on the threshold, were enough to daunt even a more resolute heart than his. Gates's overthrow had left everything in the worst possible state; so that he was hurled into a perfect chaos, and expected to bring order out of confusion, and strength out of weakness. Without money, without stores, without anything necessary to carry on a campaign, he joined his army, which, all counted, could not muster two thousand men. Destitute of clothing, of arms and ammunition, tattered, half-starved and dispirited, covered with every and any article they could lay hands on, they presented the appearance of a motley crowd, rather than of a well-appointed and organized force. Out of the whole he could muster but eight hundred men fit for service. With these—an empty magazine—no provisions, and a few pieces of cannon,

he was expected to make head against Cornwallis, with a well-disciplined and powerful army at his back. True, there were some cheering features to this otherwise hopeless prospect—the officers under his command were as brave men as ever drew sword in battle. There was Morgan, a host in himself—Lee, with his fierce legion—Marion, with his trusty partisans—the gallant Sumpter; the headlong and fiery-hearted Washington, with his cavalry; forming a group of leaders to which the British army could furnish no parallel.

Greene's first step was to locate his troops where he could be safe from attack, until he could drill them, and obtain the necessary reinforcements to take the field. This was no easy task; for the British army, then lying at Winnsborough, flanked by strong garrisons, was on the alert, and ready at any moment to fall on their weak adversary, and crush him at a single blow. Relying on himself alone, Greene called no council of war, and commenced at once that deep and daring game, which baffled all the efforts of Cornwallis to fathom. Selecting a strong post on the frontiers of South Carolina for the main army, he sent Morgan with a few hundred troops to hover about the enemy, and strike wherever an opportunity offered. This division of his forces, already too weak, has been condemned by some, as a violation of the rules of military art; and so it would have been under ordinary circumstances. The smaller the force the greater the concentration, is a rule which in active warfare it will not do to violate. But Greene wanted *time*—delay was of vital importance to him, and this he could not expect with

his army located in one place, and constantly exposed to the attack of a superior enemy. He divided his forces, not so much to give strength to his own operations, as to bewilder his antagonist; and it had the desired effect. Cornwallis scarcely knew which way to turn, or where his wary adversary was about to strike, and hence divided his own forces. Had he known the situation and plans of Greene, he might easily have destroyed him, by marching his entire army first upon one, and then upon the other detachment of the Americans. But Greene had calculated wisely; his adversary was thrown into perturbation as he discovered Lee, Marion, and Morgan, hanging threateningly on his flanks.

## BATTLE OF COWPENS.

But Cornwallis at length saw the error he had been led into, and immediately concentrating his troops, moved forward upon Morgan. Tarleton, with eleven hundred men, was ordered to meet him in front, while he himself, with the main part of the army, would cut off his retreat. Morgan, with less than a thousand men, immediately began to retire; but Tarleton, with his accustomed vigor, pressed him so hard, that when he came to Broad River he dared not attempt the passage, and so resolved to make a desperate stand where he was. He divided his troops into two portions, one in the open field, and the other behind it in the wood. Tarleton formed his men into two lines, with the artillery in the centre, and the cavalry on either flank. In this order they moved forward to the attack. After a single fire the first American line gave way, and the victorious enemy, with loud huzzas, pressed forward

upon the second. Here, however, they met with a stern resistance, and the close volleys of the Americans made terrible havoc. Tarleton seeing this, hurried up a part of his second line, and, at the same time, ordered his cavalry to charge the right. This double movement was completely successful, and the victorious British swept the field with deafening shouts. In this critical moment, Washington, who had calmly sat and watched every movement, ordered his bugler to sound the charge, and placing himself at the head of his squadron, shouted them to follow. With their sabres shaking above their heads, they burst in a head-long gallop upon the astonished infantry. Through and through their broken ranks they rode, scattering them like a whirlwind from their path. The British cavalry rolled back in confusion before the fierce onset, and the battle was restored. This gave time to Morgan to rally his infantry.\* With his sword flashing above his head, and his tremendous voice ringing over the din of arms, he moved amid his disordered troops, and at length, by commands and threats, and the most prodigious efforts, rallied them to the charge, and moving at their head, poured them in one wild torrent on the enemy. The shock of those thousand men was tremendous; and the English army stopped, and quivered a moment before it, then broke and fled in wild confusion, trampled down at every step by Washington's cavalry. Out of the eleven hundred men Tarleton led into battle, he saved but

\* Howard and Pinckney wrought prodigies—making the militia charge bayonet like old veterans. The former had at one time five swords of officers who had surrendered, in his hands.

four hundred. Two cannon, eight hundred muskets, a hundred dragoon-horses, and tents and ammunition were the fruits of this victory.

Scarcely had the roar of battle ceased before Morgan began to retreat. He knew Cornwallis, with a powerful army, was close upon him, and an hour's delay might lose him all the fruits of his gallant achievement. The British commander strained every nerve to cut him off, and recover the spoils and prisoners that had been taken. But with such vigor had Morgan pushed his retreat, that his adversary was unable to overtake him, and came up to the Catawba just in time to see the last of the rear-guard form on the opposite shore. Still it was possible to reach him before he could effect a junction with Greene, and he resolved to spare no sacrifice to secure this result. He immediately ordered the baggage of the army to be destroyed, so that it could move rapidly and without encumbrance. Liquor casks were staved in before the soldiers—wagons consumed, and all those things which go to make up the little comforts of a camp committed to the flames. Cornwallis set the example—and beginning with his own baggage, the destruction continued till it reached the last private. It took two days to complete it—and then, stripped like a wrestler for the struggle, the British general moved forward. But Greene, with only a single aid, and a sergeant's guard of dragoons, had left the main army, and pressed forward a hundred and fifty miles to succor Morgan. The victors of Cowpens received him with acclamations as he rode into camp. With him at their head they feared nothing, and joyfully entered on the race with their adversary

## SKILFUL RETREAT THROUGH THE CAROLINAS.

Greene had ordered the main army to rendezvous at Guilford, and thither he now directed his steps, closely watched by Cornwallis.

To understand the ground over which this remarkable retreat was performed, it is necessary only to glance at a map. Three large rivers rise in the north-west parts of South and North Carolina, and flow in a southeasterly direction into the Atlantic. The lower, or more southern one, is the Catawba, which empties into the Santee. The next, north of it, and nearly parallel, is the Yadkin, emptying into the Pedee. The last, and more northern, is the Dan, which soon leaves its southeasterly direction, and winds backwards and forwards across the Virginia line, and finally falls into the Roanoke. Greene was now on the Catawba, or most southern river, and directed his steps north—his line of progress cutting the Yadkin and Dan. To place a deep river between two armies effectually separates them for some time, while a retreating army between one and a powerful adversary, is almost sure to be ruined. Therefore, the great effort of Cornwallis was to overtake his weak enemy somewhere between the rivers, while the latter strained every nerve to keep a deep stream dividing him and his foe. Greene was now across the Catawba, which, swollen by the recent rains, prevented Cornwallis from crossing. But at length it began to subside, and the latter determined, by a night-march to a private ford near Salisbury to deceive his antagonist, and cross without

opposition. But Greene had been on the alert, and stationed a body of militia there to dispute the passage. At daybreak, the British column was seen silently approaching the river. A deep hush was on everything, broken only by the roar of the swollen waters, and not a living thing was to be seen on the shore. Twilight still rested on the forest, and the turbid foam-covered stream looked doubly appalling in the gloom. The rain was falling in torrents, and the British commander, as he reined up his steed on the slippery banks, looked long and anxiously on the farther side. There all was wild and silent; but faint flashes of the American fires, in the woods, told too well that he had been forestalled. Still, the order to advance was given, and the column boldly entered the channel. With muskets poised above their heads to keep them dry, and leaning against each other, to steady their slippery footing, the grenadiers pushed forward. As they advanced the water deepened, until it flowed in a strong, swift current, up to their waists. The cavalry went plunging through, but the rapid stream bore many of them, both horses and riders, downward in the darkness. The head of the column had already reached the centre of the river, when the voices of the sentinels rung through the darkness, and the next moment their guns flashed through the storm. The Americans, five hundred in number, immediately poured in a destructive volley, but the British troops pressed steadily forward. Soldier after soldier rolled over in the flood, and Cornwallis's horse was shot under him; but the noble animal, with a desperate effort, carried his rider to the bank before he fell. The intrepid troops at

length reached the shore, and routed the militia. Cornwallis was now on the same side of the river with his antagonist, and prepared to follow up his advantage with vigor. But the latter no sooner heard that the enemy had passed the Catawba, than he ordered the retreat to the Yadkin. Through the drenching rain and deep mud, scarcely halting to eat or rest, the ragged troops dragged their weary way, and on the third day reached the river, and commenced crossing. In the meantime, the recent rains had swollen this river also, so that by the time Greene had safely effected the passage, the current was foaming by on a level with its banks. He had urged everything forward with the utmost speed, and at midnight, just as the last of the rear-guard were embarking, they were saluted with a volley from the advanced guard of the British. When the morning light broke over the scene, there lay the two armies within sight of each other, and the blessed Yadkin surging and roaring in threatening accents between, as if on purpose to daunt the invaders from its bosom. Stung into madness at this second escape of their enemy, the English lined the shore with artillery, and opened a fierce cannonade on the American camp. But the army, protected by an elevated ridge, rested quietly and safely behind it. In a little cabin, just showing its roof above the rocks, Greene took up his quarters, and while his troops were reposing, commenced writing his dispatches. The enemy suspecting the American general had established himself there, directed his artillery upon it, and soon the rocks rung with the balls that smoked and bounded from their sides. It was not long before the roof of

the cabin was struck, and the shingles and clapboards began to fly about in every direction—but the stern warrior within never once looked up, and wrote on as calmly as if in his peaceful home.

Four days the British general tarried on the shores of the Yadkin, and then, as the waters subsided, again put his army in motion. Moving lower down the river, he crossed over, and started anew after his adversary. But the latter, ever vigilant, was already on his march for Guilford, where he resolved to make a stand, and strike this bold Briton to the heart. But on reaching Guilford, he learned, to his dismay, that the reinforcements promised him had not arrived. The English army was nearly double that of his own, and all well-tried, disciplined soldiers; and he knew it would be madness to give battle on such disadvantageous terms. There was, therefore, no remedy but retreat, and this had now become a difficult matter. In the hope of being able to sustain himself at Guilford, he had suffered his enemy to approach so near, and block him in so effectually, that there was but one possible way of escape. Cornwallis at last deemed his prey secure.

On the 10th of February, this battle of manœuvres again commenced, and the two armies, now only twenty-five miles apart, stretched forward. Cornwallis supposed his adversary would make for the upper fords of the Dan, as there was nothing but ferries below, and hence put his army in such a position that he could crush him at once; but Greene quietly withdrew towards the Lower Dan, where he ordered boats to be congregated, in which he could transport his troops over. His object in this was twofold; first, to place a

deep instead of a fordable river between him and his formidable adversary, and secondly, to be in a situation to effect a junction with the reinforcements he expected from Virginia. Discovering at once the error under which Cornwallis labored, he added to it by sending a large detachment to manœuvre in front, as if the upper fords were indeed the object of his efforts. Col. Williams commanded this chosen body of men, and marched boldly against the entire English army. The British commander, thinking it to be the advanced guard of the Americans, began hastily to contract his lines, and make preparations for a fierce resistance. This detained his march, and allowed Greene to get a start, without which he must inevitably have been lost. The English were without baggage; indeed, the whole army had been converted into light infantry, which enabled it to move with much more alacrity than that of the Americans. It was now the dead of winter—the roads to-day were filled deep with mud, and to-morrow frozen hard, presenting a mass of rugged points to the soldiers' feet, through which or over which they were compelled to drag themselves, urged on by the fear of destruction. In the meantime Cornwallis, apprised of his error, began the pursuit in good earnest. But that gallant rear-guard of Williams kept between the two armies, slowly retreating, but still present—ever bending like a brow of wrath on the advancing enemy. The fate of the American army rested on its firmness and skill, and every officer in it seemed to feel the immense trust committed to his care. There were Lee's gallant legion, and Washington's heavy mounted, desperate horsemen, heroes every one. Vigilant untir-

ing, brave, they hovered with such a threatening aspect around the advancing columns, that they were compelled to march in close order to prevent an attack. The least negligence, the least oversight, and the blow would fall like lightning. Never did a rear-guard behave more gallantly. The men were allowed only three hours' sleep out of the twenty-four, and but one meal a day. By starting and pushing forward three hours before daylight, they were enabled to get a breakfast, and this was the last repast till next morning. Yet the brave fellows bore all without a murmur; and night after night, and day after day, presented the same determined front to the enemy. Cornwallis, believing for awhile that he had the whole American force in front, rejoiced in its proximity, knowing that when it reached the river it must perish—then Virginia would lie open to his victorious arms, and the whole South be prostrate. But when he at length discovered his mistake, he strained forward with desperate efforts.

In the meanwhile, that fleeing army presented a most heart-rending spectacle. Half clad, and many of them barefoot, with only one blanket for every four men, they toiled through the mire, or left their blood on the frozen ground—pressing on through the wintry storm and cold winds in the desperate struggle for life. At night when they snatched a few moments' repose, three soldiers would stretch themselves on the damp ground under one blanket, and the fourth keep watch; and happy were those who had even this scanty covering. Over hills, through forests, across streams, they held their anxious way, drenched by the rains, and chilled by the water through which they waded—and,

unprotected and uncovered, were compelled to dry their clothes by the heat of their own bodies. Greene saw their distress with bitter grief, but it could not be helped—his cheering words and bright example were all he could give them. Now hurrying along his exhausted columns, and now anxiously listening to hear the sound of the enemy's guns in the distance, he became a prey to the most wasting anxiety. From the time he had set out for the camp of Morgan, on the banks of the Catawba, he had not taken off his clothes; while not an officer in the army was earlier in the saddle, or later out of it, than he. But undismayed—his strong soul fully resolved yet to conquer—he surveyed with a calm, stern eye, the dangers that thickened around him. Should the rear-guard fail, nothing but a miracle could save him—but it should *not* fail. Every deep-laid plan was thwarted, every surprise disconcerted, and every sudden movement to crush it eluded by its tireless, sleepless leaders. Often within musket-shot of the enemy's vanguard, the excited soldiers wished to return the fire; but the stern orders to desist were obeyed, and the two tired armies toiled on. It was a fearful race for life, and right nobly was it run.

At length the main army arrived within forty miles of the ferry-boats which were to place a deep river between them and the foe, and hope quickened every step. All night long they swept onward through the gloom, cheered by the thought that another day would place the object for which they struggled within their grasp. On that same cold and slippery night the noble rear-guard, slowly retreating, suddenly saw, at twelve o'clock, watch-fires blazing in the distance. There then

lay the army, for which they had struggled so nobly and suffered so much, overtaken at last, and sure to fall. In this fearful crisis, that gallant band paused and held a short consultation; and then resolved, with one accord, to throw themselves in an overwhelming charge on the English army, and rolling it back on itself, by a sacrifice as great as it was glorious, secure a few more hours of safety to those they were protecting. This noble devotion was spared such a trial; the fires were indeed those kindled by Greene's soldiers, but the tired columns had departed, and staggering from want of repose and food, were now stretching forward through the midnight, miles in advance. Cornwallis, when he arrived at the smouldering camp-fires, believed himself almost up with Greene, and allowing his troops but a few moments' repose, marched all night long. In the morning his van was close upon the rear of that firm guard. Now came the last prodigious effort of the British commander—that rear-guard must fall, and with it, Greene, or all his labor and sacrifice would be in vain. On the banks of the Dan he had resolved to bury the American army, and if human effort and human energy could effect it, it should be done. His steady columns closed more threateningly and rapidly on the guard, pushing it fiercely before them, and scorning all meaner success, pressed forward for the greater prize. Still Lee's intrepid legion, and Washington's fearless horsemen, hung black and wrathful around their path, striving desperately, but in vain, to check their rapid advance. On, on, like racers approaching the goal, they swept over the open country, driving everything before them.

But at noon a single horseman was seen coming, in

a swift gallop, up the road along which Greene had lately passed. Every eye watched him as he approached, and as he reined his panting steed up beside the officers of that exhausted, but still resolute band, and exclaimed, "*The army is over the river,*" a loud huzza rent the air.

The main portion of the guard was now hastily dispatched by the shortest route to the ferry, while Lee still hovered with his legion in front of Cornwallis. As the former approached the river, they saw Greene, wan and haggard, standing on the shore, and gazing anxiously up the road by which they were expected to appear. His army was over, but he had remained behind to learn the fate of that noble guard, and if necessary, to fly to its relief. His eye lightened with exultation, as he saw the column rush forward to the river with shouts which were echoed in deafening accents from the opposite shore. It was now dark, and the troops were crowded with the utmost dispatch into the boats, and hastened over. Scarcely were they safely landed, before the banks shook beneath the hurried heavy tramp of Lee's legion, as it came thundering on towards the ferry. The next moment the shores rung with the clatter of armor, as those bold riders dismounted, and leaped into the boats ready to receive them. Their horses were pushed into the water after them, and the black mass disappeared in the gloom. In a few moments, lights dancing along the farther shore told of their safe arrival, and a shout that made the welkin ring went up from the American camp. Lee was the last man that embarked; he would not stir till his brave dragoons were all safe; and as the boat that bore him

touched the shore, the tread of the British van echoed along the banks he had just left. The pursuing columns closed rapidly in towards the river, but the prey they thought within their grasp had escaped. Not a boat was left behind, and Cornwallis saw with the keenest anguish, a deep broad river rolling between him and his foe. It was a bitter disappointment; his baggage had all been destroyed in vain, and this terrible march of two hundred and fifty miles made only to be retraced.

But no pen can describe the joy and exultation that reigned in the American camp that night. The army received that gallant rear-guard with open arms, and hailed them as their deliverers. Forgot was all—their lacerated feet, and stiffened limbs, and empty stomachs, and scanty clothing—and even the wintry wind swept by unheeded in the joy of their escape. Together they sat down and recounted their toils, and asked, each of the other, his perils and hardships by the way. Laughter, and mirth, and songs, and all the reckless gayety of a camp from which restraint is taken, made the shores echo. But it was with sterner pleasure Greene contemplated his escape; and as he looked on the majestic river, rolling its broad, deep current onward in the star-light, a mountain seemed to lift from his heart. He listened to the boisterous mirth about him, only to rejoice that so many brave fellows had been snatched from the enemy; then turned to his tent to ponder on his position, and resolve what next to do.

Thus ended this glorious retreat. It had been conducted for two hundred and fifty miles, through a country not furnishing a single defile in which a stance could be made. Three large rivers had been crossed—

forests traversed--and through rain and mud, and over frost and ice, Greene had fled for twenty days, baffling every attempt of his more powerful antagonist to force him to a decisive action. For the skill in which it was planned, the resolution and energy with which it was carried through, and the distance traversed, it stands alone in the annals of our country, and will bear comparison with the most renowned feats of ancient or modern times. It covered Greene with more glory than a victory could have done, and stamped him at once the great commander.

Cornwallis, far from his reinforcements, and in the heart of a hostile country, was now in a critical state. Greene no sooner saw his enemy halt, than he prepared to act on the offensive ; and if the reinforcements promised by Virginia had been ready, he could easily have crushed him. His letters dated at this time, show how his heart was wrung at the obstacles thrown in his way. Bold and self-reliant, however, he did not give way to despondency ; but the moment Cornwallis began to retreat, threw out his light troops in every direction, in order to harass his movements ; and in five days himself crossed the Dan, and proceeded to a place between Troublesome Creek and Reedy Fork, where he established his camp. In the meantime, the British commander found himself surrounded by a cloud of republicans, who were incessantly driving in his pickets, beating up his quarters, and keeping his camp in a constant trepidation. Tarleton, sent out with fire and sword, was compelled precipitately to retrace his steps, followed fiercely by Lee and Pickens, whose troops, in their ardor, marched all night, guiding

their steps through the gloom by pine torches, and nearly succeeded in capturing him.

Cornwallis, to whom a decisive battle had become a matter of life and death, immediately started in pursuit of Greene; hoping to fall on him before his army, now rapidly swelling by reinforcements, should become too formidable to assail. But manœuvre baffled manœuvre, and the wily American turned and doubled on his adversary in such a way as completely foiled all his plans. He changed his camp every night, filling the Tories with alarm by his omnipresent army, while his light troops, imitating his example, were never to be found in the same place for two days together. Cornwallis labored like one in a dream, and knew not in what direction to expect the blow that seemed ever ready to fall. One day he would be told that his enemy was in front; but before he had advanced far, he would hear of him on his flanks, and again back to his old quarters. His light troops were worn out with constant exertions, his foraging parties cut off, and he was gradually wearing away; while his adversary, whose sleepless eye never for a moment lost sight of him, was gradually augmenting his forces. Never before had he found an enemy so difficult to deal with; and there seemed no end to the web in which it was sought to entangle him. At length, however, hearing that a large body of reinforcements was coming up in a certain direction, he immediately resolved to throw himself between them and Greene, and thus force him to a battle or to abandon his allies. But the American commander understood his designs before they were put in execution, and by a skilful manœuvre saved the

the reinforcements ; while, to make the chagrin of Cornwallis still more galling, they just slipped through his fingers. Other reinforcements now arriving from Virginia, Greene saw his army swell to five thousand five hundred men. This was larger, numerically, than the force opposed to him ; but most of them were raw recruits. Still, he determined with these to risk a battle, for he knew that it was the largest army he could hope to raise, and that he could not long hold even this number together. For two months in the heart of winter he had kept manœuvring, marching, and countermarching, retreating and advancing, until the time had come for striking a blow or abandoning the attempt forever. He might not win the victory, but he would cripple his adversary, so that he would be compelled to quit the field. With these views and this determination, he gave his troops a little repose, and his raw recruits a little discipline, and then started for Guilford Court House. Cornwallis, after his last attempt to cut off the American reinforcements, had retired, so that Greene's march was unobstructed.

#### BATTLE OF GUILFORD.

On the 14th of March he halted his army at Guilford, where he had formerly examined the ground, with the intention of making it, some day, a battle-field. The solitary building, called the court-house, stood on a hill in the centre of a small clearing. It was a lonely spot, not another house was in sight ; and a limitless forest stretched away on every side, broken only here and there by a patch of cultivated ground, which some

adventurous settler had made. In front of the building was a belt of forest, and beyond it and parallel to it a long narrow cornfield. Along the farther edge of the field ran a rivulet. The road passed by the court-house through the belt of forest, and across the centre of the cornfield, and finally lost itself in the woods beyond, from which the enemy were to emerge. On the morning of the 15th of March, 1781, the drums beat their reveillè early, and Greene drew up his men in three lines on this secluded spot, which, before night, was to be strewed with the dead. Along the edge of the piece of wood, behind a fence, and facing the cornfield, he placed the North Carolina militia. In the wood, about fifty rods in the rear, he stationed the Virginia militia, under Stevens and Lawson: both these lines extended across the road. Four hundred yards behind these, on the hill around the court-house, were ranged the brave continentals, commanded by Greene in person. Two roads leading away from the court-house, in the rear, furnished a secure retreat. Thus strongly posted, with Lee's legion and some infantry covering the left flank, and Washington's heavy mounted dragoons the right, he waited the approach of the enemy.

It was a clear bright day as ever blessed the earth; the bracing air just stirred the tree-tops over the soldiers' heads, and all was beautiful and spring-like. Early in the forenoon scouts returned with the news that the British were advancing, and that gallant army stood to arms, and looked long and eagerly down the road along which they were to come. Noon came, and still the forest was silent and slumberous. But at length, about one o'clock, strains of martial music were

heard in the distance, struggling up from the tree-tops, and soon the sharp rattle of the drum, and the shrill tones of the fife and horn broke with startling distinctness on the ear, and then the head of the column began slowly to emerge into view. Two pieces of artillery under Singleton had been advanced along the road, and now opened on the approaching mass. Cornwallis immediately brought forward his artillery, and a fierce cannonade commenced. Under cover of the smoke of his guns, he pushed his columns across the brook into the cornfield, where, deploying rapidly to the right and left, they formed in order of battle. Relying on the discipline of his troops, he formed them into a single line without any reserve, resolved, by one terrible onset, to sweep the field. The Carolina militia looked in terror over the cornfield before them, red with the scarlet uniforms. The steady tread of the advancing battalions, the long lines of light made by the glittering bayonets over their heads, the banners floating in the breeze, and the loud strains of martial music, drowned ever and anon by the roar of cannon, conspired to render it a scene that might awe even more veteran hearts.

On, on they came, with the terrible front of battle, unchecked by the distant random shots of some of the militia, until they approached within a few rods, when they halted, and, at the word of command, poured in a simultaneous volley—then throwing their bayonets forward, rushed, with loud shouts, to the charge. The poor militia, frightened half out of their senses by this sudden and awful onset, forgot, many of them, to fire at all, and dropping their guns, knapsacks, canteens and

everything, took to their heels like a flock of sheep. Greene had not calculated on their firing more than four or five rounds; but this was dastardly. Their officers strove bravely to rally them, seizing those nearest with their hands, entreating and threatening by turns, while Lee spurred among them with his drawn sabre, swearing he would ride them down with his terrible legion if they did not halt. It was all in vain, utter terror had seized them; and they swarmed in affright through the woods, back to the second line. The Virginians, untouched by the panic, taunted them as they fled through, and railed on them as cowards and poltroons; then bravely turned to meet the shock. Stevens had taken care his militia should not serve him as they did at Camden, and posted forty riflemen in the rear, with orders to shoot down the first man who should attempt to run.

The British, elated by their first success, sent up a loud huzza, and pressed furiously forward upon the second line. In a moment the woods were red with the scarlet uniforms as they swept, in one broad wave, up to the Virginians; but a deadly volley received them, and huge gaps opened in their files. Unable to stand this galling fire, they sprang forward with the bayonet, and with levelled pieces, and steady front, moved against the undisciplined militia—but not a rank broke, not a battalion fled. Opposing steel to steel, and in the intervals pouring in their rapid volleys, they held, for a long time, the whole British army in check. At length, however, forced back by superior numbers, the right wing, still hanging together, swung slowly round, on the centre as a pivot, until it reached the road,

then broke and fled. The left wing, in the woods, on the opposite side of the road, still maintained the combat. Greene, now seeing that the battle was to be thrown upon him—as that part of the British army opposed to the routed right wing, following up their victory, emerged into view—rode along the lines, telling the soldiers that all now rested on them. “Be firm and steady,” said he, “and give the finishing blow.” On came the unbroken British line, and drew up in order on the open ground in front of those stern continentals. The next moment, with a loud shout and terrible impetuosity, they rushed to the charge. Cool and steady, those brave regulars watched their approach, undismayed by their shouts and fierce aspect, until within sure striking distance, and then poured a destructive volley in their very bosoms. Stunned by the terrific discharge, the solid formations recoiled a moment, and before they could recover, the Americans were upon them with the bayonet. Shouting like madmen, they swept through the covering smoke and random discharges like a resistless tide. Nothing could check the fury of their onset; and through and through the broken ranks they went, with the strength of a falling mountain. Oh! that Washington’s cavalry or Lee’s legion had then been ready to burst on the shattered line, or even another regiment to follow up the victory, and the red field would have been won. Yet still, onward swept that victorious regiment of Marylanders, chasing the fugitives before them. Suddenly turning upon the first battalion of the guards, before whom their companions had fled in terror, they fell on it with such fury that they shivered it in pieces with one fell blow; and

then, without taking time to breathe, rushed on the others. The conflict here became dreadful. That brave regiment, disdaining to fly, bore up against the overwhelming numbers that increased as it advanced, and was still maintaining its ground, when Washington, seeing how hard beset it was, ordered the bugles to sound, and the next moment the ground shook under the steady gallop of his squadron, as with shaking sabres and loud shouts they burst on the enemy. In vain did those veterans close up their ranks to meet the shock, and surround themselves with a girdle of steel—in vain did their officers shout: “Be steady and firm:” over and through everything went the fierce riders, trampling them down like grass. Stuart, who led them on, strove manfully to rally them to the charge, and as he moved about in the tumult, came upon Capt. Smith of those glorious Marylanders, and sprang fiercely upon him. The latter, parrying the Englishman’s small-sword with his left hand, brought down his heavy sabre on his head with such force that he cleaved him to the spine. The next moment, stunned by a musket-ball, though not killed, he fell on his antagonist. Scarcely had he touched the body, before the soldier who had fired the shot also fell across him. Nothing could now stay the excited Americans; and Washington’s cavalry plunged amid the disordered guards, striking them down with their heavy sabres at every step. The battle seemed won; and Cornwallis, who saw the rout of his guards, spurred towards them. Washington, beholding him, pointed forward with his sword, and shouted to his men to follow. Pressing close after him, they dashed onward, and the

great prize was almost within their grasp, when Washington's cap falling from his head, he dismounted to pick it up. At the same moment the officer at the head of the column, shot through the body, reeled in his saddle; while his horse, now unmanageable, turned and carried him off the field. The squadron, seeing one leader down, and the other riding away, thought a retreat had been sounded, and wheeled after the latter. In a moment, however, Washington came galloping up, and with a loud voice arrested their retreat, and again led them to the charge. But Cornwallis had retired, and so Washington fell again upon the guards, breaking to pieces every formation, and riding down every incipient square. The British commander saw at a glance that this rout of his guards must be arrested, or the whole army ruined; and hastening to his artillery, that crowned a slight eminence, he ordered it to open on the driving mass. "*Stop,*" said one of the leaders of that broken band, who had been borne back dreadfully wounded from the fight, "*you will destroy your own men.*" "*We must do it,*" replied Cornwallis, "*to save ourselves from destruction.*" The flying guards were now mingled up with their pursuers so completely, that every shot aimed at the latter would strike them also. But stern necessity required the sacrifice, and the next moment the artillery opened like a clap of thunder, and the heavy shot went tearing through the bleeding guards with frightful effect. The wounded officer turned away sick from the murderous spectacle, but Cornwallis gazed sternly on the slaughter, and still kept up that heavy fire, till half the battalion was stretched on the field. This checked the pursuers,

who were compelled to retreat, but not the battle. Volleys of musketry, interrupted by explosions of artillery, kept the atmosphere in an uproar; while charging cavalry, and shouting infantry—firm-set columns, and broken ranks—horses galloping riderless over the plain, and heaps of dead, combined to make that lonely spot, and that bright afternoon, a scene and time of thrilling interest and terror.

No sooner had Cornwallis cleared the field with his artillery than the routed troops began to rally—some behind ravines, and some in the woods; while those regiments yet unbroken were moved forward. In the woods, on the left, Lee and Campbell still maintained the fight, and had done so from the outset, sternly refusing to yield one inch of ground. They and their foes were both out of sight, but the incessant and fierce discharges that rung through the forest, and the wounded officers and men borne constantly back, told how close and dreadful was the struggle. But no news came from Lee. That gallant chieftain was straining every nerve to hold his position, ignorant of what had befallen the other portions of the army. Greene, in the meantime, could not advance with his few unbroken regiments on the whole British force, protected as it was by cannon, without risking all on one hazardous throw. But this was the game for Cornwallis to play, not for him: it was victory or ruin with the former, and at length, by incredible efforts, he succeeded in forming his line of battle anew, and again steadily advanced. Discipline had restored to him all his unwounded men; while Greene surveyed, with an anxious eye, the few regiments on which alone he could rely.

Though burning to renew the conflict, he dared not trust again his militia, who had been broken at the outset, and so he ordered a retreat while it could be safely made. Silence had now fallen on the field, and all was still, save the beating to arms and the incessant volleys from the woods on the left, from whence no tidings reached Greene.

The moment the former began his retreat, Cornwallis sent forward two regiments to break the rear-guard ; but the brave Virginians who composed it received them with such a scourging fire, and constantly presented such a firm front, that they soon gave it up, and the army retired three miles and halted.

The bright spring sun had now gone down in a mass of clouds, and the wind began to moan through the forest, foretelling a storm. After a few hours' repose, the weary army, in a cold and driving rain, again took up its line of march for its old encampment at Reedy Fork. All night long the bleeding patriots continued to press forward, with the storm beating upon them ; and wet and exhausted, and many of them barefoot, reached, at daybreak, their camp. One cannot think of those brave continentals, and Virginia troops, measuring the heavy miles back from the battle which they had struggled so nobly to win, without the most painful feelings. Deserted by their own friends, they had, nevertheless, resolutely and gallantly met the onset of the whole British army ;—then, stung with disappointment, and venting their rage on the cowardly Carolinians, closed their toilsome day by a heavy night-march. Many a noble heart lay cold and still on the field where they had struggled—here you could see the track of

Washington's cavalry by the ghastly sabre-strokes that disfigured the dead; and there by the heaps of the slain, where the gallant Maryland regiment, after it had broken to pieces one, a third larger than its own, met the guards in full career. Around the court-house the ground was red with blood, and American and Briton lay almost in each other's embrace. But amid the piles of the slain there were two scarlet uniforms to one of the continentals. Our unerring marksmen had made terrible havoc, and one-quarter\* of Cornwallis's army had fallen on the field he had won. No wonder Fox said on the floor of the House of Commons, when the victory was announced: "*Another such victory will ruin the British army.*"

The troops under Greene, so far from being dispirited, were full of confidence and courage, and demanded eagerly to be led immediately against the enemy. Those who had fought bravely panted to re-measure their strength with the foe; while the regiments which had made such a shameful flight, stung by the reproaches of their comrades, earnestly asked for an opportunity to wipe out the disgrace. How different was the state of Cornwallis. He had taken nothing but three pieces of artillery, which could not be brought off except by hand, as the horses had been shot down, and so left behind; while encumbered with the wounded, and diminished in his strength, he lost all power to maintain his ground. No sooner, therefore, had he collected his wounded, than he began a precipitate retreat. His victory had been so dearly bought, that nothing but a rapid flight could save him.

\* Six hundred killed and wounded.

This battle, so admirably planned, would have finished at once the career of the British commander, had all of the American troops behaved even with ordinary bravery. If the first line had poured in but *one* well-directed volley, the English army would have been shaken, and handed over to the second line disordered, or at least, discouraged, instead of fresh and excited, as it was; and by the time it reached the courthouse, the fate of the day would have been settled. Or, had the second regiment of the Marylanders showed but half the firmness their comrades of the first did, the victory would have been complete. Greene reckoned, and not without cause, on the good conduct of this regiment; but instead of meeting the grenadiers of the guards with courage, they turned and fled at the first fire, leaving all the work to their companions, who had just broken one regiment into fragments. It was expected that the Carolina militia, unaccustomed to battle, would make but a feeble resistance; but the failure of this body was a grievous disappointment, and left but a small band on which the American commander could rely. When Greene beheld it, he hastened forward, and in his eagerness came near being taken prisoner; for, in approaching the spot where the conflict was raging, he suddenly found himself upon the enemy, and screened from them only by a few saplings. His danger was imminent; but with that presence of mind which never deserted him, he walked away quietly so as not to attract attention and provoke pursuit. His whole plan exhibited the greatest genius and daring combined; and as it was, he gained all that a mere victory would have

given him. An utter rout would have finished the campaign ; but he could scarcely hope for this with the troops under him.

Still, undaunted by his reverse, he determined after giving his men a short repose to hazard another battle. In the meantime, he heard of the flight of his enemy, and was about to start in rapid pursuit, when, to his dismay, he found that his ammunition was nearly exhausted. This saved the victor from a complete overthrow ; and those brave officers who had struggled so nobly, were compelled to remain inactive. Washington, and Lee, and Campbell, and Smith, and Howard, and Stevens, and Huger, and last and noblest, Gunby, and many others, had won for themselves an immortal name, but they were impatient for another trial.

As soon as he was able to make a demonstration, Greene sent forward Lee to hang on the rear of the crippled enemy, and immediately followed with his whole army. Nothing could shake the iron will of this man, or for a moment relax his energy. To-day retreating, to-morrow advancing—now pouring his columns to the charge, and now conducting them bleeding, through the storm and darkness, to a place of safety ; and again, with scarcely a day's repose, breaking into a furious offensive—he exhibits all the qualities of a headlong warrior, and of a careful, great commander.

The British fled towards Wilmington, and Greene thundered in their rear. The former dared not hazard a battle, and pressed forward towards Deep River, and halting at Ramsey's Mills, threw a bridge across the stream, and waited the approach of the Americans. Greene, who had been detained a day, in order to

bring up his ammunition, urged his weary troops along the muddy roads, and at length approached the river. But Cornwallis had changed his mind, and without waiting to receive the attack, hurried his army across the bridge, and attempted to destroy it. But before he could effect his object, Lee burst on him with his legion, and he was compelled to seek safety in precipitate flight, leaving some of his dead on the banks, and the beef his men had killed hanging in the stalls. But here the troops, overcome by their rapid marches and long toils, and seeing the enemy again beyond their reach, refused to proceed any farther. No entreaties or remonstrance could prevail on them to stir; for the term of enlistment of many of them had expired, and they were far from their homes. Thus fell a second blow on the heart of this indomitable chieftain, and he was compelled to see his adversary withdraw in security. Still, could one have looked upon that army, he would scarcely blame them. Barefoot, half-clad, and without provisions, they had marched, fought, and retreated, and suffered, and now needed repose. Their iron leader could not expect from them what he himself would undertake, and he was forced to halt. With the most strenuous exertions, he could not get a supply of provisions; and the brave fellows, gnawed by the pangs of hunger, seized on the most disgusting food with avidity, but not a murmur escaped their lips. They loved their chieftain with devotion, for he asked nothing from them he did not himself cheerfully encounter; and many a night they had seen him drenched and worn, riding in their midst, encouraging their spirits, and rousing their patriotism. And now, as their term of service

expired, he called them out, and, after thanking them for their bravery and cheerful co-operation, dismissed them to their homes. With loud cheers they hailed him, as he rode along their lines, and then commenced their weary journey to their distant fire-sides.

With his army reduced to one-third of its size, no other course seemed left open to him but to take some central position, and watch the enemy. Cornwallis was beyond his reach if he attempted a pursuit; besides, he was too weak to risk a battle with him. He had accomplished all that could be done with an inferior force—out-manœuvred and thwarted his enemy till he could raise reinforcements—then fallen on him with terrible slaughter, and pursued him as long as an efficient army was left under his command, and now it was time to pause and reflect. What could be done in his crippled condition and destitute state? The gates of success, and even action, seemed shut upon him, but his genius struck out a plan as original as it was bold. With his little band he resolved to carry the war into South Carolina, and fall on the line of the enemy's posts established between Ninety-Six and Charleston. These were all well garrisoned and fortified; but if they could be taken, the base of Cornwallis's operations would be destroyed. Still it was a hazardous experiment; for if the latter, with his superior army, should follow him up, he would be crushed between it and the garrisons; but relying on his own resources and the confusion into which his sudden movements would throw his adversary, he set out on his desperate undertaking. Only a week's repose was given to the soldiers, and then a series of toils entered upon, to which all they had before

suffered was but a commencement. He had calculated all beforehand, and said: "*I know the troops will be exposed to every hardship. But, as I share it with them, I hope they will bear up under it with that magnanimity which has already supported them, and for which they deserve everything of their country.*" Secretly and carefully the army took up its line of march, and in twelve days reached Camden, where Lord Rawdon lay, strongly fortified.

#### BATTLE OF HOBKIRK'S HILL.

Greene took up his position on Hobkirk's Hill, about two miles north of the town, and remained there three days; when, hearing that a British reinforcement was coming up, he hastened to cut it off. Finding, after a fatiguing march, that the report was unfounded, he retraced his steps, and, on the 25th of April, again drew up his little army, scarce a thousand strong, in order of battle on Hobkirk's Hill. The troops, who had now been twenty-four hours without food, were hastily supplied, and sat scattered around in every direction, cooking it, when the fire from the videttes in the distance, announced the approach of the enemy. Greene was at the time in his tent, drinking a cup of coffee. In a moment he was in the saddle, his eye gleaming in exultation and confidence. The drums beat to arms—the hungry soldiers came rushing back to their posts—the stern order passed along the lines, and in a few minutes they stood prepared for the onset. The road ran directly through the American encampment, on each side of which extended the army in a

single line, one wing resting on a swamp, the other lost in the woods. The artillery occupied the road, while two hundred and fifty militia, and Washington's cavalry, were stationed in the rear, as a reserve. For awhile all was silent around that little army cresting the hill; and they stood and listened anxiously to the firing in the forest, as the picket-guards, retreating inch by inch, kept up a sharp fire on the advancing columns. Nothing could be seen except the smoke as it curled up over the tree-tops, revealing the struggle below, and all was breathless suspense, until at length the enemy emerged into the open ground, right in front of the height. The moment Greene's eye fell upon them, he saw that the narrowness of their front gave him a rare opportunity for a flank movement, and he resolved to overthrow them by one fell swoop. "*Let Campbell and Ford turn their flanks, the cavalry take them in the rear, and the centre charge with trailed bayonets,*" fell, in a single breath, from his lips; and swinging down round the enemy, the whole army precipitated itself forward. The artillery opened, followed by the rapid volleys of the infantry; and, in a moment, the field was in a blaze. Washington went galloping by a circuitous route to the rear; while that resolute line closed like the hand of fate around the British column. Thrown into confusion by the searching fire, and rolling back before the steadily advancing bayonets, the enemy began to break on all sides, and one more bold push and the day would be won. Greene, at the head of a single regiment, fought like the meanest soldier, and led the intrepid band steadily through the fire that wasted it. But in this critical moment, the veteran regiment of

Gunby, which had wrought such prodigies at Guilford, gave way; and Rawdon, rallying at the sight, rapidly extended his lines—pushing back the wings of the Americans, until, at length, the two armies stood front to front. Greene, broken-hearted at the flight of his favorite regiment, on which he had placed his hopes, galloped up to it, and sending his stern commands through the ranks, again rallied them: but it was too late. Spurring his steed up the hill, he cast his eye on the conflict beneath, and lo! all was lost. His centre was pierced, the artillery pushed back, and the enemy, with loud shouts, were rolling in one broad wave up the hill. His fond hopes were all blasted; and the irretrievable rout of his army burst like a thunder-clap upon him. Instantly ordering a retreat, he covered it with a single regiment; and spurring amid the bullets which rained in an incessant shower about him, succeeded in restoring partial order. In the meantime his artillery was almost within the enemy's grasp. The men had left the guns, and had just turned to flee, when Greene burst in a fierce gallop among them, and leaping from his horse, seized the drag-ropes himself. This heroic example shamed the men into courage, and they flew again to their places. At this critical moment Smith came up with forty-five of the camp-guards to their defence. On this little band, drawn up behind the guns, the British charged with both infantry and cavalry, and in a few minutes the Americans, though they fought with incredible fury, were reduced to fourteen. the next moment, having fired simultaneously, the cavalry was upon them while in the act of loading, and every man of them fell dead in his footsteps. The

artillery seemed now irretrievably lost ; but before the victors could secure their prize, Washington burst upon them with his fierce riders, trampling them under foot, and scattering them like leaves from his path. In the outset of the battle he had reached, as he was ordered, the rear of the army, where he came upon a motley group of surgeons and attendants, and so forth, which he should have rode down without hesitation, and charged home upon the main body of the enemy. This, however, his generous heart forbade him to do, and while he was securing the prisoners the battle was lost. Had he rode steadily forward, he might have compensated for the failure of Gunby. But the fortunate moment had passed, and finding that Greene had been beaten back, he made good his retreat, and arrived just in time to save the artillery. Each man had his prisoner behind him, and thus, riding double, they came upon the enemy—but it was the work of only a moment for those bold dragoons to tumble each of those prisoners off, and then, with a shout, rush to the charge. Having rescued the artillery, Washington wheeled and fell like a loosened cliff on the shouting and victorious army, rolling it back on itself in utter amazement. This checked the pursuit, and Greene withdrew without further attack.

The grand cause of the failure was the unexpected retreat of Gunby's regiment ; though the brave fellows who composed it were not to blame. As they were advancing, the first line, instead of charging bayonet, began to fire—this being arrested, they marched on down the hill, when the captain commanding the right fell dead. This caused a little confusion though not a

company retreated, or even halted. Gunby seeing there was some little disorder, and fearing it might increase, ordered the line to halt until the second line could close in at quick-step. He shouted this command at the top of his voice; but amid the noise of battle, it was not understood; and the soldiers, mistaking it for an order to retreat, turned and fled. Gunby was court-martialled for his conduct, and severely reprimanded. It was clear that he ought not to have halted his men, but kept them moving till the second line advanced to their aid. This reversing orders and confusing the soldiers in the very moment of attack, is the most ruinous thing that can be done.

Greene retreated only a few miles after the battle, hoping that Rawdon would be encouraged to a second attack; but he wisely forbore, and shut himself up in Camden.

Never was the former in a more critical situation than at this moment. The blow he had planned so secretly, and planted so skilfully, had not only failed, but waked up the enemy in every quarter to his designs. Cornwallis, when he heard of it, knew that his line of posts was threatened, and revolved long and anxiously his course. First he determined to push on after his daring and adventurous adversary, and overwhelm him; but finally turned his steps to Virginia, to close his career at Yorktown. In the meantime, reinforcements were hurrying up to Rawdon from Georgetown. On these Marion and Lee hung with threatening aspect, but they finally succeeded in reaching Camden. With his little destitute army about him, Greene now felt the full peril of his position, and, for

the first time during the campaign, his strong heart sunk in despondency. Rawdon was within striking distance of him, with a large force, while word was brought that Cornwallis was marching rapidly against him. His ammunition was exhausted, his recruits destitute of arms, and Congress seemed to have abandoned him to his fate. Deserted, impoverished, almost surrounded—with only a small and half-naked band around him, he for a moment bent under this accumulation of troubles, and the tide of despondency his iron will had so long kept back, flowed in one resistless flood over his manly heart. He drank deep of the cup of bitterness, and a heavy cloud rested on his brow as he sought in vain to pierce the gloom that surrounded him. It was, however, but a moment, and his strong nature roused itself to grapple with the difficulties that beset him. “*We will dispute every inch of ground,*” said he, “*though Lord Rawdon, I know, will push me back to the mountains.*”

The news of Cornwallis's march to Virginia, saved him this alternative, and allowed him to carry out his original plan. Rawdon, seeing that dispatch alone could save his garrisons south, immediately broke up his encampment at Camden; and having destroyed his stores and fortifications, and with the blazing town, which he had fired, to light his path, began his rapid march towards Fort Motte. Thither, also, Greene hastened, to save Marion and Lee, who were pressing the siege. Both commanders, one with alarm and the other with joy, heard, just before they reached it, that it had surrendered to our arms. This fort occupied a sort of middle position, between Ninety-Six on

the extreme northwest and Charleston on the extreme southeast : hence its fall broke the chain of posts completely.

The field was now open again to Greene, and sending forward Lee against Fort Granby, he followed in rapid marches with the main army. On approaching the place, he found it already in the hands of Lee. His face brightened up at the news—the morning was dawning, and a few more efforts, and lo ! the sun of prosperity would rise. Hurrying on Lee, to unite with Pickens, now before Augusta, he turned his steps towards Ninety-Six, the last and strongest fortress. The garrison had been ordered long before to withdraw, but the messenger who bore the dispatch was captured, and Cruger, who commanded, was left to defend himself as he could.

#### STORMING OF NINETY-SIX.

On the 22d of May, after a fatiguing march, Greene found himself before the fort, and immediately began his approaches. With Kosciusko and Pendleton, he made the entire circuit of the fortifications, going so near that he was fired upon by the sentinels. First came a heavy redoubt surrounded with a ditch and frieze, and an abatis. A few rods distant, was a stockade fort, supported by two strong block-houses—the whole defended by a well-supplied garrison. On the 23d, Greene broke ground, and pushed his operations on with the utmost vigor—day and night, without a moment's intermission, the spade and pick-axe were heard in the trenches. Sally after sally was made by the enemy,

and a fierce fire kept up, but still the resolute workmen toiled on. Lee having failed before Augusta, now came up with his legion, and invested the stockade fort, and soon cut off the supply of water—the guns had been silenced before. Day after day the work went on, and closer and closer drew the toils around the garrison. All that bravery and resolution could do, had been done, and for eighteen days they had made desperate efforts to arrest the progress of the besiegers. But now the scene was drawing to a close, and in a few days more the fortress must fall.

At this critical juncture, news arrived of the rapid approach of Rawdon by forced marches, to relieve the garrison. Greene strained every nerve to bring up Marion, and Sumpter, and Pickens, that he might meet his enemy once more in the open field. “Let us have a field day,” said he, “and I doubt not it will be a glorious one.” Vain wish! the British commander knew that everything depended on celerity, and he soon was upon him with double the number of his army. Nothing now remained but to retreat; but this the soldiers could not bear to think of after all their toil, and begged so earnestly to be led to the assault, that Greene at length consented. He would not cripple his whole army by a general storm, and so he directed some picked regiments to make the attempt first on the stockade fort. On the 17th of June, the regiments destined to the assault stood to their arms—the forlorn-hopes took their stations; while fascines, with which to fill up the ditch, and hookmen, with long iron hooks, to pull down the sand-bags that lined the ramparts, completed the stern preparation. The riflemen were in their

towers, and the artillery was trained on the fort. At eleven o'clock the first cannon was fired, and the men sprung into the trenches; then the whole opened at once, the signal for the assault, and amid the roar of artillery, and peals of musketry, the brave fellows, with one fierce shout, plunged into the ditch, and began to climb the walls. In a moment a dreadful volley swept them down, yet they still pressed on over their dead companions, and mounted the ramparts against the line of bayonets that bristled above them. The fort was gallantly won, but the redoubt continued to hold out, and poured an incessant, galling fire on the Americans who crowded the ditch. But not a man yielded, and the assault was pressed with desperate impetuosity. But the ditch was too deep, and the parapets too high, and all efforts to scale them were unavailing. For a whole hour had this deadly conflict continued, before Greene ordered the troops to be withdrawn. He had won the stockade fort, and might yet win all; but he was afraid to risk his entire army, when Lord Rawdon was almost upon him. The assault had been nobly made, and the soldiers behaved with the courage of veteran troops, and it was with despondency and gloom they heard the orders to retreat. They had been nearly a month laboring to secure the prize, and now they were compelled to abandon it—with heavy hearts they beheld the ramparts, still red with the blood of their comrades, fade away in the distance.

Rawdon came rapidly up, and, passing the fort, pressed hard after Greene; but after marching twenty-two miles, his overtaken troops gave out, and he returned. Ordering Ninety-Six to be evacuated, he began

his retreat, harassed at every step by Lee, who kept dealing blow after blow, and yet receiving none in return. In the track of the retreating army were crowds of men, women and children, fleeing from the vengeance of the Whigs, whom they had insulted, and robbed, and slain without mercy. The day of retribution had come; and the panic-struck wretches fled to Charleston, to escape the vengeance due to their crimes.

Greene no sooner saw his enemy retreat, than he turned, with his usual daring, in pursuit. Following rapidly on his flying traces, he again and again, by his deep-laid plans and unwearied exertions, almost captured a part of the army. Daunted by no danger, overcome by no toil, never beguiled into repose, he seemed omnipresent to his foe. At length, after having forced him back at every point—Orangeburg alone remaining occupied between him and the coast—he resolved to rest his troops. The heat of summer had set in, and the suffering and exposure of his men demanded some relief. Choosing out a salubrious position on the high hills of Santee, he went into summer-quarters, and all the freedom and wild mirth of a camp life commenced. But to Greene there was no repose; and he immediately set about a re-organization of the army. Congress, however, could do nothing, and no money was sent him with which to pay off the soldiers. Still, partial success crowned his efforts—resulting from the re-establishment of the civil power, which the presence of the enemy had abolished.

As soon as he had rested his troops, he was again in motion, saying, "*We will seek the enemy wherever*

*we can find them, unless they take refuge within the gates of Charleston."* On the 22d of August he broke up his encampment, and began his march, looking anxiously for reinforcements, without which he would be powerless. Said he, in writing to Lee: "*We must have victory or ruin: nor will I spare anything to obtain it.*" Pushing on under the broiling August sun, he ordered in Pickens and Marion with the troops under their command, and approached Orangeburg. At length he heard that the enemy had halted at Eutaw Springs, and immediately moved forward to within seven miles, and halted. Here Marion joined him; and that night, the 7th of September, the toil-worn chieftain wrapped himself in his cloak, and slept on the ground, in the midst of his soldiers, with the root of a tree for his pillow.

#### BATTLE OF EUTAW SPRINGS.

With the first dawn the drums beat to arms; but Greene was already on horseback, and soon had his troops under way. The eastern sky was red and glowing with the near approach of the up-rising sun, and the dew-drops lay fresh and sparkling on the foliage, as they passed through the forest. In two columns—the militia under the gallant Marion and Pickens, in front, and the brave continentals in the rear, while Lee's fierce legion led the van, they moved silently on. But, with the exception of the officers, there were few bright uniforms to be seen. Whole ranks were barefoot and in rags, and hundreds were stark naked, with nothing but tufts of moss on their

shoulders and hips, to keep their muskets and cartridge-boxes from chafing their skins. It was a sight to move the heart, to see those naked freemen pressing on to battle, under the flag of liberty. Greene cast his anxious eye along the dark files, as they swept noiselessly onward, feeling that a few hours more would settle the fate of his army. The enemy he was advancing against was not only superior in numbers and discipline, but occupied an advantageous position, while a large portion of his own soldiers had never been in action, and would be compelled to take such ground as would be left them. No wonder that his heart was filled with the deepest solicitude, as he thought of the unequal contest he was seeking. Still, a battle he must have, and a victory too, cost what it might, before his troops again disbanded.

About eight o'clock, when yet four miles from Eutaw, the rolling of drums in the distance announced the approach of the enemy. It proved to be only a detachment, which Lee's legion scattered before them like chaff of the summer threshing-floor. The shouts that were sent back over the American columns, inspired new hope and courage, and they pressed triumphantly forward.

The British army, under Stewart, lay at Eutaw Springs, in an open field—the only one in the whole region—protected on one side by the Eutaw creek, while in the rear stood barns and out-houses, presenting a rallying point in case of disaster. Added to all this, there was a strong brick house, commanding the entire ground. This house was in fact an impregnable fort, for the Americans had no artillery heavy enough to

batter it down. Through this open space ran the road along which Greene was advancing. For miles away on either side, it was an unbroken forest; and that sweet spot, resting in the very bosom of nature, solitary and alone, was to be the meeting-place of the armies. When the news of Greene's approach was brought him, the English commander was surprised, but immediately began to put his army in order of battle. The tents were left standing in the morning sunlight, and the troops formed in a single line in front of them, and awaited the onset. They had not long to remain in suspense, for with streaming banners and glittering bayonets the American columns came steadily on, and soon the first line drew up face to face with the whole British force, and the battle opened. Gaines, with the American artillery, came sweeping in a gallop along the road, and hastily unlimbering his guns, vomited forth fire on the British line—the enemy's artillery replied, and an incessant peal of thunder rolled through the forests of Eutaw. The raw militia bore up like veterans, and though outnumbered, two to one, delivered their fire with such precision and swiftness, as for a while to overbalance that of the enemy. It ran in a sharp, quick rattle from one extremity of the line to the other, with deadly effect, while the deep regular volleys of the English replied. Greene's eye kindled with exultation as he saw how firmly and resolutely his untried troops closed on the foe. But at length the superior numbers of the enemy began to tell, and they moved forward. The militia shaking under the pressure, slowly recoiled when Greene ordered up some of his own battalions to their relief, which,

led on by the gallant Sumner, came into action in beautiful order, and delivered such a scourging fire, and followed it up with such rapidity and precision, that the English were compelled to fall back to their first position, and the battle raged again with tenfold fury. A part of the artillery on both sides had been dismounted; but the rest kept thundering on in deafening explosions, till the trees trembled and rocked above the combatants. Finding his line pressed so hotly, the English commander ordered up his reserve, and the entire army was now engaged. Greene still kept by him two battalions of continentals, the brave Marylanders and Virginians, while Washington, with his fierce horsemen panting for the fray, sat in the rear. With these he had planned a terrible blow, but the moment to deliver it had not yet arrived. His eye flashed fire as he surveyed the tumultuous field, and he watched with delight the advancing smoke of the American volleys. Loud shouts were borne back to his ear, and our gallant troops made head against the whole British array. But superior numbers at length prevailed—our line halted, and then, after a short struggle, bent backward like a serpent of fire over the ground. Vainly struggling to spring to its place again, it became broken; when, observing it, the whole English army threw itself forward with deafening shouts. But pressing up its advantage too eagerly, it became disordered, which Greene's quick eye detected instantaneously. This was his time, and he shouted to his brave continentals, "*Advance, and sweep the field with the bayonet!*" A loud huzza was the answer; and, with leaning forms and trailed, bayonets those

two terrible battalions moved swiftly and sternly forward. In a moment the whole interest of the battle gathered around them, and every eye was turned on their ranks, as they came in beautiful order and stern array within reach of the enemy's volleys. The British saw them approach without dismay, and sending up a loud shout of defiance, poured in a rapid and wasting fire. But nothing could stop those noble troops—on, on they swept, shoulder to shoulder, without shrinking, through the driving sleet. The Virginians, galled dreadfully by the fire, gave one volley, then rushed forward: but the stern Marylanders never pulled a trigger. Their rapid tread shook the field, their terrible shout drowned even the roar of musketry, and with their eyes bent in wrath on the enemy, they moved in one dark and dreadful wave to the shock. Before their steady valor and determined aspect, the firmest veterans shrunk in dismay, and with one loud cry they fell like a rolling rock on the shaking ranks. Through and over them they went with headlong fury, turning the whole army in affright over the field. Lee, too, came down on the flank with his legion, and the bugles of Washington's cavalry rung over the tumult, and their fierce gallop made the earth tremble. The British army became like a flock of sheep before them. Past and through their camp, and along the road to Charleston, they fled, leaving their tents standing on the plain, and all seemed lost. But, alas, that deserted camp, with its luxuries, was more potent than when filled with warriors. Breaking from their ranks, the soldiers swarmed through them after the spoils—all but Lee's gallant legion, which turned neither to the right hand nor to the left, but pressed

fiercely on after the fugitives. In this crisis, a few British soldiers, with Sheridan at their head, threw themselves into the brick house; and, though pressed so closely by the Americans, that there was a desperate struggle at the door for the mastery, they succeeded in shutting themselves in. Many of their own officers and men, however, were left without, whom the Americans seized and held before them as they retreated, as shields against the marksmen in the house. The artillery was hurried up, but proved to be too light to batter down the walls, while from every window was poured an incessant fire. It was then that those who had broken their ranks and rushed into the tents, received the punishment of their deeds. As fast as they emerged into the open air, the deadly shots from the house mowed them down, and many a gallant officer, in striving to force his men out, was picked off. Thus ingloriously fell those brave troops, who had passed scathed through the fight.

Meanwhile, in an impenetrable thicket, which flanked the field of battle, there still remained a detachment of upwards of three hundred British, whom no effort could dislodge. Washington came thundering on them with his squadron, but he could not pierce the hedge-like shrubbery. Halting to wheel his men by sections into an open space where he thought he could make a charge, such a destructive fire was opened on him, that every officer but two, and one-third of his entire squadron, fell at the first volley. His own horse was shot under him, and himself bayoneted and taken prisoner. The remnants of the shattered band, undismayed, wheeled and charged with edible fury Vain valor! the thicket was like a

wall of adamant in their faces, and the Delaware infantry brought up to their relief met with no better success. The British officer who commanded that detachment finding the Americans slowly enveloping him, at length began to retreat, hugging the thicket and ravine as he went, until he came where the house protected him. This enabled the British commander to form his line of battle anew. But Greene had already gained enough to secure his object. One-quarter of the whole English army had fallen on the field dead or wounded, another quarter he had taken prisoners; and this brilliant success he did not wish to risk in another engagement, since he knew that his adversary would be compelled to retreat. He had driven the enemy from the field, taken a part of their artillery and a quarter of their army, and crushed forever their boasted superiority with the bayonet; and so leaving a strong picket on the ground under Hampton, retired from the combat, though he could have renewed the battle with success, and gained it the second time. But with his prisoners and wounded, and his army exhausted with fatigue, he could not continue the pursuit, and hence a complete victory would end only in the retreat of the enemy—a result that would occur without any more fighting.

Lee went with a flag to the English commander, to propose that both armies should unite in burying the dead. The roar of the conflict had died away, and the burning sun was still high in the heavens, when the hostile bands, forgetting their animosities, mingled together in bearing off their fallen comrades. There they lay, friend and foe, side by side—many mutually trans-

fixed, and scowling on each other in death. The field was red with blood, and the slain lay thick as autumn-leaves over that open space. But there was one spectacle which, as it met his gaze, wrung Greene's heart with the bitterest anguish. Before him, in ghastly rows, lay fifty of his brave officers, pale and cold in death, or bleeding fast from their wounds. In a small, miserable hovel, standing by itself, were the officers of Washington's squadron, who had fallen under that dreadful fire from the thicket. They were all noble young men, in the morning of life—heroes every one of them, who had closed firmly round him in his darkest hours. As he passed among them his lips quivered—his eyes filled with tears, and to those stretched on the floor, still breathing, he said, in a voice choked with emotion: "*It was a trying duty imposed on you; but it was unavoidable. I could not help it.*"

So overcome with thirst and heat were the men, after the battle, that they ran and plunged bodily into the ponds and swamps. But their sufferings did not end with the day. The sickly season had set in, and fevers were added to wounds, till the hospitals were crowded, and the surgeons and physicians worn down with constant labor. The enemy had fled in affright, immediately after the battle, closely pursued by Lee's legion, and Marion's men; and Greene himself would have pushed on, but his sick and dying army required repose, and he repaired to the hills of Santee. In this distressed and crippled condition his feelings were sorely tried, and in no way more than in seeing the sufferings of his faithful soldiers. He would go himself through the hospital, cheering up the desponding, and stooping

over the fevered couch of the dying, while blessings and tears followed his footsteps.

Two months passed away in this manner, and the enemy were gathering their forces again. The recruits on their way to join him, had been stopped at Yorktown, and but a feeble band remained under his command. Apparently deserted and abandoned, his officers began to despond, and proposed to abandon all further effort. "*No*," said the intrepid and noble-hearted patriot, "*I will save the country or perish in the attempt:*" and while yet in the midst of his troubles and embarrassments, hearing of the approach of Washington against Cornwallis, and fearing the latter would attempt to retreat through the Carolinas, to Charleston, he made preparations to cross his path, and again measure strength with him. But on the 9th of November, 1781, the news was brought of the surrender of the British army; and joy and exultation reigned throughout the camp.

Greene now hoped to draw the French fleet south, to co-operate with him in reducing Charleston; but failing in this, he boldly took the field against the enemy. Sending Marion to operate between Charleston and Santee, and Sumpter to overawe the Tories at Orangeburg, he, with eight hundred men advanced against Dorchester, where one portion of the English army was lying. Stewart, his old adversary of Eutaw, was only seven miles from this place, with the other division; but Greene hoped by a surprise to crush the former, before he could come to its relief. With his eight hundred men he moved rapidly over the intervening country, and abandoning the public roads, made his

way through forests and swamps, and falling on the English cavalry and breaking it in pieces, suddenly presented himself before Dorchester. But the British had heard of his approach, notwithstanding his precaution, and destroying their stores, precipitately retreated to within six miles of Charleston. Thither also Stewart fled, and thus, by a brilliant manœuvre, Greene drove the enemy from all their strong posts, and cooped them up around Charleston. The country rung with applause, and his own officers were dazzled at the genius and daring which had accomplished so much. Following up his success, he began to draw his toils closer and closer around the city. But in the very midst of his victories, came the news, that two thousand men from New York, and three thousand from Ireland, were on their way to relieve the place. Instead of yielding to despair at this unlooked-for danger, he summoned all his energies to meet it. He called on the separate States, in the most beseeching language, for reinforcements, and the state of his mind at this time may be imagined, from a letter he wrote to Davies. "*For God's sake!*" said he, "*give no sleep to your eyes, nor slumber to your eyelids, until you get the troops on the march.*" Desperate as was his position, he was determined to fight; and if he could not win the battle, at least so burden the enemy with wounded, that they could not pursue him. The report, however, turned out to be a gross exaggeration, and a world of anxiety was taken from his mind. In writing to a friend afterwards, he says, with a mixture of mirth and firmness: "I have not been fright-

ened, as Dr. Skinner says, but *I have been confoundedly alarmed.*"

John's Island was now the only point around Charleston in possession of the British troops, and this he determined to carry by storm. There was but one place where an army could wade to the island, and over that only at low tide; while galleys moored within four hundred yards of each other, commanded the passage. Two columns were put in motion on the night of the 13th of January, and silently began their march. Lee's reached the shore, and cautiously passed over; while the "All's well," from the galleys, ringing through the darkness, showed that they had not been discovered. He drew up his men on the beach, and there, wet and shivering, waited the arrival of the other column. This, however, being deserted by its guide, and losing its way, had wandered all night through the fields. Messengers had been dispatched in every direction, but the secrecy with which everything had been conducted rendered their search fruitless. At length light streaks along the eastern sky announced the approach of day, and the brave column was recalled to the main land, and reached it in safety, though the tide was running breast-high. This bold and skilfully laid plan had failed—but nothing daunted, Greene ordered up his artillery, and opened a fierce fire on the galleys, which forced them from their position, and drove the enemy into Charleston. Pressing up his advantage, he now threatened the city itself.

But during the privations of the winter the troops became discouraged, and some of them, mostly Pennsylvanians, plotted a revolt. They opened communica-

tions with the enemy, and everything was arranged to deliver Greene into their hands. But the day before this infamous plot was to be carried into execution, it was discovered, and the leader of it hung in presence of the army.

In the meantime Greene continued to draw his lines closer and closer around Charleston. The spring found him still menacing the town, but without the power to inflict a blow. Summer came, and still he lingered; until at last the pestilential atmosphere began its work. Struck down by disease, the men died by scores, and the air became loaded with the stench of putrid corpses. In approaching the camp, you would have thought, from the smell, that the whole army was rotting in the sun. It was perfectly horrible; and at last Greene himself was stricken down with the fever though his resolute spirit still remained unbroken. The utmost destitution prevailed; so that even salt had to be manufactured on the sea-shore, to furnish a supply. The soldiers were without clothing—there was scarce one blanket to ten men—hundreds were entirely naked; and thus, consumed with fever, they slowly wasted away. There were a thousand so destitute of garments, that Greene could not ask them to appear on duty, except in the most desperate emergency. Thus the spring and autumn passed. At length the army received a good supply of clothing, and the sickness began slowly to disappear.

The enemy were still in Charleston, but their condition was every day becoming more and more straitened; and at last they determined to evacuate the city. When the morning gun of the thirteenth of

December broke over the American camp—the signal for the embarkation to commence—loud shouts of exultation went up; and as the soldiers entered the town, so great was their eagerness, that the officers could scarcely restrain them from pressing on the ranks of the retiring foe. At three o'clock Greene entered, with the governor by his side, preceded by thirty dragoons, and followed by a long procession of citizens, while his brave cavalry brought up the rear. With banners flying, and drums beating, and bugles breathing forth their most triumphant strains, the imposing procession moved through the streets. Every window was thronged with happy faces; and the whole city had turned out to see the man, the history of whose toils, and sufferings, and battles, and victories had become familiar as household words, and who was now bringing them freedom, and joy, and peace. At first, a breathless silence hung over the immense multitude, and eyes swimming in tears were turned in mute love and admiration towards the advancing chieftain. Suddenly, as if by a common impulse, there arose over this deep hush, one long and deafening shout, till the city rocked and rung with the jubilee; and “*God bless you! God bless you!*” fell on every side, from hearts overflowing with joy and gratitude. That was a proud day to the noble-hearted veteran; and in that single moment of bliss he received a full reward for his toils. As he looked on the thousands of beaming and happy faces, his manly breast heaved with emotion, and that iron heart, which no toil, nor suffering, nor danger, could subdue, sunk under the tide of affection, and the eye that had never blenched, in the wildest of the battle

flowed in tears. Noble man ! those tears honored him more than his hard-earned laurels.

This ended the war in the South—Greene had conquered at last, though under circumstances that fill the historian with wonder as he traces back the stream of events.

Of his efforts in behalf of his soldiers, and the difficulties he surmounted while commanding in Charleston, I will say nothing. In April, the news of peace was received with illuminations, and salutes of cannon, and unbounded demonstrations of joy ; and in August he bade farewell to his army, which had become endeared to him by a common suffering, and a thousand proofs of devotion, and took his journey northward. At Princeton, he met his beloved commander Washington, and there they talked over together their toils, and the glorious prospects before their country. Hastening on to his family, in Rhode Island, he was everywhere received with applause. He found his affairs involved, but taking a small house at Newport, he began to gather around him the comforts of home. But his great exposures and incessant toil, together with his sickness in his southern campaigns, had made severe inroads on his iron constitution. He, however, rallied again, and, in 1785, after passing through great pecuniary embarrassments, removed to Georgia, to a plantation on the Savannah river, which had been presented to him by the State. Soon after his arrival, he received a challenge from a Captain Gunn, on account of some decision he had made against him during the war, respecting a horse. Greene promptly rejected it, thus furnishing a noble example to the South, of which he

had become a citizen. This was a bold step to take, considering the state of public feeling at that time, and Greene knew it, and wrote to Washington asking his advice. It is needless to say, the latter approved his course.

The next year he removed his family to his plantation, called Mulberry Grove, and there, surrounded by those he loved, he seemed to recover the freshness and elasticity of youth. His happiness, however, was of short duration. On his way home from Savannah, in June, whither he had gone on business, he stopped with Mr. Gibbons over night, and next day walking out with him to view his rice plantation, received a partial sun-stroke. He reached home, but the death-blow had been inflicted, and after a few days of suffering, he, on the 18th of June, 1786, closed his career. He was in the prime of life, being only forty-four years of age when he died. His body was carried to Savannah; and there followed by an immense concourse of people, and amid general mourning, was borne to the grave.

#### HIS CHARACTER.

Next to Washington, Greene was the ablest commander in the revolutionary army. In person he was above the middle height, and strongly made. He had a fine face, with a florid complexion, lit up by brilliant blue eyes. His natural expression was frank and benevolent, but in battle it assumed a sternness, which showed that beneath his easy and gentle manners, was a strength of purpose not easily overcome. When highly excited, or absorbed in intense thought, he had

a curious habit of rubbing violently his upper lip with his fore-finger. Inured by exposure and toil, his frame possessed a wonderful power of endurance, rendered still greater by the indomitable will it enclosed. A self-made man, he rose from the ranks to major-general of the army, solely by his own genius and force. Ignorant at first of military tactics, he applied himself with such diligence to the subject, that he mastered them in less time than many employ on the rudiments: and the knowledge he obtained was not merely so many maxims and rules stowed away, but principles, out of which he wrought his own plans and system. He had an almost intuitive perception of character. He resembled Washington in this respect, and seemed to take the exact measure of every man who approached him. Many of his actions in the field were based upon this knowledge of his adversaries, and hence, though often inexplicable to others, perfectly clear and rational to himself. Thus, in the southern campaign against Cornwallis, his movements were sometimes considered rash in the extreme by those who judged of them merely from the relative position and strength of the armies. But to him, who could judge more correctly from his knowledge of men's views and character, than from their transient movements, what course they would take, they appeared the wisest he could adopt. A more fearless man never led an army; and his courage was not the result of sudden enthusiasm, or even of excitement, but of a well-balanced and strong character. He was never known to be thrown from his perfect self-possession by any danger, however sudden; and was just as calm and collected when his shattered army tossed

in a perfect wreck around him, as in his tent at night. The roar of artillery, and the tumult of a fierce-fought battle, could not disturb the natural action of his mind—his thoughts were as clear, and his judgment was as correct in the midst of a sudden and unexpected overthrow, as in planning a campaign. This gave him tremendous power, and was the great reason that, though beaten, he could not be utterly routed. No matter how superior his antagonist, or how unexpected the panic of his troops, he was never, like Gates, driven a fugitive from the field. He possessed two qualities seldom found united—great caution, and yet great rapidity. His blow was carefully planned, but when it came it fell like falling lightning. His mind was clear and comprehensive, and worked with ceaseless activity and energy. Nothing could escape his glance, and he seemed to forecast all the contingencies that did or could happen. His fortitude was wonderful. All exposures, all privations, all embarrassments, toils and sufferings, he bore with a patience that filled his soldiers with astonishment and admiration. During his southern campaign he never took off his clothes, except to change them, for *seven months*; and sometimes would be in the saddle two days on a stretch, without a moment's repose. His energy was equal to his endurance; for he not only *bore* everything bravely, but, under difficulties that would have weighed an ordinary man to the earth, put forth almost super-human exertions. No sooner was one obstacle surmounted than he attacked another; and no sooner was one danger escaped than he plunged into another, again to extricate himself, to the astonishment of all. Tireless as fate itself, he would neither take repose

nor allow it to his enemy. His whole career, while opposed to Cornwallis, is one of the most remarkable in the history of military men. When he took command of the southern army, he found it to consist of a mere handful of destitute, undisciplined, and ragged troops: yet, with these, he entered the field against one of the best generals of the age supported by an army of veteran soldiers. With his raw recruits around him, he immediately began the offensive; and before his powerful enemy had time to penetrate his plans, smote him terribly at Cowpens. Having by this movement brought the whole English force against him, he was compelled to retreat, and by a series of skilful manœuvres and forced marches, completely foiled every attempt to reach him. Unable to cope with his adversary, he, nevertheless, refused to quit the field—retiring like the lion, slowly and resolutely. He kept his pursuer ever under his eye, so that he could not make a mistake without receiving a blow. He stopped when his adversary stopped, and looked him boldly in the face, till he provoked him to burn his baggage, in order to convert his entire army into light troops, and thus facilitate his movements. But even then he would out-march and out-manœuvre him, penetrating and baffling every plan laid against him, and carrying out every one of his own. He thus led his enemy through the entire State of North Carolina; and the moment he turned, followed him, and dealt him such a staggering blow at Guilford, that he was compelled to a precipitate flight. No sooner was Cornwallis beyond his reach, than he turned furiously on his posts in South Carolina, and carrying them one after another,

brought the war to the doors of Charleston. His combinations, throughout the whole campaign, were admirable, and succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations. He did not commit a single error, and every failure that befell him was the result of the most arrant cowardice on the part of some of his militia.

Years before, the English officer opposed to him in Jersey, wrote, saying, "Greene is dangerous as Washington—he is vigilant, enterprising, and full of resources;" and the Chevalier de la Luzerne, Knight of Malta, in speaking of his southern campaign, said: "Other generals subdue their enemy, by the means which their country or sovereign furnishes them; but Greene appears to reduce his enemy by his own means. He commenced his campaign without either an army, provisions, or military stores. He has asked for no thing since; and yet, scarcely a post arrives from the South that does not bring intelligence of some new advantage gained over the foe. He conquers by magic. History furnishes no parallel to this."

The resources of his mind were inexhaustible—there was no gulf out of which he could not find a way of escape, and no plan, if necessary, too hopeless for him to attempt. Without a dollar from government, and penniless himself, he nevertheless managed to keep an army in the field, and conquer with it. True, it was half-naked and half-starved; but by his wonderful power he succeeded in holding it together. His soldiers loved him with devotion, and having seen him extricate himself so often from apparently inevitable ruin, they at length came to regard him as invincible. Sharing all their toils and dangers, and partaking of

all their sufferings, he so wound himself into their affections, that they would go wherever he commanded. He made of raw militia all that ever can be made of them, in the short time he had them under his control.

His patriotism was of the purest kind, and Washington spoke from correct knowledge when he said: "Could he but promote the interests of his country in the character of a corporal, he would exchange, without a murmur, his epaulettes for the knot." His own reputation and life he regarded as nothing in the cause of freedom. Next to his country, he loved Washington; and no mean ambition, or envy of his great leader, ever sullied his noble character. That affection was returned, and the two heroes moved side by side, as tried friends, through the revolutionary struggle. He was a man whose like is seldom seen; and placed in any country, opposed to any commander, would have stood first in the rank of military chieftains. In the heart of Europe, with a veteran army under his command, he would have astonished the world.

## XIII.

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### MAJOR GENERAL MOULTRIE.

Patriotism of South Carolina—Moultrie fights the Cherokees—Commands the troops in Charleston—Battle of Fort Moultrie—Made Brigadier General under Lincoln—Saves Charleston by his Decision—Bravery at the Siege of Charleston—Is taken Prisoner—Blowing up of a Magazine—His Character.

IN that crisis of our history, when not only the liberty of this country, but the fate of freedom, the world over, hung quivering upon our decision, South Carolina acted a noble part. The colonies were full of hesitation and fear at the gathering tempest, which, in its slow rising, darkened the whole heavens; and when Massachusetts sent forth her appeal, thousands of patriotic hearts throbbed anxiously to hear the response which should be returned. South Carolina suffered least of all from the system of taxation insisted upon by the parent country, yet she was among the first to hail her New England sister; and pledging her treasures and her hardy sons to the struggle, swore, on the common altar, to stand or fall by her side. Governed more by principle than interest, and obeying that generous sympathy which prefers death with the oppressed to honor with the oppressor, she stepped into the glorious sisterhood who twined their arms together in the no-



Will<sup>m</sup> Moultrie



blest sacrifice ever witnessed among the nations of the earth.

May her love to the Union ever be as pure and unselfish, and her feet the last to leave the common platform on which they were first to be placed at such a cost of blood and treasure.

Of the patriotic and chivalrous men of our Revolution, South Carolina, considering her population and extent, furnished an unusually large proportion. With Moultrie, the two Pinckneys, Sumpter, Laurens, Rutledge, and Marion, and others, she presented a galaxy of noble men, of which even a *nation* might be proud.

WILLIAM MOULTRIE was born in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1731 ; and, like many of our distinguished officers, took his first lessons in war in combats with the Indians. When thirty years of age, he was appointed captain in a provincial regiment, raised to chastise the Cherokees for their frequent irruptions into the settlements. Marion was his lieutenant. He led his company gallantly into battle at Etchoe, where the Indians were completely humbled ; and performed that long and tedious march through the hostile territory, in which privation, and hunger, and toil almost unparalleled, were endured. Through such swamps and thickets, and difficulties innumerable, an army scarce ever before made its way. At its close the soldiers were literally mangled, though untouched by the enemy. The nightly bivouacs in the limitless forest—the sleepless vigilance—the destitution and labor of this campaign, were a good school for the future chieftain, and taught him to despise that ease and luxury which have been the grave of so many noble efforts.

At the commencement of the Revolutionary War, the provincial congress of South Carolina voted a million of money to defray the expenses, and immediately commenced raising an army. In this, Moultrie, on the very day the battle of Bunker's Hill was fought, was appointed colonel, and Marion promoted to a captaincy. His first expedition was against Fort Johnson on James Island, then in possession of the British. With a detachment of men he started at midnight, prepared to carry the works by storm, and expecting bloody work; but the enemy had got wind of the projected attack, and fled. Previous to their departure, they had dismantled the fort, and it was with great difficulty Moultrie could mount three cannon before the British vessels of war appeared before it. They, however, concluded it was not best to venture an attack, and hauled off. At length, in November, the ships undertook to clear a passage through Hog Island channel, up to the town, which ended in a cannonade.

In December, Moultrie erected a battery on Haddell's Point, for the purpose of driving off two men-of-war, which annoyed the inhabitants exceedingly. Taking with him two hundred soldiers and several of the citizens, he started on a cold December night, and by the dim starlight toiled away till morning. When daylight dawned, they were well covered, and the vessels moved away.

The next spring, early in March, he was ordered to take post on Sullivan's Island, and complete a fort there—the outline of which had already been marked out—within point-blank shot of the channel leading into Charleston harbor. A British fleet was expected to

attack the town, and this was the only defence the inhabitants could make. Palmetto trees had been cut in the forest, and the logs in huge rafts lay moored to the beach—the best material that could be obtained with which to resist the heavy broadsides of English frigates. Ignorant of gunnery, but confident in their own resources, and nerved with resolute courage, these hardy sons of the soil heaved those huge palmettoes from the water, and began the work. A square pen was built, with bastions at each angle, capable of covering a thousand men. The logs were laid in two parallel rows, sixteen feet apart; bound together with cross-timbers dove-tailed and bolted into the logs, and the wide space between filled with sand. When completed, it presented the appearance of a solid wall sixteen feet wide; but its strength was yet to be tested. Behind this, Moultrie placed four hundred and thirty-five men, and thirty-one cannon, some of them twenty-sixes, some eighteens, and the rest of smaller calibre—throwing in all five hundred and thirteen pounds.

At this juncture, Lee arrived from the North, and took command of the troops. When his eye, accustomed to the scientific structures of Europe, fell on this rudely-built affair, he smiled in derision, calling it "*a slaughter-pen*," and requested Governor Rutledge to have it immediately evacuated. But that noble patriot was made of sterner stuff, and replied, "that while a soldier remained alive to defend it he would never give his sanction to such an order."

## BATTLE OF FORT MOULTRIE.

At length a fleet of fifty vessels was seen bearing up under a cloud of canvass, for Charleston. In an instant, all was commotion ; soldiers were hurried off in every direction, the lead wrenched from the windows of the houses and churches, and run into bullets, and everything put in a state of preparation to receive the enemy. Consternation seized the inhabitants ; many left the town, and the most hopeful began to despair of success. A former captain of an English man-of-war, went over to the fort to see Moultrie, and while they were walking on the platform together, looking at the vessels as they floated lazily up, said to the latter : " Well, colonel, what do you think of it *now* ? " " We shall beat them," was the laconic reply. " Sir," exclaimed the captain, in the most emphatic manner, " when those ships come to lay alongside of your fort, they will knock it down in half an hour." He expected Moultrie would be astonished at this announcement, but he very coolly replied : "*Then we will lay behind the ruins, and prevent the men from landing.*" Every experienced seaman in the harbor made the same declaration ; and with these on one side, and Lee, of world-wide experience in military matters on the other it is a little singular that a provincial colonel, who had seen no real service, and a governor, who did not pretend to know what English broadsides could do, should persist in defending it. This is the more strange, when we remember that the men knew little or nothing of artillery, having never fired anything heavier than a rifle, and hence could have but little confidence in their

own skill. Besides, they had never been accustomed to the tremendous uproar of a heavy cannonade, and it was not to be expected they would, for the first time, be particularly steady or true in their aim.

But these brave men had labored hard to build a fort, and whether it could be held or not, were determined to defend it to the last extremity. They knew nothing of artillery. They knew not the relative strength of such a fort to heavy frigates, nor what the result would be; but they knew they could *fight—that* much, at least, was within their comprehension. Lee would not stay in a structure which would be shattered into fragments in thirty minutes, and retired some distance, in order to manage the retreat. In the meantime, Moultrie received the following laconic note from Rutledge. “General Lee wishes you to evacuate the fort. You will not, without an order from me. *I will sooner cut my hand off than write one.*”

At length, on the morning of the 28th of June, the wind being fair, the British fleet hoisted sail, and came steadily up towards the fort. There were nine of them in all—two of fifty guns each, five of twenty-eight, one of twenty-six, and a bomb-vessel. In a moment the rapid roll of the drums behind the works, beating to arms, brought every man to his station. It was a warm and beautiful day—a light ripple just stirred the bosom of the bay, and all was calm and peaceful. As the vessels swept gracefully up to their positions, Moultrie’s eye flashed with delight; and the men, eager for the fray, kept training their heavy guns upon them as they advanced. At length, as they came within point-blank shot, the order to fire was given, and that low, dark

structure opened its thunder. The shores shook to the tremendous explosion, and in a moment the wharves and steeples, and heights of Charleston were black with spectators, gazing with throbbing hearts on the volumes of smoke that rose in a vast cloud from that distant island. Without returning a shot, the vessels steadily advanced, until directly abreast of the fort—then letting go their anchors, and clewing up their sails, they poured in a terrible broadside. More than a hundred cannon opened at once, with such a wild uproar, that the boldest for a moment held his breath. The battle had now fairly commenced, and the guns were worked with fearful rapidity. It was one constant peal of thunder, and to the spectators in Charleston, that low spot, across the bay, looked like a volcano breaking forth from the sea. Lee stood on Haddrell's Point, watching the effect of the first fire. When the smoke lifted, like the folds of a vast curtain, he expected to see that "slaughter-pen" in fragments; but there still floated the flag of freedom, and beneath it beat brave hearts, to whom that awful cannonade was but "a symphony to the grand march of independence." When the fight had fairly begun, they thought no more of those heavy guns than they did of their rifles; and delighted to find they could wield them with such skill, stripped to the work. Their coats were hastily flung one side, and their hats with them—and in their shirt-sleeves, with handkerchiefs bound about their heads, they toiled away under the sweltering sun, with the coolness and courage of old soldiers. The fire from those nine vessels, with their cannon all trained upon that pile of logs, was terrific,

and it trembled like a frightened thing under the shock ; but the good palmettoes closed silently over the balls, as they buried themselves in the timber and sand, and the work went bravely on. Thus, hour after hour did it blaze, and flame, and thunder there on the sea, while the shots of the Americans told with murderous effect. At every discharge those vessels shook as if smitten by a rock—the planks were ripped up—the splinters hurled through the air, and the decks strewn with mangled forms. Amid the smoke, bombs were seen traversing the air, and dropping in an incessant shower within the fort—but a morass in the middle swallowed them up as fast as they fell. At length, riddled through and through, her beds of mortar broken up, the bomb-vessel ceased firing. Leaving the smaller vessels, as unworthy of his attention, Moultrie trained his guns upon the larger ones, and “Look to the Commodore ! look to the fifty-gun ships,” passed along the lines, and they *did* look to the Commodore in good earnest, sweeping her decks at every discharge, with such a fatal fire, that at one time there was scarcely a man left upon the quarter-deck. The Experiment too came in for her share of consideration—her decks were slippery with blood, and nearly a hundred of her men were borne below, either killed or wounded. Nor were the enemy idle, but rained back a perfect tempest of balls—but that brave garrison had got used to the music of cannon, and the men, begrimed with powder and smoke, shot with the precision and steadiness they would have done in firing at a target. As a heavy ball in full sweep touched the top of the works, it took one of the coats lying upon the logs, and lodged it in a tree. “See that coat !

see that coat!" burst in a laugh on every side, as if it had been a mere plaything that had whistled past their heads. Moultrie, after a while took out his pipe, and lighting it, leaned against the logs, and smoked away with his officers as quietly as if they were out there sunning themselves, instead of standing within the blaze, and smoke, and uproar of nearly two hundred cannon. Now and then he would take the pipe from his mouth, to shout forth "*fire!*" or give some order, and then commence puffing away again, and talking—thus presenting a strange mixture of the droll and heroic. The hearts of those spectators in the distance—many of whom had husbands and brothers in the fight, were far more agitated than they against whom that fearful iron storm was hailing.

After the fight had continued for several hours, Lee, seeing that the "slaughter-pen" held out so well, passed over to it in a boat, and remained for a short time. Accustomed as he was to battle, and to the disciplined valor of European troops, he still was struck with astonishment at the scene that presented itself as he approached. There stood Moultrie, quietly smoking his pipe, while the heavy and rapid explosions kept up such a deafening roar, that one could hardly be heard, though shouting at the top of his voice—and there stooping over their pieces, were those raw gunners, firing with the deadly precision of practised artillerymen. Amazed to find an English fleet carrying two hundred and sixty-six guns, kept at bay by thirty cannon, and four hundred men, he left the fort to its brave commander, and returned to his old station.

Amid the hottest of the fire, the flag-staff was shot

away, and the flag dropped outside of the ramparts upon the beach. When it fell, the people of Charleston were filled with despair, supposing the fort had surrendered; and men were seen hurrying through the streets with pale faces and tearful eyes. But the firing did not cease, and soon that flag was again seen fluttering amid the smoke. Sergeant Jasper, when he saw it stretched in dishonor on the sand, leaped over the ramparts, and walking the whole length of the works, though the balls were crashing fearfully around him, picked it up, and calling for a cord, bound it to a sponge-staff, and coolly mounting the logs, planted it on the bastion. As it again shook its folds in the sea-breeze, a loud shout went up, followed by an explosion which made that enclosure tremble.

Every man was a hero, and, borne up by that lofty enthusiasm which inspires the patriot in every age, thought only of the country for which he was struggling. Macdaniel, mangled horribly by a cannon-shot, was borne mortally wounded from the embrasure and as he was carried pale and bleeding away, cried out, "*Don't give up—you are fighting for liberty and country.*" At length the ammunition began to fail, and Moultrie hearing that a large force had effected a landing at some distance off, and was marching down to storm the works, relaxed his firing, in order to save his powder for the muskets, when it should come to a closer fight. Marion was hurried off to an American sloop-of-war for a supply, and another messenger to Charleston. Both were successful. With the five hundred pounds from Charleston, Rutledge sent a hasty note, saying, "HONOR AND VICTORY, my good sir, to

you and our worthy countrymen with you!" To this was attached the following postscript: "Do not make too free with your cannon—*cool, and do mischief.*"

The fire now opened with redoubled fury. At first, as long intervals followed between every explosion, making a feeble response to the heavy and rapid broadsides from the water, the citizens had again thought that resistance was almost over. The English themselves imagined that the Americans were gradually yielding; but the first crash that followed the arrival of the ammunition, convinced them of their error. The British commander, finding his shots had produced so little effect, redoubled his efforts, and poured in broadside after broadside with such terrible rapidity, that there was scarcely an interval between the explosions. Once the broadsides of four vessels exploded together, and when the balls struck the fort, it trembled, in every timber and throughout its entire extent, and shook as if about to fall in pieces.

All day long had that brave garrison toiled like slaves, and now the sun was sinking behind the distant shore, sending its level beams a moment through the cloud of battle ere it departed. Slowly the gray twilight began to creep over the water, and at last darkness settled on the shores and the sea. The scene now became one of indescribable grandeur. That heavy cannonade still continued, and still the spectators who lined the main land, and covered the houses of Charleston, gazed seaward through the gloom, towards the spot where the battle still raged. Night had fallen on the island and fort, and all was dark and invisible there, except when the flash of the guns lit up its form, and then

its mysterious bosom for a moment would be inherent with flame, and it seemed as if the sea itself had opened and shot forth fire. Around those ships the smoke lay like a dark and heavy storm-cloud, through which the lightnings incessantly played and thunders rolled. Moultrie and his men could distinctly hear the heavy blows of their shot, as they struck the ships and crushed through the solid timbers.

At length, about half-past nine o'clock, the English, finding their vessels cut up, and the crews dreadfully reduced, slipped their cables, and moved quietly away. The uproar had suddenly ceased, and darkness and silence fallen on the scene; but from that little fort went up three hearty cheers; and when the news reached the town, one long, loud huzza rent the air, and "*Victory! Victory!*" ran like wildfire through the streets, filling every heart with joy and exultation.

The loss of the Americans in this gallant action was slight, amounting to only thirty-six, both killed and wounded, while that of the British, according to their own account, was a hundred and sixty. Double the number would probably be nearer the truth. The commodore had his arm carried away.\* One is sur-

\* The springs of the cable of the Bristol were cut in the engagement by a cannon-ball, and she swung round stern-foremost to the fort. In a moment "look to the flag-ship," ran along the lines, and every cannon that could be brought to bear was trained on her. She was raked terribly, and scarce an officer was left on her splintered decks but Captain Morris, and he was wounded in the neck. He maintained his post till a chain-shot struck his arm, shattering it in pieces. He was then taken into the cock-pit, and while he was undergoing the tortures of amputation, a hot shot entered it, killing two of the assistant-surgeons and wounding the purser. Soon as the ope-

prised that so few of the garrison were killed, when it is remembered that nearly ten thousand shot and shells were fired by the enemy during the day. The *Acteon*, during the action, went aground, and the next morning a few shots were fired at her, when a party was sent to take possession. The crew, however, setting fire to her, manned the boats, and pushed off. When the Americans got on board they turned two or three of the guns on the fugitives, but finding the flames approaching the magazine, abandoned the vessel. For a short time she stood a noble spectacle, with her tall masts wreathed in flame, and her black hull crackling and blazing below. But when the fire reached the powder, there suddenly shot up a huge column of smoke, spreading like a tree at the top, under the pressure of the atmosphere—and then the ill-fated vessel lifted heavily from the water, and fell back in fragments with an explosion that was heard for miles around.

Thus ended one of the most brilliant actions of the Revolution.

That a small garrison, in an unfinished fort, made of green logs and sand, should attempt, contrary to the best military advice, with thirty-one pieces of artillery, to overwhelm the fire of a fleet of nine vessels, will ever be a matter of astonishment. But that they should

ration was over, this gallant officer mounted to the deck again. But he had not been long in the action before a shot passed directly through his body. Again he was carried below, but lived only a few minutes. Some one asking him, as he was dying, if he had any instructions to leave respecting his family, "No!" said he, "I leave them to the providence of God and the generosity of my country," and expired. The British government afterwards settled a pension on his wife and children.

actually succeed, and after maintaining the unequal combat for eleven hours, come off victorious, is still stranger. Lee could not contain his delight at the result. All his arrangements for a retreat had been useless—indeed, Moultrie told him they would, he declaring he never had any intention of retreating.

A few days after the battle, Governor Rutledge, and many of the distinguished ladies of Charleston, came down to the fort, and lavished their praises on the brave men who had so nobly defended it. The rough soldiers were taken by surprise at the familiarity and kindness with which they were treated—never dreaming, before, that their fate had been so dear to those lovely and noble women. Governor Rutledge took a sword from his side and buckled it on the gallant Jasper, in reward for his daring and chivalric act, in planting the flag on the ramparts; while Mrs. Elliot presented a pair of elegant colors to the regiment under Moultrie and Motte, saying: “The gallant behavior in defence of liberty and your country, entitles you to the highest honor: accept of these two standards as a reward justly due to your regiment; and I make not the least doubt, under Heaven’s protection, you will stand by them as long as they can wave in the air of liberty.” Jasper heard this speech with kindling feelings, and remembered it afterwards amid the carnage of Savannah.

The ladies of Charleston were distinguished, during the Revolution, for their devotion to the cause of freedom. Enthusiastic, self-sacrificing and cheerful, they inspired hope, and courage, and daring in the men, and

shed glorious sunlight on that night of gloom. They were worthy mothers of noble sons.

The defeat of the enemy at Fort Moultrie left South Carolina free from all immediate danger, and Moultrie was sent to Savannah, to make preparations for an attack on St. Augustine, of which his brother was governor. But the troops being withdrawn, it was abandoned. At this time he received his appointment of brigadier-general, under Lincoln, who had taken command of the Southern department.

From this time till 1779, he was constantly in the field, though engaged in no important battles. In February, of this year, he defeated a force larger than his own at Beaufort. The enemy had the advantage also in position, being covered by a wood, while the Americans were compelled to form in the open field; yet the latter drove them from their cover, and forced them into a precipitate retreat. Soon after, Lincoln marching into Georgia, left him with a little over twelve hundred men, to watch the British and Tories, rapidly collecting their forces to strike at some important point. At length, with upwards of three thousand men, Prevost, the English commander, commenced his march for Charleston. Moultrie no sooner heard of it, than he threw himself and his little army into the place, and began to cast up works. The town was in a state of terrible alarm, and even the governor and privy council thought that Moultrie, with his feeble force, could not make a successful defence, and hesitated about risking the result of a storm. The latter was for defending the place to the last extremity, but between the governor and privy council he found himself fet-

tered in all his plans. One day, just as he was riding rapidly out of the intrenchments, he heard the governor say to the soldiers, "You are to obey the orders of the governor, privy council, and General Moultrie." The latter, without stopping his horse, merely turned his head as he rode away, and exclaimed, "You will obey no orders of the privy council." In the meantime Prevost had sent a summons to the town to surrender:—the council in deliberating upon it, came to the decision that it was best to deliver up the place. One of the members, when he heard the decision, burst into tears. But in coming to terms, it was found that the English commander would have nothing to do with the governor and council, declaring that his business was "with General Moultrie alone." Upon this they looked very grave, and all eyes were bent upon Moultrie. The latter, after a pause, said, "Gentlemen, you see how the matter stands—the point is this: am I to deliver you up prisoners of war, or not?" Some replied, "Yes." The former sternly replied, "*I am determined to do no such thing. We will fight it out.*"\* On hearing this, the brave Laurens, who was in the tent, jumped to his feet, with a smile of exultation on his face, and exclaimed, "Thank God! we are upon our legs again." This settled the question. A flag was waved—the signal that the conference was ended—and preparations were immediately made for battle. Prevost, however, remembered Fort Moultrie, and he had no wish to measure strength with the brave defender of it, and withdrew his forces, and Charleston was saved.

\* Vide memoirs of Moultrie.

Ever active, he menaced the enemy wherever he appeared, until at last, in 1780, he was shut up with Lincoln in Charleston, and bore a conspicuous part in that long and memorable siege. He was placed over the artillery, and kept at his post day and night, until at length, overcome with fatigue, he one evening retired into the interior of the town, where he should be less disturbed; and lay down to sleep. Early in the morning he was startled by a fierce and heavy cannonade; and springing into the middle of the floor, was just putting on his regimentals, when a cannon-ball in full sweep crashed through the house, and entering the bed from which he had but that moment arisen, tore it into fragments.

In the capitulation, he and his troops were surrendered prisoners of war, which closed his military career. When the militia laid down their arms, many of the muskets were still loaded, and in this state were thrown into the carts and carried away to the store-room. Some of them went off as they were pitched hurriedly together, and the officers informed the British of the danger that would ensue, if the whole were not discharged. But no attention was paid to the warning; and when they were piled away into the store-room, in which were also four thousand pounds of powder, the accidental discharge of one of them ignited the magazine, and away went the building, heavenward, and every one of the fifty guards with it. The houses around were levelled with the ground, and the whole town shook under the terrific explosion, as if an earthquake had suddenly opened beneath it. Dismembered bodies, arms and legs were whirled through

the air like branches of trees on the wings of the hurricane. One man was hurled violently against the steeple of a church, from whence he dropped a mass of mangled flesh to the ground. He left his bloody mark high up where he struck, and it could be seen by the passer-by for days after.

Immediately, the cry of "fire" rang through the streets—the contiguous buildings were in flames, while a magazine, containing ten thousand pounds of powder, stood near. Alarm and consternation spread on every side, and shouts of "The magazine is on fire!" sent paleness to every cheek. Men and women streamed in crowds from the dangerous neighborhood; and Moultrie, knowing the shock would knock down all the houses in the vicinity, walked towards the water, to escape the danger. As he was passing along, a British officer, in a state of the highest excitement, met him, and exclaimed, "Sir, if that magazine takes fire, the town will be blown to hell!" Moultrie, not particularly pleased with this rough salutation, coolly replied, "I expect it will be a hell of a blast!" and walked on. The magazine, however, was saved, and the threatened catastrophe escaped. Moultrie remained a prisoner for two years, when he was exchanged, and appointed by Congress major-general. The war soon after closing, he retired to private life. But the South Carolinians, remembering his distinguished services, elected him Governor of the State, in 1785, and again in 1794. He lived to a good old age, and died September 25th 1805, in his seventy-fifth year.

## HIS CHARACTER.

Moultrie was unlike most of the Southern officers, whose bravery is usually of the fiery chivalric kind and accompanied with intense excitement. He was brave as man can be; but his courage was of that easy, nonchalant character, which always infuses a little of the comic into the heroic. Stubborn as a rock, decided, and watchful, he was nevertheless quiet and unexcited, and went into battle with the sang-froid he would go to bed. When the governor and privy council proposed he should surrender up both them and the city to the enemy, he did not dash off into enthusiastic appeals, but quietly said, "*I will do no such thing—we will fight it out:*" and went to work with the cool and dogged resolution of one whose arm is better than his tongue. In his little palmetto fort, enveloped in the blaze of nearly two hundred cannon, he quietly lighted his pipe, to while away the time whose minutes were measured by peals of thunder. Yet there was no carelessness in all this—his calm eye surveyed everything—took in the whole field of danger, while his blow fell with the suddenness of thought.

He was lax in his discipline, and easy with his men, who loved him with devotion. This trait in his character distressed Lee exceedingly when he took command of the Southern army, and he feared the worst results from it in the attack on Fort Moultrie. but the hero knew his men, and knew himself, and had not the least concern about the way they would fight. A fiery-hearted, enthusiastic leader will carry soldiers in a storm, or sudden onset, farther and fiercer than a cool

and steady one ; but for *deliberate* courage, self-confidence and strength, the latter is by far the best. In that unbroken composure, and invincible will, soldiers behold not only courage, but hidden resources and strength on which they can safely rely. They are not roused by his appeals, but they are filled with trust in his ability. This quality of a great commander, Moultrie possessed to a remarkable degree. What he would have done with a large army, and during a long campaign, it is impossible to tell ; but the British officers had a high opinion of his skill.

But his noblest quality was his pure and exalted patriotism. His country and liberty he loved above his life ; and no selfish ambition or sordid feelings sullied his honorable career. While a prisoner of war, a British officer, the former Governor of South Carolina, and once his intimate friend, endeavored, by every argument, to persuade him to enter the English service. He did not ask him to turn traitor, like Arnold, for that he knew him incapable of doing ; but to leave the country, and serve in Jamaica. He was a prisoner ; and probably would remain so till the close of the war, and hence could be of no service to America ; while, as an English officer abroad, he could run a career of glory. But his ear was deaf to every offer that would divide him from the land of his birth, and from the interests of freedom ; and he wrote the following noble reply to the friend who sought to corrupt him : “ When I entered into this contest, I did it with the most mature deliberation, and with a determined resolution to risk my life and fortune in the cause. The hardships I have gone through I look back upon

with the greatest pleasure. I shall continue to go on as I have begun, that my example may encourage the youths of America to stand forth in defence of their rights and liberties. You call upon me now, and tell me I have a fair opening of quitting that service with honor and reputation to myself, by going to Jamaica. Good God! Is it possible that such an idea could arise in the breast of a man of honor? I am sorry you should imagine I have so little regard for my own reputation, as to listen to such dishonorable proposals. Would you wish to have that man, whom you have honored with your friendship, play the traitor? Surely not. You say, by quitting this country for a short time, I might avoid disagreeable conversations, and might return, at my own leisure, and take possession of my estates for myself and family. But you have forgot to tell me how I am to get rid of the feelings of an injured honest heart, and where to hide myself from myself:—could I be guilty of so much baseness I should hate myself, and shun mankind. This would be a fatal exchange from my present situation, with an easy and approved conscience, of having done my duty, and conducted myself as a man of honor.”

Such were the men who planted the tree of liberty in this soil, and watered it with their blood.

## XIV.

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### MAJOR GENERAL KNOX.

His early Life—Joins the Army as Volunteer—Transports Cannon from Canada—Appointed over the Artillery—Fights bravely at Trenton, Princeton, Brandywine, Germantown and Monmouth—Appointed Secretary of War—His death and Character.

IN battle the commander of heavy artillery, though one of the most efficient men, has but few opportunities to perform brilliant deeds. Neither commanding a division, nor expected to make a charge, his power is seen only in the way he manages his guns. Artillery is the most powerful arm of an army, and, when well served, makes terrible work on a field. Bonaparte, perhaps, rendered it more effective than any other general, and had some of the best artillery officers in the world. Drouot stands first among these. So rapidly would he discharge his guns, that in advancing to an attack one could hardly discover that he stopped to load: they seemed to explode as they moved, and with terrible effect. He never could be prevailed upon to ride a horse like other commanding officers, but always moved on foot amid his guns. A Polish officer in one of the late revolutions in Poland, saved the army by charging with his artillery, as if it had been cavalry. The battle was fierce, and had raged for a long time, when, seeing

his countrymen beginning to give way, he ordered the horses to be attached, the gunners to mount the carriages, and the drivers to go in a full gallop straight on the Russian lines. He started with fifty pieces; the earth smoked and trembled where they passed, and the Russian infantry, dismayed at this new mode of attack, broke in disorder. Wheeling suddenly in their midst, he opened all his cannon at once. The slaughter was horrible; and this whole wing of the army was utterly broken.

At the commencement of the Revolution we were exceedingly deficient in artillery, and it was only by taking the forts on Lake Champlain that we eventually obtained a supply. Washington felt very much the want of heavy guns when laying siege to Boston; and, indeed, could effect but little, till Knox, at his own request, went in mid-winter to the Canadian frontier, and brought overland a quantity of artillery.

HENRY KNOX was born in Boston, July, 1750, and educated in the best schools of the city. When quite young he opened a book-store, and drove a thriving business till the Revolution. He early evinced his military taste, and at the age of eighteen was chosen an officer in a company of grenadiers, composed of the young men of Boston, and distinguished for its thorough discipline. When the gathering storm finally burst on the country, he threw up his business, cast his prospects of fortune to the winds, and entered with all the enthusiasm of his young and noble soul into the contest. When from every sweet valley, and sheltered nook, and high hill of New England, the hardy yeomanry came thronging by thousands, to avenge the blood shed

at Concord and Lexington, he hastened to join them. Taking his young wife with him, who sewed his sword in the lining of her mantle, to escape detection, he sallied forth a soldier of fortune. Only twenty-five years of age, he first drew his blade behind the intrenchments on Bunker's Hill, and saw, with strange enthusiasm, the veteran thousands of England rolled back before the children of the soil. From this time on, his course never wavers. Pure in his patriotism, unswerving in integrity, and of noble self-devotion, he rises steady and strong, till he stands one of the chief pillars in the temple of American liberty.

Washington, with his penetrating glance, saw at once the strength and energy of the youth who asked for permission to bring artillery across the country, from Canada, and cheerfully gave his consent. No one can appreciate the difficulties Knox encountered in the expedition. Without men, and relying solely on the aid of the inhabitants; to transport heavy cannon through the wintry forests, and over the miserable roads that then stretched between Boston and Canada, was a task the oldest soldier might hesitate to undertake. Yet this strong-hearted youth accomplished it safely, and at length dragged triumphantly into camp the guns, which in a short time were bristling on Dorchester Heights, and before which the British were compelled to retire.

As a reward for his labor, he was placed, young as he was, over the artillery. There were many competitors for the post, but Knox had so nobly earned it, it could not be refused him. These guns he never left, but kept them thundering on the enemies of free

dom, till success smiled on our efforts. At Trenton his loud voice was heard above the roar of the storm, guiding the distracted troops across the Delaware. At Princeton his guns sent havoc through the English regiments, and at Brandywine and Jamestown were served with terrible effect. But at Monmouth he showed the greatest skill and energy. Dragging his cannon over the sandy roads, and through the scorching sun, he formed in line of battle, and opened with fearful precision on the English ranks. He made that hot field smoke and thunder; and with such skill and rapidity did he work his heavy pieces, that the British officers were amazed, and could not restrain their admiration. The time—the increasing danger called for immense effort; and he cheerfully exerted it, though his constitution was severely shattered under the exhausting toil of that burning day. Last of all, he trained them on the enemy's works at Yorktown, and his practice did not suffer, side by side, with that of the French artillerymen.

He was selected as one of the commissioners to adjust the terms of peace, and afterwards, when Washington formed his cabinet, was chosen Secretary of War, which post he filled for eleven years.

At length he retired from public affairs, and removed to Maine, on a tract of land thirty miles square, which he possessed. He was frequently elected member of the Legislature, and Council of the State, which was then composed of both Massachusetts and Maine. In 1798, when war was expected with France, he was selected as one of the chief commanders. He died at Thomaston, October 25th, 1806, aged fifty-six years. He was

sick but a short time, and, from perfect health, was hurried by a sudden internal inflammation into his grave.

The services of Knox are not to be measured by the space allotted him. Occupying no separate command and appointed to sustain attacks, rather than make them, it is difficult to give a lengthened sketch of his actions. Still, he was a strong man, and an officer of rare abilities; and as the friend of Washington, one who never left his side through all that gloomy period—stood by him firmly in every trial—was sworn soul and body to the common cause—he fastens himself in our affections forever. No vacillation of purpose is seen in him—no low ambition or selfish schemes. Loving two things, his country and Washington, he ever rises before us the cool warrior, the devoted patriot, and the noble man. Washington loved him, and they never separated for any length of time, till the former retired to Mount Vernon after his public career was over. He stands by him on the shores of the Delaware—moves with him over every battle-field, and finally weeps on his neck in the farewell scene in Francis' tavern. Of brilliant imagination, of strong, yet tender feelings—benevolent, brave, frank, generous and sincere; he was an honor to the army, to the country, and to man. As he stood a strong and high-souled youth, on the summit of Bunker's Hill, so he stood amid all the corruptions of a camp, and the factions of selfish men.

He was a man of much religious feeling; though his creed did not agree with the strict notions of those times. He died as he had lived, an incorruptible patriot, and needs no brighter immortality than to be called **THE FRIEND OF WASHINGTON.**

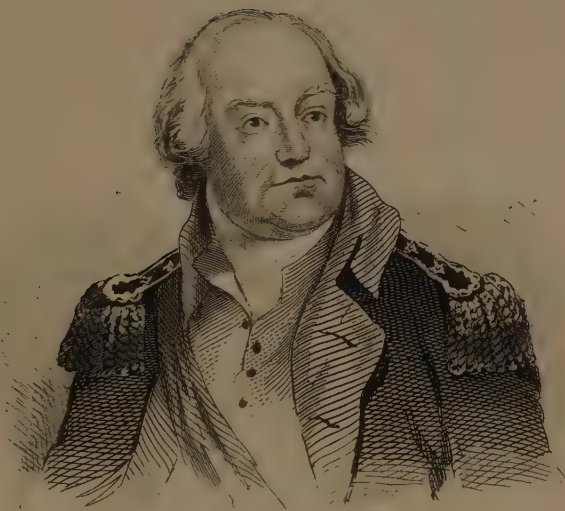
## XV.

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### MAJOR GENERAL LINCOLN.

His Youth—Enters the Army—Appointed Major General—Narrowly escapes Capture—Sent to Vermont—Joins Gates at Saratoga—Is wounded—Appointed over the Southern Army—Battle of Stono—Siege and storming of Savannah—Siege of Charleston—Its surrender—Siege of Yorktown—Is elected Member of Congress—Quells Shay's Rebellion—His death and Character.

SOME men, though possessed of every requisite to secure success, never, or seldom, meet with it. Placed in circumstances that mock their endeavors, they show their power and force only by the noble manner in which they fail. BENJAMIN LINCOLN was one of these. Though serving throughout the war, and engaged in several fierce battles, he never won a victory. Born in the little town of Hingham, near Boston, January 23d, 1733, he was forty-two years old when the battle of Bunker's Hill was fought. His father joined the two occupations of farmer and maltster, and was enabled to give his son only a common-school education. When twenty-two years of age the robust young farmer was appointed adjutant in a regiment of militia, commanded by his father; and afterwards rose to lieutenant-colonel. He took sides with the colonies from the outset, and in 1775 was elected member of the pro-



Abraham Lincoln



vincial Congress. The next year he was appointed brigadier-general, and soon after major-general of the militia.

After the army left Boston for New York, he remained in command of the troops around the former place, till he cleared the port entirely of the enemy, and then joined Washington in the Jerseys, with the rank of major-general in the continental army. His career, however, came very near closing at the outset: for, while lying at Bound Brook, on the Raritan, with only a few hundred men, he was surprised by Cornwallis and Grant, at the head of a large force. At day-break, one spring morning, as he was reposing quietly in his camp, he was startled by the cry of "to arms!" the fierce roll of the drum, and report of cannon. Looking from the house in which he was quartered, he saw the enemy within two hundred yards of him. Through the carelessness of the patrols, they had been allowed almost to enter his camp without the alarm being given. Springing to his horse, he, with one of his aids, rallied his troops with inconceivable rapidity, and led them between the two rapidly closing columns of British, and escaped to the mountains with the loss of sixty men killed and wounded. One of his aids, all his baggage and papers and artillery, fell into the hands of the enemy.

In July, 1777, he was detached North to assist in repelling the invasion of Burgoyne. Taking his station at Manchester, Vermont, he rallied around him the militia, and boldly descended on the British garrisons at Crown Point and Ticonderoga, in the hope of wresting these strongholds from their grasp, and thus cut off

Burgoyne's retreat. Dividing his corps into three portions, he ordered the first to surprise Ticonderoga; the second to scour the country around Fort Independence, and, if possible, take it; while the third was to reduce Skeensborough, Forts Ann and Edward. The first, under Col. Brown, surprised all the posts upon Lake George, Mount Hope, and Mount Defiance, and took two hundred batteaux, an armed brig, several gunboats, nearly three hundred prisoners, and liberated a hundred Americans; with the loss, on their part, of only three killed and five wounded. The second party, under Johnston, arrived before the walls of Fort Independence, but after cannonading it four days was compelled to abandon the siege. Lincoln, in the meantime, with the main army joined Gates at Saratoga, and took command of Arnold's division. He bore no important part in the battle of the 7th of October; but remained quietly within the lines, while Arnold, though bereft of command, was sweeping like a tornado over the field. The next morning after the action, he marched out, at one o'clock, with his division, to relieve the troops which had been engaged the day before, and to occupy the battle-ground. While riding forward to reconnoitre and locate some of his regiments, a party of the enemy came suddenly upon him, and poured a volley of musketry into his suite. One ball struck his leg, shattering it dreadfully, and he was borne helpless from the field. He lay crippled for several months at Albany, and was finally compelled to have a part of the bone removed. He bore all with the firmness and heroism which distinguished him, and during the most painful operations—while his friends, overcome by the

scene, were compelled to leave the room, would relate anecdotes and stories with the utmost cheerfulness.

He was afterwards removed to his native place, Hingham; but during the summer, though his wound continued in an ulcerated state, joined the army. He suffered several years from this accident, and the limb became shortened through the loss of a portion of the bone, which made him lame for life.

In the fall he was sent to command the Southern army, and reached Charleston in December. The campaign did not open auspiciously; for not only were the British in possession of Savannah, thus controlling Georgia, but at the first movement robbed him of a quarter of his army by the victory over General Ashe, at Brier Creek.

When Prevost threatened Charleston, Moultrie was thrown into the place and saved it;—Lincoln, in the meantime, meditated an attack on the English forces at Stono Ferry.

#### BATTLE OF STONO.

On his first approach, Lincoln found his enemy too strong and well supported to risk an attack; but Prevost having withdrawn a part of his force, leaving Maitland in command of the residue, he determined to carry out his plan. Maitland felt secure behind his works—with his flanks resting one upon a morass, and the other on a ravine, and coolly awaited the approach of the American general. The ground in front of the intrenchments was level, and at a little distance from them covered with lofty pine trees. Lincoln, knowing

that the Highlanders, the best troops under Maitland, would be placed against his left, wisely reversed the usual arrangement in our army, and put the continentals on the left instead of the right, so as to oppose them. Butler led the continentals, and Sumner the militia.

It was a warm summer morning\*—a light breeze just stirred the tops of the pine trees, when Lincoln put his columns in motion, and passing under their deep shadows, emerged on the open ground in front. The roll of the drum and shrill tones of the fife blent in with the stern words of command, as, driving the pickets before them, they moved steadily forward upon the enemy. All there was still; and the haughty banner of England swung heavily over the silent works. Lincoln had given orders not to fire a shot, but trust to the bayonet alone; and with shouldered arms the steady troops firmly advanced. It was a moment of fearful suspense—not a shot was heard along the lines, and not a sound broke from the intrenchments. On, on, in perfect time and order, moved the intrepid Americans, until within ten rods of the works, when "*Fire!*" rang along the British lines. The next moment artillery and infantry opened together, and a sheet of flame rolled furiously over the advancing ranks. Stunned, but unterrified, they withstood it gallantly; but instead of rushing forward with the bayonet, the men began to fire, and kept up a perfect blaze with their vollies for half an hour, and finally forced the British back in disorder. Lincoln strained every nerve to arrest the firing, and finally succeeded. A sudden and ominous

\* The twentieth of June.

hush fell on the scene ; for while the American general was preparing his troops to charge, Maitland was rallying his own anew, and soon presented a firm front. When all was ready, the order to advance and charge bayonet was given ; but receiving that same galling fire, the soldiers again halted, and began to return it. Nothing could check them, and for more than an hour it was an incessant peal of musketry, to which the thunder of artillery, at short intervals, acted as an accompaniment. At length Prevost was seen rapidly marching up to Maitland's relief. Moultrie had not been able, as directed, to occupy him ; and therefore, as soon as the latter heard the heavy firing, he began to retrace his steps. Lincoln, despairing of making successful head against these fresh troops, immediately ordered a retreat. To cover it, he directed Pulaski's cavalry to charge on the pursuers. The bugles sounded, and the gallant squadron swept forward in a steady gallop, and with loud shouts, to the shock. Maitland, seeing at a glance the threatened danger, ordered his ranks to close compactly and instantly together, and, throwing their bayonets forward, await the onset. From this living wall and girdle of steel the horses swerved, and the whole column wheeled to the right-about. But before the huzza of the British had died away, Mason was upon them with his brave Virginians in such a fierce charge, that they staggered back in dismay, and the retreat was secured.

In this short and bloody affair nearly four hundred men had fallen, showing how fierce and sanguinary the conflict had been. The loss was nearly equal, being about two hundred in killed and wounded to each

army. Lincoln was repulsed, but brought off his troops in good order. Had they obeyed his commands, and charged bayonet, there is but little doubt he would have won a signal victory.

After this, he kept manœuvring with his small force in the vicinity of Charleston, until the news of the arrival of D'Estaing with a French fleet, destined to operate against Savannah, caused him to break up his camp and march forward to assist in the disembarkation of the French troops.

#### SIEGE AND STORM OF SAVANNAH.

The two armies having formed a junction, proceeded to Savannah, and sat down before the town. D'Estaing, with the laurels of Grenada fresh on his brow, sent a haughty summons in the name of the King of France to the English commander to surrender. Prevost, inevitably lost, without some little delay, protracted the correspondence as long as he could, and then demanded twenty-four hours to consider the proposition, which D'Estaing madly granted. Had he immediately advanced on the place, it would have been an easy conquest, for the fortifications were in bad repair—but few of the cannon being mounted, and the garrison small. During this interval, Prevost worked on the defences without intermission, and, at the end of the twenty-four hours, had nearly a hundred cannon lining the ramparts. Maitland had also arrived, with his choice troops, thus swelling his army to three thousand men. He now felt himself strong—the arguments which had influenced his determination were of the most forcible

kind, and he sent to D'Estaing a polite note, saying he had resolved to hold out to the last.

To attempt to carry the works by storm, strengthened as they now were, would be madness ; and so the French commander and Lincoln, with an army of six or seven thousand men, sat down before them in regular siege. The trenches were opened, and amid the fire of the artillery, the workmen toiled on with such vigor, that by the fourth of September a sap had been pushed to within three hundred yards of the abatis. At length the batteries were completed, and on the night of the fourth of October the tragedy commenced. The autumn landscape was lighted up by the constant blaze and it was one peal of thunder till morning. The uproar then became still more terrific—thirty-seven cannon and nine mortars were opened at once upon the devoted town, while sixteen heavy guns from the fleet—making in all more than sixty pieces—kept up their stern accompaniment. To this deluge of iron, the garrison replied with nearly a hundred cannon. The earth shook under the tremendous explosions, and a vast field of billowy smoke trembled and hovered above the tumult. Carcasses were hurled into the town, which set the houses on fire ; and crackling timbers mingled in with the crash of cannon-balls. Shells smoked and burst along the streets, or hanging a moment like fiery messengers in the air, dropped with an explosion on the dwellings. Amid the uproar and thunder without, and the shrieks of women and children within, Savannah presented a strange and fearful appearance. And when night came on, and darkness shut in the landscape, the scene was still more appall-

ing. The smoke refused to lift in the damp air, and settled like a fog over the arm'ies, adding a deeper gloom to the midnight. Through this the artillery kept playing, making the spot on which it rested appear like a volcano; while in the distance a mass of flame would suddenly flash up, revealing the tall masts and rigging of ships, and then the deep echo roll heavily by. Through this thick and turbulent atmosphere, shells were constantly hissing and bursting, leaving long tracks of light in their passage or meteor-like splendor in their explosion. And when the sun rose in the morning, it came struggling up through a sulphurous cloud, and at evening its golden rays strove in vain to pierce the sullen folds. Thus day and night, for five days, did it thunder, and clatter, and flame there on the shores of the Savannah; but still the besieged nobly maintained their post.

At length D. Estaing began to be concerned for his fleet. The stormy season was coming on, and it would not be safe to ride at anchor on the open coast, and he therefore proposed to Lincoln, to carry the works by storm. This was considered hazardous; for, that five days' cannonade had opened no breach, and battered down scarcely a defence which had not been fully repaired. Besides, if the siege were pressed a little longer, the town must surrender. The sufferings of the inhabitants had become intolerable, and the resistance could not be protracted, in their confined and straitened condition. But twenty days had now elapsed since operations first commenced, and no one could tell how long the place might hold out. The season, moreover, was rapidly advancing, and dangers

of every kind were thickening around the fleet, and therefore a crisis of some sort must be hastened.

D'Estaing—being resolved on an assault, it only remained to determine the manner which it should be conducted. He and Lincoln, after a short consultation, concluded to make the attack on the right side of the town ; where there was a deep hollow, along which the assailants could march perfectly covered till within a few rods of the walls.

The ninth of October was fixed upon for the attempt ; and at one o'clock in the morning the Americans stood in order of battle, though the French did not take their station till three hours after. At length the flower of both armies, in one long column, stretched forward till they reached the open space in front of the works, when they broke off into their several divisions, as arranged beforehand, and advanced on the respective points to which they were destined. The French advanced in three columns—the Americans in one—D'Estaing and Lincoln gallantly leading them on. In the darkness they got confused in the swampy hollows, but as the gray light began to dawn in the east, they formed anew, and pressed forward. D'Estaing, wishing to take the garrison by surprise, immediately spurred to the head of the first column, and without waiting for the others to come up, waved his sword over his head, and shouted “advance.” Straight on the abatis, and through it—up to the very walls, and up their sides streamed the excited troops, while those hundred cannon opened in the twilight, like a peal of thunder, and one fierce fire of musketry rolled down on their heads. Still, “Advance! advance!” rung along the shattered

column, and still D'Estaing cheered them on, till struck to the earth, he was borne wounded from the field. But nothing could withstand that deluge of grape-shot and balls; and the first column, riddled into fragments, swerved from the horrible storm, and wheeled away into the cover of the woods. The second, however, coming up, passed rapidly over their dead companions, and with shouts that were heard above the deafening uproar, gallantly mounted the walls. Around a redoubt on the Ebenezer road, the struggle and the carnage were awful. Again and again did this firm-set wall of living men move on that wall of stone and earth, and taking the loads of grape-shot in their bosoms, rush shouting on the guns. Mowed down as they advanced, and stretched in ghastly rows along the ditch, they dissolved like mist in the path of the whirlwind.

In the midst of the gloom and tumult, two hundred horsemen were seen, with a fearless rider at their head, galloping straight for the entrance to the town, in order to gain the enemy's rear. That was Pulaski, the noble, the chivalric Pole, and his strong cavalry. With their sabres shaking and flashing amid the smoke, they rode all steadily forward through the fiery sleet, shouting as they went, until their gallant leader, struck by a swivel-shot, was hurled, mangled and bleeding, to the earth—and then broke and fled.

This second column too, at length recoiled, and then the third, and last, closed in over a pavement of dead bodies; but still that same deluge of fire rolled over them, and the ranks shook, and reeled, and disappeared in the covering smoke, as if they had been mere visions

which the first breath could dissipate. The uproar was terrific ; and the heavy peals of artillery shaking the earth—the incessant roar of musketry, mingled with the maddened shouts of near ten thousand warriors, and all in the morning twilight, conspired to render it a scene of appalling grandeur. But death and carnage are nothing to the excited passions of men ; and that last broken column stormed on, until, at last, it too, turned discomfited back. In the midst of this deadly conflict the American column, with the chivalrous Laurens at its head, pressed straight on the Spring-Hill redoubt, and crowding into the ditch, in the face of a tremendous fire, endeavored to scale the ramparts. But the parapets were too high ; and hurled back rank after rank, and mowed down with merciless slaughter, they recoiled on each other in inextricable confusion. The brave South Carolina regiment, regardless of the fate of their companions and of the iron storm that smote them down, pressed fiercely forward, and soon the two standards presented to it at Fort Moultrie, were seen waving on the ramparts. Vain valor !—the besieged, seeing that the fury of the attack had slackened, sallied forth, with loud huzzas, and swept the walls and ditches. Then the ill-fated Laurens, seeing his troops routed, flung away his sword, and with his noble soul wrung with the bitterest anguish, stretched forth his arms, and prayed for death, and refused to stir, till forced away by his companions. Close beside him, in the ditch, lay that model of a soldier—the tender, the lion-hearted Jasper, hugging his standard in death, and burying his bloody face in its folds. He had declared he would never surrender it

but with his life ; and there with his heart's blood ebbing slowly away, he stretched himself upon it.

The strife was over, and that bleeding army rolled slowly back from the ruddy and blackened ramparts. But what a scene that October morning presented ! The conflict had lasted only a little over an hour, and yet there lay over a thousand French and Americans, bleeding, or stark and stiff in death.\* Here was a solitary limb—there a disembowelled body and headless corpse, while the ditch looked as if a flood had suddenly wafted a dead multitude into it. Around the Ebenezer redoubts the blood was seen flowing in rills from out the wrecks of the fight, and gathering in deep pools amid the heaps of the slain, while the most pitiful groans loaded the air. And over all this, like a pall, hung a cloud of smoke, which had settled down upon the field, and was slowly twining itself into fantastic shapes above the dead. Dark, and sombre, and awful spread the field under this sulphurous canopy. At last the bright sun rose over the sea, and the morning wind breaking from its sleep, stirred the slumberous folds of that murky curtain, till they slowly lifted and rolled upward, leaving the blue sky to look down on the ghastly spectacle. The dew glistened in the early light, but the red drops of the human heart outnumbered them a thousand to one.

Wide pits were dug, and the dead crowded hastily into them—and when that October sun went to his evening repose, nothing but the trampled and still ruddy earth, and broken muskets, and dead steeds, remained to tell of the direful struggle.

\* Six hundred and thirty-seven French, and four hundred and fifty-seven Americans.

D'Estaing had failed; and precipitately raising the siege, embarked his troops and artillery, and put to sea. Lincoln, his militia having disbanded, took with him his few remaining regulars, and crossed over the Savannah and retired to Charleston. Prompted to this undertaking by the general complaint, that our allies were effecting nothing—D'Estaing undertook it hastily, then became cautious and dilatory when haste would have brought success, and finally crowned the whole by a rash act, which ended in a signal defeat and dreadful slaughter. The British, protected by high ramparts, suffered comparatively little. The whole blame of this unlucky affair rests on D'Estaing, who, by right of seniority, took the supreme command. Lincoln seconded him ably, when he found he could not alter his plans, and rather gained than lost in public estimation by the result.

A more vigorous campaign was now planned by the British, and Clinton set sail from New York with ten thousand men to seize Charleston, which had so long baffled all attempts to take it. Lincoln, foreseeing the approaching storm, called loudly on Congress for reinforcements. A few troops were sent him, but not enough to give him any hope of long withstanding the overwhelming force brought in'o the field. In this state of affairs, it was clearly his duty to abandon Charleston to its fate, and fall back on the interior of the country. But the town had so long been preserved, and held such a large quantity of stores and ammunition, and was withal the key of the State, that he resolved, at the urgent solicitation of the principal men of the place, to risk all in defending it.

The British fleet soon sailed unmolested up the har

bor—Fort Moultrie made no resistance ;—the troops were disembarked, and, on the 30th of March, the siege commenced. It is useless to go into the particulars of this distressing siege. With an army that might have swept in one resistless flood over the works, and carried the town in a few hours, Clinton pursued a more cautious course, and advanced by regular approaches. On the 10th of April, the first parallel was completed, and the garrison summoned to surrender. Lincoln, determined with his three thousand troops to hold out to the last extremity, sent a refusal ; and the siege went on. In ten days more the second parallel was finished, and a second summons sent and rejected. A furious cannonade then commenced, and was kept up, day and night, for several days, filling the bosoms of the inhabitants with terror, and carrying destruction into the town. Lincoln strained every nerve to resist this steady advance—his men were kept constantly at work on the lines, the parapets were mounted with sand-bags, and the batteries served with untiring vigor. The immense number of cannon employed kept Charleston in a tremor, and the incessant explosions were almost deafening. Lincoln, seeing how desperate his situation had become, endeavored to make up in activity and energy what he lacked in strength. Night and day he was seen on the lines, cheering up the men, and directing and overseeing everything. One day he was ten hours in the saddle, without once dismounting—riding hither and thither, with his great heart filled with anxious foreboding ; and the last fortnight he never took off his clothes to rest. Flinging himself, in his uniform, on a couch, he would snatch a few mo-

ments' repose, and then again be seen riding along the lines. All that man could do he did, and against the entreaties of the suffering inhabitants, the distress of his own men, against even his own convictions of final success, held out with a tenacity and courage worthy of a better result. As he passed along his shattered works, he would see his soldiers—their faces bloated with toil, sleeping with their instruments and muskets by their sides. The provisions were all exhausted, save a little rice; and fears of famine were added to the miseries that already enveloped him. It was a sad spectacle to see that firm old soldier standing amid the wreck of his defences, fighting against despair itself, and still refusing to submit to the decree he knew to be inevitable. To have that long campaign, on which he had staked his reputation, end in utter failure; and surrender that army with which he had been intrusted to protect the South, was a thought too bitter to contemplate; and he turned away to renew the struggle. Vain courage; shut up by sea and land—part of his guns bursted, others dismounted—without provisions—almost without defences, and with but twenty-five hundred effective troops, it was impossible to check the approach of that veteran army of nine thousand. The parallels gradually drew nearer, till the batteries opened within eighty yards of him, and preparations were making for a general storm. Then, to save the inhabitants and the town which he knew could not be held, he capitulated, and his entire army laid down their arms. Charleston fell; and South Carolina lay open to the victorious troops of the enemy. Lincoln was shipped on board an English vessel and sailed for N. York. In November

he was exchanged for General Philips, and in 1781 again joined the army, then around New York, and soon after accompanied Washington in his march to Yorktown.

#### SIEGE OF YORETOWN.

On the 28th of Sept., 1781, at five o'clock in the morning, Washington, having approached near the place, put the combined army in motion, and advancing in two columns—the Americans on the right and the French on the left—arrived in view of the enemy's lines at four o'clock in the afternoon. The next day the investment was completed, and Cornwallis, abandoning all his advanced works, retired behind his principal fortifications. On the first of October he opened on our lines with his artillery, and kept up a cannonade all that day and night. But everything went steadily on, and in five days Washington was ready to begin his first parallel. This was commenced by Lincoln, who commanded one of the central divisions. On the eighth it was completed, and the next day the French opened a twelve gun battery from the extreme right, and the Americans one from the extreme left. At daybreak the following morning, fifty more guns, some of them of very heavy calibre, began to hurl their storm of iron on the enemy with prodigious effect. At seven o'clock, the Carron, of forty-four guns, was set on fire by our shot, and totally consumed; and soon after other vessels began to blaze up along the river. On the night of the 11th the second parallel was begun, and in three days completed. In the meantime two redoubts were stormed—one by Viomenil, and the other by Lafayette. Both

were carried at the point of the bayonet, though with the loss on our part of some hundred and forty men. On the 16th the British made a fierce sortie, and storming over one of our batteries, swept it of the artillerists, and spiked seven pieces; but being charged in turn, were driven back, and the spikes withdrawn. Cornwallis, finding his camp perfectly deluged with balls and shells, determined to cross the river by night, and try his fortune on the farther side; and had succeeded with a part of his troops, when a furious storm arose, which drove the boats down the river, and arrested the passage of the remainder. Washington observing the movement in the morning, ordered all his batteries to play, and it rained a horrible tempest on the British army, smiting down the crowded ranks with fearful slaughter. The earth shook under the heavy explosions, and at length the English lines were heard beating a parley. Shut in by the French fleet seaward, and blocked in by land, his camp uncovered and his army reduced, there was no door of escape left open to Cornwallis, and he proposed to surrender. After some little delay, the terms of capitulation were agreed to—the same as those given to Lincoln at Charleston; and the humbled army, with colors cased—no more to float in the breeze as a symbol of England's might—marched out and laid down their arms. Lincoln was appointed to receive the sword of Cornwallis—an honor he richly deserved. Washington loved him, and he took this opportunity to heal his lacerated feelings—and as he had been compelled once to surrender his spotless sword to an English commander, determined to make him the nation's representative in receiving the submission of this veteran army

A hundred and sixty pieces of cannon most of them brass, eight mortars, two frigates, twenty transports, and seven thousand prisoners, besides the seamen, were the fruits of this victory. Twenty other transports had been burnt in the bombardment, five hundred and fifty slain, and nearly two thousand wounded. Nor had the victory been bloodless on our part—four hundred and fifty had been slain or wounded. Deeds of valor had been done, and a skill and bravery exhibited by Washington and his troops that covered them with unfading glory.\*

This ended Lincoln's military career; and in 1781, he was chosen member to Congress. At the end of two years he resigned, and retired to private life, and employed himself on his estate. Now and then he was engaged in public employments—once or twice in treating with the Penobscot Indians, and again in settling a tract of land in Maine.

In 1787, he was appointed over the troops called out to quell the famous *Shay's* rebellion. He left Boston with his forces on the 20th of January, and marched to Worcester. Having protected the court in its session, he proceeded to Springfield, and routed the rebel. From thence he was ordered to West Springfield, and dispersed a detachment under Day, and then followed on to Amherst, where Shay was preparing to intrench himself. He came upon the latter at Pe-

\* It is not, perhaps, generally known, that during this siege, when the French admiral was in haste to be off to the West Indies, Washington, to detain him, and hold him to the promise given to Lafayette, sent Hamilton on board his ship with an urgent request not to depart. Hamilton passed unharmed through the entire British fleet, and returned with the joyful intelligence that the French ships would remain

tersham, on the night of the 2d of February. The weather was biting cold and severe, and the rebels, not expecting an attack on such a fierce night, were wholly taken by surprise, and dispersed or captured. This ended the rebellion, and Lincoln returned home. In April he was elected lieutenant-governor, but gave way the next year to Samuel Adams, and was chosen member of the convention to ratify the new constitution. In 1789, he was delegated commissioner to treat with the Creek Indians, and in 1793, with the western tribes. The close of his life was spent in literary and scientific pursuits, and he stepped gradually down the declivity of life, until at length, May 9th, 1810, at the good old age of seventy-seven, he passed to a better world.

## HIS CHARACTER.

Lincoln was a noble man, even among the noble men of that time. In person, he was of the middle height, with an immense breadth of chest, and very muscular. His countenance was open and benevolent, and he was almost too good a man for a warrior. The demoralizing life of a camp never stained the purity of his character; and, like Washington, he passed through the terrible ordeal of a military career, with a pure heart, and unshaken religious principles.

As an officer, he was brave without being rash—perfectly cool and self-possessed in the hour of danger; but without any of that chivalric feeling which loves adventure, and the tumult of the battle-field. He was a strong man—one of those firm, determined characters, which nothing can deter or discourage. Resolute and decided, he was nevertheless kind, even to gentleness,

and possessed of the warmest sympathies. Unlike Putnam, and Starke, and Arnold, and Greene, he was a gentleman of the old school, and believed in carrying on war in the old dignified legitimate way. There were several such officers in our army, as St. Clair, and Knox, and others, strong and noble men, but not precisely adapted to the spirit of our nation. The American soldier is impulsive—loving action and daring, and will *follow* anywhere, but go without his officer scarcely nowhere.

Lincoln has been blamed by many for the way he conducted the Southern campaign. It was disastrous—as much, and even more so, than that of Gates, which succeeded it. But the former was guilty of no gross blunder, like that which attended the overthrow of the latter. He managed skilfully and ably with the means placed in his hands, and committed no important error, except in risking his army in Charleston, when such an immense force was advancing against him. He ought, no doubt, to have retreated; and it seems strange he should ever have dreamed of being able to sustain himself there. This is all very clear now; but it does not follow, it was equally so then. It is very easy to point out mistakes already made, but quite another matter to escape making them ourselves. Lincoln doubtless feared the disastrous effect of giving up Charleston, on the entire South, to say nothing of the stores and munitions of war gathered there. Besides it had been defended twice against a superior force, and the chief men of the place thought it could be again. He could not anticipate that Fort Moultrie, which had shivered one fleet to pieces would let that of Clinton

enter the harbor without disabling a single vessel. We cannot now appreciate the circumstances in which he was placed, and hence, cannot judge correctly. A partisan war Lincoln never could have carried on—yet this was the only alternative, if he abandoned Charleston; and he probably did better, with the facts in his possession, to risk all as he did.

In his later years, the old veteran was remarkable for his somnolency—he would drop into a sound sleep while sitting at table; and frequently, in driving along the road, would be in the land of dreams, while his horse trotted quietly on his way. When he commanded the militia against Shay, he would sleep between the sentences of his dispatches; yet never seemed to lose the connection. When jogged out of his slumbers by his secretary, he would go on as if nothing had happened. He kept the run of things just as well sleeping as waking; for, when his strong mind once got under way, it was no slight thing that could jar it from its course. He grew corpulent as he advanced in years, and this doubtless had something to do with his lethargic tendency.

Lincoln was unlucky in his military career; but the fact, that his failures never shook public confidence, shows conclusively that he must have possessed qualities of the highest order.

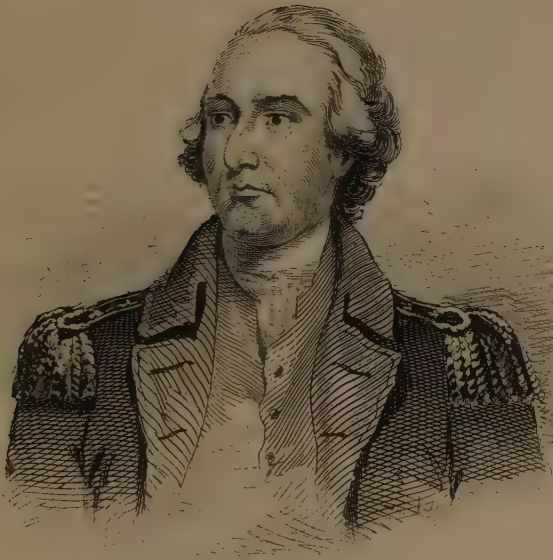
## XVI.

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### MAJOR GENERAL LEE.

Early made a Soldier—Serves in this country—Adopted into a tribe of the Mohawks—Assails the Ministry of England—Made Aide-de-camp of the King of Poland—Appointed Major General in the Russian service—Travels in Italy—Returns to England, and takes up warmly with the American Colonies—Comes to America—His energy and activity—Appointed Major General in the Army—Boldness at New York—Sent South—Disobeys Washington's orders, and is taken prisoner—Anecdote—Battle of Monmouth, and Lee's retreat—Insults Washington, and is court-martialled—Review of the Proceedings—Is suspended—His strange mode of life in Virginia—Striking death—His Character

IN all revolutions, the successful leaders spring out of the people, and are a part of the times that generate them. Skill and experience gained in other fields, do not compensate for the want of sympathy between them and the mass, and the energy and resolution which one born of the struggle possesses. Thus Gates and Lee, both natives of England, had been trained in the British army, and become familiar with the military tactics of Europe; yet they both failed. The country had great expectations of them—their familiarity with the regular and scientific modes of warfare, it was thought, would render them able to cope with the veteran British commanders. Lee was called the “Palla



Charles Lee



dium of American Liberty," and Gates was crowded by the voice of the people into a place he ought not to have had. There can be no greater error committed, than for the leaders of a revolution to select, for military commanders, those whose tastes and habits have been formed under an entirely different organization of things. They have no sympathy with the impulsive, irregular movements, ardent hopes, and wild energy which a people exhibit just as they feel the shackles falling from their limbs, and, Samson-like, begin to cast abroad their arms in the joy of recovered freedom. The pillars of everything before stable and firm, shake and totter in their grasp. There was not a lord in England who could have carried Cromwell's army as it went, under its appropriate leader, from victory to victory. Cromwell was a creature of the revolution; and the strong bond of sympathy between him and his soldiers did more for him, than all the science and experience of a long military career could have done. Had Bonaparte chosen his marshals from the old and experienced military leaders of France, he never could have led his conquering eagles as he did, the length and breadth of Europe. He took the power the revolution rolled into his hands, and used it. Moreau, an old veteran, and of good extraction, betrayed him; and Grouchy, born a count, ruined him at Waterloo. So Gates, proud of his military experience, sought to supplant Washington; while Lee, actuated by a similar desire, and filled with the same pride, almost lost us the battle of Monmouth, and finally sunk into disgrace. Such men as Wayne, and Stark, and Putnam, and Greene, and Sullivan, and Schuyler, and Marion, and Sumpter, and others, who

were born on our soil, partook of our character, and understood our feelings, were the men who stood firm in the hour of trial, and led our armies to victory.

CHARLES LEE, youngest son of General John Lee, was born in England, in 1731, and when eleven years of age was a commissioned officer in his majesty's service. He pursued no regular course of study; but educated partly in England, and partly in Switzerland, at an early age devoted most of his attention to military tactics. When twenty-four years old, he was placed at the head of a company of grenadiers, and commenced his military life.

Fiery, impetuous, and headstrong, the young officer from this point starts on a career so wild and irregular, and adventurous—now flashing up in splendor, and now sinking in darkness—that his life seems a strange romance rather than a reality. Storming over half the world, to let off his surplus energy—plunging into every adventure for the mere love of it, he exhibits all the grandeur and all the folly of a bold but erratic genius. His fiery flight through history leaves a long bright track behind it, over which, finally, the clouds of disappointment and regret slowly and fatally gather.

The regiment Lee was in, formed a part of the expedition sent against Louisburg in 1757. But on arriving at Halifax, the English commander found the place too strongly garrisoned to be taken, and deferred the attempt till next year. In the meantime, he sent a portion of his army to New York. Lee accompanied it, and soon after found himself stationed at Schenectady. Here he fell in with the Mohawk Indians, whose wild appearance, unshackled movements and proud bearing,

just suited his wayward, romantic spirit ; while his own frank, impulsive manner and ready confidence, won equally on them. He would spend hours with these savage warriors, and they finally became so fond of him, that they adopted him into one of their tribes under the name of Ounewaterika, or *boiling water*. Even in his peaceful intercourse with them, his natural vehemence and fierceness so constantly worked out, that they gave him a sobriquet to indicate his restless character.

He remained here, however, but a short time ; for his regiment was ordered to join Abercrombie, then assembling his forces to attack Ticonderoga. Young Lee commanded a company of grenadiers in that fatal assault ; and while bravely attempting to lead them through the storm of grape-shot, up to the breastworks, was severely wounded in the side, and borne from the battle. With other officers, he was sent to Albany to recover from his wounds, and next winter was stationed on Long Island. Here occurred one of those hair-breadth escapes for which the rash are always remarkable. He had offended a surgeon in some way, who, in revenge, wrote a libel on him. Lee hearing of it, met him and gave him a severe flogging. The doctor not relishing the chances that would be against him in a duel, waylaid the former, and seizing his horse by the bridle, presented a pistol to his breast, and fired. The flash startled the horse, and he sprang so suddenly one side, that the bullet only bruised the side of Lee, without entering his body. The surgeon, bent on murdering him, immediately drew another, but a friend of the latter near by, struck up the weapon, and thus

saved his life. The poor culprit had to make a public acknowledgment, and leave the army.

We next find Lee besieging the French fort at Niagara, where, in a sharp conflict with the French and Indians, two bullets grazed his hair. Thence, with one officer, and only fourteen men, he crossed Lake Erie, and proceeded to Fort Duquesne, on the Ohio. A march of seven hundred miles back to Crown Point was his next exploit. After a short repose he went to Oswego, and afterwards to Philadelphia, where he wintered. In 1760, he accompanied General Amherst down the St. Lawrence, to Montreal; and at the close of the war, soon after, returned to England. In our wild solitudes and new life, and in the fatiguing marches and hazardous exploits inseparable from his career, his fierce, adventurous spirit found enough to satisfy its cravings, and employ its energies.

On his arrival in England he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and in that capacity joined the army sent to assist Portugal in repelling the invasion of Spain. He was attached to the brigade of Burgoyne, who was stationed on the river Tagus. While there, the latter formed a plan to cut off a portion of the Spanish army left around the Moorish castle of Villa Velha, and intrusted the execution of it to Lee. Crossing the river after dark, he led his men by a difficult circuitous march, and at length, a little after midnight, approached the enemy's lines. He then halted and formed his troops, who at a given signal rushed forward and swept the camp at the point of the bayonet.

Returning from Spain, he scarcely gave himself

time to look about before he plunged, with the same suddenness and impetuosity, into the distracted politics of England, that he did into battle. Wielding the pen with the same reckless energy he did the sword, he soon drew public attention to himself. A republican of the school of Byron, his liberal principles grew out of his scorn of fools in power, rather than from love of the lower classes. Utterly destitute of all reverence for those who controlled the nation, he hurled the arrows of his wit, and sarcasm, and hatred against the entire administration and all its acts. His active spirit would not let him rest a moment; and if not charging through the smoke of battle, he must expend his fury on the heads of government.

But he soon tired of this unsatisfactory warfare; and a cloud gathering over unhappy Poland, he hastened thither, seeking only glory, and free scope to his burning passions. Received as a friend by the Prince of Brunswick; he hastened on to Berlin, to be flattered by Frederick the Great; and then flew to Poniatowsky, King of Poland, at Warsaw, and was honored by him with the post of aide-de-camp. Here treated like a prince—with a seat at the king's table, he remained two years, passing his time, Heaven alone knows how. Passionate, fond of pleasure and excitement, his court career must have been anything but favorable to the development of his better qualities. At length, satiated with the pleasures of the Polish capital, and having exhausted the sources of excitement within his reach, he started with the king's ambassador, for Turkey. Prompted only by curiosity or driven by that fever of the spirit which was like

a constant spur in his side, he undertook this long journey; which well-nigh cost him his life. Impatient of the slow movements of the ambassador, and eager to be at the end of his route, solely because his burning ardor pushed everything to its utmost limit at once; he joined a company of Turks, who were carrying the Grand Seignor's treasure from Moldavia home, and pushed on. The company however was short of provision, and the whole came near dying with cold and hunger on the Bulgarian mountains. Several horses and men perished; and Lee, after incredible fatigue, and suffering from cold, finally reached Constantinople. Here he remained only four months—just long enough to be rocked by an earthquake, which shook the houses down about his ears—and then returned to Poland. The next December he appeared in England, urging his petition for promotion in the army. Not a whisper is breathed of his reasons for leaving King Stanislaus, with whom he continued to correspond as a friend. Obeving his impulses alone—ever a law unto himself—and acting as if no other person had, or ever would have any interest in his movements, he gives us no account of his actions. He leaves England and rises to the surface in Poland—again disappearing for two years, he emerges a moment to the view in Constantinople. We get simply a glimpse of him again in Warsaw, when he is once more in England.

During his absence, the quarrel had begun between the colonies and Great Britain—the stamp-act had been passed and repealed, and everything was in commotion.

His efforts to obtain promotion proved abortive, for

ministers had not forgotten his sarcasm and ridicule; and after two years' stay in his native country, he started for Corsica, to recruit his health. But changing his plans at Paris, where he met Prince Czartorinsky, he turned his steps towards Poland. Appointed major-general at Warsaw, he entered the Russian service, but was compelled to wait awhile for an opportunity to join the army, then on the frontiers of Turkey. In writing home, he says, "I am to have a command of Cossacks and Wollacks, a kind of people I have a good opinion of. I am determined not to serve in *the line*; *one might as well be a church-warden.*" A place in the line did not suit his untamed spirit; but at the head of a wild band of Cossacks, sweeping over the field, he could enjoy himself. He found it difficult to reach the Russian army, on account of the number of banditti that infested the country; and even in Warsaw, he says that alarms are so frequent, that he is compelled to "sleep with pistols on his pillow."

His mind, never a moment at rest, had already marked out his future movements, if he did not succeed in joining the Russian army. In a letter home, he says, "If I am defeated in my intention of joining the Russians, I think of passing through Hungary, and spending the ensuing winter in Italy, Sicily, or some of the islands in the Egean Sea. As to England, I am resolved not to set foot in it till the virtues, which I believe to exist in the body of the people, are set in motion." Hurling contempt on the government at home, he speaks of the unpopularity of the English at Warsaw, and says, "A French comedian was the other day

near being hanged, from the circumstance of his wearing a bob wig, which, by the confederates, is supposed to be the uniform of the English nation. *I wish to God the three branches of our legislature would take it into their heads to pass through the woods of Poland in bob wigs."*

He at length succeeded in overtaking the army, just before a battle took place. The columns were marching through a ravine, when fifty thousand Turkish cavalry came rushing to the charge. Scattering the Cossacks and light-horse from their path, they fell with terrible fury on the infantry, and threw it into disorder. Rallying, however, they made good their stand until reinforcements came up, when they rolled back that cloud of horsemen and pressed forward. Selecting a good position, they threw themselves into squares to resist the shocks of cavalry. But those fifty thousand splendid horsemen swept to the charge in such successive and terrible onsets, that they were compelled gradually to fall back and take post on the heights of Choczim. Lee's eye rested with admiration on the cloud of cavalry, bursting again and again in a head-long gallop on the steady squares. It was a new sight even to him, who had been trained in the camp.

But the campaign that had opened with such a magnificent display, soon closed to the discomfiture of the Russians. The grand vizier, arriving with a hundred and seventy thousand men, forced them to retire behind the Dniester, and abandon their project of invasion.

The change from the court, with its luxuries, to the camp, with its privations, proved too much for Lee—he was seized with a slow fever, which gradually eat

away his strength. He left the army for the waters of Buda, in search of health; but had proceeded no farther than Hungary, when his disease became so violent, that he was compelled to stop—and in an inn of a miserable village, lay three weeks on the verge of the grave. But his naturally strong constitution finally triumphed, though for a year afterwards he suffered from the effects of this attack. In the spring he went to Italy, where he remained during the summer. But not even sickness could weaken the force of his passions; and here, becoming embroiled, for some cause or other, with an Italian, he fought and killed him—losing himself the use of two of his fingers in the encounter. In the winter he was again in England, as restless and untamed as ever, and finding nothing else on which to expend his fire, plunged anew into politics. He attacked Hume's History of the Stuarts with all the severity, sarcasm, and wit he was master of.

In 1772, we find him in France and Switzerland, still furiously assailing Hume. Returning to England, he took up warmly in behalf of the American colonies. Throwing himself soul and body into this vexed question, as he did into everything he seized upon, he started for this country, to view things for himself. Arriving in the fall of 1773, he commenced travelling through the Southern colonies. Whether his love of liberty, or the desire to strike a blow at the government at home which he had so often attacked, actuated him, he nevertheless openly and vehemently assailed the iniquitous measures adopted against us. His frank and fearless spirit, his eccentric manners, his fiery enthusiasm, and the romance thrown around his past life, soon made

him one of the most prominent men in the country. His brilliant wit, biting sarcasm, and often cogent arguments, fell in a perfect shower on the advocates of taxation. He never seemed to have a moment's repose, but was either travelling, or writing letters, either to the friends or to the enemies of the colonies. He was present at the first continental Congress, and was struck with the strength and wisdom congregated there. His pen at this time was never idle: he sent a letter to General Gage at Boston—replied to a pamphlet written by Rev. Dr. Cooper, in favor of governmental measures, and wrote to Lord Percy and Edmund Burke, boldly expressing his views of the approaching conflict, and its probable issue. He went to Boston, and afterwards back to Maryland, everywhere feeding the fire that was already kindled into fearful intensity. He conversed with everybody, and gave counsel to state-deputies and members of Congress:—in short, in ten months, he had so managed as to make himself one of the principal leaders of the revolutionary movement. In the meantime, he made Gates a visit in Berkley, Virginia, and was persuaded by him to purchase an estate bordering on his own.

At length that event towards which everything had been so rapidly tending, occurred—blood had been shed, and the Revolution commenced. Congress, in organizing the army, appointed Lee second major-general. His military experience and rank, and, above all, his vanity, may have led him to suppose he should be elected commander-in-chief. This would not only have given him prominence in this country, but made him formidable to the British ministry, for which he

entertained such a violent hatred. He, however, had the good sense to keep his disappointment, if he had any, to himself, and accepted the appointment. First, however, he sent in his resignation to the Secretary of War at home. In doing this, he not only gave up his chance of promotion in the English army, but ran the risk of losing his entire property in England, and otherwheres, at the disposal of the government—yielding in all an income of some six or seven thousand dollars per annum. All this, says he, “I staked on the die of American liberty; and I played a losing game, for I might lose all, and had no prospect, or wish, to better it.” It is true, Congress promised to remunerate him for any losses he might sustain in joining the American cause.

This difficulty being disposed of, he accompanied Washington to head-quarters, at Cambridge, and was placed over the left wing of the army. Carrying the same zeal and earnestness into everything he undertook, he set about vigorously the organization of the troops. His military experience—his energy and his noble appeals, were of great benefit; and he gave promise of being one of the firmest pillars of American liberty. In December he was sent to Rhode Island, to superintend matters there; and while at Newport, pointed out the best plans to fortify, and went through the ridiculous formality of making the disaffected take a solemn oath to be faithful to the cause of the colonies.

In January he was ordered to New York, to fortify the place and disarm the Tories on Long Island. With a small escort he set out—but on arriving in Connecticut where nearly two thousand men had been raised for him, was taken sick with the gout, and compelled to

slop for several days. In the meantime, the inhabitants of New York, hearing of this movement, were filled with alarm, lest the presence of American soldiers in their midst should provoke a cannonade from the ships of war in the harbor. The provincial Congress, too, was seized with sudden apprehensions at this apparent stretch of military power, and immediately wrote to Lee, expressing their astonishment that troops should be marched to New York, without their orders; and requesting him not to move them beyond Connecticut, lest the city should suffer from the enemy's vessels. Lee, still on his back with the gout, was filled with indignation at this letter, which he, in reply, told the Congress, in plain terms, was "*wofully hysterical.*" He declared he had no intention of provoking hostilities, and sought only to protect and secure the city; but added significantly, "If the ships of war are quiet, I shall be quiet; but I declare solemnly that, if they make a pretext of my presence to fire upon the town, *the first house set in flames by their guns, shall be the funeral-pile of some of their best friends.*" In the meantime, he sent on Colonel Waterbury with one regiment to the city. The committee of safety refused to provide any accommodation for the troops, declaring the whole movement to be an encroachment on the power of the provincial Congress. In this dilemma Lee arrived—having been brought from Stamford on a litter. His presence, together with that of a deputation from the Continental Congress, soon calmed the troubled elements, and he took possession of the place. Disregarding the threats of the naval commanders, that if he took certain steps they would fire the town,

he went boldly to work. He began three redoubts in Brooklyn, another at Hurl Gate—pulled down an old fort which the enemy might convert into a citadel, and barricaded the streets, mounting some of the barriers with cannon. Not satisfied with this, he seized the prominent Tories on Long Island, and compelled them to take the same oath he administered in Rhode Island : and when Congress, alarmed at his extraordinary use, as they deemed it, of his military power, wrote to him, he sent back a very submissive letter, though he never altered his plan of operations. He brought all his energies to the task before him ; and the soldiers being inspired with a portion of his ardor, the work went bravely on. He labored here for two weeks without cessation, and was then appointed to command the army in Canada. Rumors however reaching Congress, that the English were about making a descent on the South, they reversed their instructions, and ordered him to Virginia. He immediately entered on his duties, and was pressing everything with all the force he possessed, when news arrived of the approach of the enemy's fleet on Charleston. He then hastened to South Carolina, and the troops, by order of the governor, were placed under his command. Sullivan's Island was already fortified. To strengthen this, and secure passages for retreat, in case of disaster, occupied all his attention till the attack commenced. Colonel Moultrie commanded the fort, while Lee stationed himself on Haddrell's Point, too far off to render any service, except in case of retreat. Why he did not take command of the fort in person, since the great struggle was to be there, is not stated ; but having no idea

it could withstand the fire of the English fleet, he probably thought it best to remain where his chances of being made prisoner were much less. During the engagement, however, he passed over to it in an open boat, and after pointing some of the guns, returned. He was where he could watch the whole contest, and it was with the most lively exultation, he finally saw the fleet hoist sail and bear away.

After commanding here six months, he was ordered to Philadelphia. General Ward having resigned, he was now second in command to Washington, and enjoying the fullest confidence of the people. His untiring activity, and great energy, had accomplished much, and a bright and glorious career was opened before him.

Washington, with the army, was at this time on Harlaem heights, and thither Lee, at the order of Congress, repaired, and took command of the right wing. He covered the rear in the retreat to White Plains, and commanded the corps left there when Washington crossed over into the Jerseys to counteract the movements of Sir William Howe in that State. But Washington's army constantly dwindling away, was not able to cope with that of his enemy, and he began his heroic retreat. Feeling the necessity of immediately concentrating his troops, he wrote to Lee to join him as speedily as possible, with the force under his command. So hard pressed was Washington, that he wrote as he fled—from Hackensack, then from Newark, and finally from Brunswick and Trenton—first requesting, as the former delayed, then sternly ordering him to hasten forward with all the dispatch in his power. But Lee had plans of his own to accomplish, and refused to stir. He

endeavored to force Heath, then commanding in the Highlands, to send a portion of his own troops: but he steadily refusing to obey any orders but those of the commander-in-chief, a quarrel arose between them. All this time Washington was retreating before his enemies, looking anxiously in the direction he expected the reinforcements to arrive: but day after day, and week after week passed, and yet they did not appear. At length Lee put his troops in motion; but even after he had crossed the Hudson, he advanced slowly, and lingered on the way, as if held back by some powerful spell. He was ten days in reaching Baskinridge; where, as a just punishment for his disobedience, he was captured in the most ridiculous manner. Governed by some freak or whim, or still baser passion, he took up his quarters at a house *three miles* distant from camp—a nice communication to keep up between a commander and his army in the heart of a disaffected country. A Tory passing by the house in the evening, was told that General Lee was there with only a small guard, and conveyed the intelligence to a party of British dragoons near by. The commander of it immediately started off, to secure the prize thrown so unexpectedly in his hands.

Next morning, just after breakfast, as Lee was writing a letter to Gates, he was startled by the report that a company of British dragoons were charging on a full gallop down the lane that led to the house. The next moment they had surrounded it. Lee exclaimed, "Where is the guard? why don't they fire?" The guard were running for their lives over the fields, and the dragoons after them. Bareheaded, and with no-

thing but slippers on his feet, and a blanket-coat on his back, the aide-de-camp of the King of Poland, and the first major-general in the American army, was placed on a horse and led away to the British camp at Brunswick.

The manner of his capture gave rise to many suspicions that it was premeditated and voluntary on his part. The fact that he was so far from his army, and that his guard never fired a shot, were regarded as strong circumstances against him. These accusations were groundless; and we are to look for this strange location of his quarters to some private whim, which he thought not best to disclose. But it is not so easy to account for his protracted disobedience of orders, thereby placing Washington in the most critical danger. It is said that ambitious views of his own held him back—that he expected, and waited to deliver some brilliant stroke on the enemy, of vastly more service than to join the main army, as he was repeatedly ordered to do. But this is a frivolous excuse. A man of his military experience, and knowledge of what belongs to a subordinate officer, knew perfectly well there could be no greater error, and scarcely a greater crime, than to refuse the repeated and peremptory orders of his commander-in-chief, closely pursued by a victorious enemy. Those who render this apology, pay a poor compliment to his moral sense, or regard for his obligations—still it may be better than a worse one. Others have whispered, that knowing the distressed condition of Washington, he delayed, on purpose to have him and his fragment of an army fall into the hands of the enemy, so that the supreme con-

mand might devolve on him. Whether his schemes looked forward to such a direful result as this, or not, it is evident he ran the risk, for the sake of promoting his selfish ends. It seems to me to matter very little whether he wished Washington defeated, that he might mount to his place, or was willing to hazard such a catastrophe to advance his own fame—the crime is the same in both cases: the only difference is, *one is the other matured*, or simply a degree higher in the same scale.

Notwithstanding these suspicions, which, whether just or not, Lee cannot complain of, the country deeply mourned his loss. His enthusiasm, activity, boldness and success, especially at the South, had endeared him to the people, and they regarded him one of their strongest supports. The treatment he received from his captors, who declared him a deserter, rather than a prisoner, awakened strong sympathy for him throughout the nation; and Washington, whatever might have been his suspicions, took a deep interest in his welfare. He wrote to Howe, proposing an exchange, and declared, if he presumed to touch a hair of his head, he would retaliate it severely on the Hessian officers he had captured at Trenton. Those officers were immediately placed in close confinement, till Lee should be treated as a prisoner of his rank in the army was entitled to be. It was well for the latter that the commander whom he had left to his fate—by a bold stroke at Trenton, had obtained the means of retaliation; or he might have been sent to England, and subjected to the treatment Ethan Allen received, if not court-martialled as a deserter. In consequence of this

firm attitude of Washington, Lee was allowed to go abroad on parole, and granted the liberty due his rank, until he was finally exchanged, in May, 1778.

It is said that while he was a prisoner, a discussion arose one day at dinner respecting the American army, and the bravery of its officers. The conversation grew animated, when a young officer directly insulted Lee. The latter immediately rose to his full height, and while the star of honor he won in Poland, rose and fell on his breast, as it heaved to the tide of indignation that swept through it, he fixed his eye fiercely on his adversary, and hurled defiance in his face. The British officers generously took sides with him, and the young bravado had to make an apology.

Immediately after his release, he joined the army at Valley Forge, and was reinstated in his old command. In the middle of June, Clinton evacuated Philadelphia, and began his march across New Jersey, while Washington closely watched his movements, and hung like a gathering storm on his flanks. A council of war was called, to determine whether it was best to hazard a general engagement. Lee declared it was not; and took such strong and decided ground, that he carried many of the officers with him. His reason was, that with a force only a little superior to that of the British, it was impossible to contend with them on the open field. The battles of Long Island, Brandywine, and Germantown seemed to corroborate his opinion; but Steuben had been with the army since then, and imparted new power to it, by his energy and strict discipline.

The result was, the council decided against a general action, and dissolved. This was a bitter disappoint-

ment to Washington. Greene, Lafayette, and Wayne, however, came to his relief, by each sending in a remonstrance against the decision rendered. This decided him, and he moved forward, determined, as he said, "to be governed by circumstances;" while it is evident, he designed to arrange circumstances so that a battle could not be prevented.

## BATTLE OF MONMOUTH.

The English army, ten thousand strong, had evacuated Philadelphia, and was passing through New Jersey, on its way to New York. The whole country was filled with the marching columns—the baggage-train alone stretching *twelve miles along the road*. On the rear of this army, in order to cut it and the baggage-train from the main body, Washington determined to fall, and sent forward five thousand men to commence the attack. The command of this belonged to Lee, but he refusing to accept it, it was given to Lafayette. The former, however, thinking it would have a bad look to decline serving in such an important battle as this promised to be, changed his mind, and asked for the post assigned him, which was generously surrendered by Lafayette.

The 28th of June, was one of the sultriest days of the year—it was also the *Sabbath-day*—yet at an early hour, Lee, who was but five miles from Monmouth, where the British army had encamped the night before, put his troops in motion. Pushing rapidly on through the broken and wooded country, he at length emerged in view of the plain of Monmouth, which, like that of Marengo, seemed made on purpose for a battle-field. Forming his

men in the woods, to conceal them from the enemy, he and Wayne rode forward to reconnoitre—and lo! all the ample plain below them was dark with the moving masses. To the stirring sound of music the steady columns of the grenadiers moved sternly forward, their bayonets glittering in the morning sunlight; while, far as the eye could reach, followed after, the immense train—horses and wagons, toiling through the sand and filling the air with dust.

Wayne descended like a torrent upon this line of march, and soon the sharp rattle of musketry and roar of cannon, and heavy smoke, told where he was pouring his troops to the charge. Lee, in the meantime, with the rest of his division, was taking a circuitous march to fall on the head of the corps with which Wayne was engaged, when he learned that the whole British army had wheeled about, and was hurrying back to protect the rear. That plain then presented a magnificent appearance. Far away the cloud of horses and wagons was seen hurrying from the field, while nearer by, the glittering columns fell, one after another, in the order of battle—the artillery opened like a sudden conflagration in their midst—the cavalry went dashing forward to the charge, and amid the pealing of trumpets, unrolling of standards, and shouts of men, the battle commenced.

But at this moment, Lee, who had not expected to meet a strong force, and not liking to have a heavy battle thrown on him, with a morass in his rear, ordered a retreat—and the brave Wayne, grinding his teeth in rage, was compelled to fall back, and came very near being cut off in the attempt. Across the morass, and over the broken country, the division kept

retiring, with the victorious columns of the British in full pursuit.

In the meantime Washington, ignorant of this shameful retreat, was marching up with the other division of the army. As the sound of the first cannonade broke dull and heavy over the woods, the troops were hurried forward—and the soldiers, eager for the encounter, threw aside their knapsacks, and many of them their coats, and with shouts pressed on. It was a terrible day—the thermometer stood at *ninety-six*—and as that sweltering army toiled through the sand and dust, many sunk in their footsteps overpowered by the heat. Washington had dismounted where two roads met, and stood with his arm thrown over the neck of his white horse, that was reeking with sweat—listening to the uproar in the distance, and watching his eager columns as they swept along the road. Far in advance, he heard the thunder of artillery that was mowing down his ranks, while before him fluttered the flag of his country, soon also to be enveloped in the smoke of battle. A shade of anxiety was seen to cross that calm, noble countenance; but the next moment it grew dark as wrath. A horseman, dashing up to him, cried out that Lee was in full retreat, bearing down with his disordered ranks, full on his own advancing division. The expression of his face at that moment was dreadful; and with a burst of indignation, that startled those around him, he sprang to the saddle, and plunging the rowels in his steed, launched away like a bolt from heaven. A cloud of dust alone told where he and his suite sped onward; and those who looked on him then, with his usually pale face flushed, and his blue eye emitting fire,

knew that a storm was soon to burst somewhere. He swept in a headlong gallop up to the van of the retreating army, and the moment his white horse was seen, the brave fellows, who had not been half beaten, sent up a shout that was heard the whole length of the line, and "*Long live Washington,*" rent the air. Flinging a hasty inquiry to Osgood, as to the reason of this retreat, who replied with a terrible oath, "*Sir, we are fleeing from a shadow;*" he galloped to the rear, and reining up his horse beside Lee, bent on him a face of fearful expression, and thundered in his ear, as he leaned over his saddle-bow, "*Sir, I desire to know what is the reason and whence arises this disorder and confusion.*" It was not the words, but the smothered tone of passion in which they were uttered, and the manner, which was severe as a blow, that made this rebuke so terrible. Wheeling his steed, he spurred up to Oswald's and Stewart's regiment, saying, "On you I depend to check this pursuit;" and riding along the ranks, he roused their courage to the highest pitch by his stirring appeals, while that glorious shout of "*Long live Washington,*" again shook the field. The sudden gust of passion had swept by; but the storm that ever slumbered in his bosom was now fairly up; and galloping about on his splendid charger, his tall and commanding form towering above all about him, and his noble countenance lit up with enthusiasm, he was the impersonation of all that is great and heroic in man. In a moment the aspect of the field was changed—the retreating mass halted—officers were seen hurrying about in every direction, their shouts and orders ringing above the roar of the enemy's guns. The ranks opened, and under the

galling fire of the British, wheeled, and formed in splendid order. Washington then rode back to Lee, and pointing to the firm front he had arrayed against the enemy, exclaimed, "*Will you, sir, command in that place?*" He replied, "Yes." "*Well,*" then said he, "*I expect you to check the enemy immediately.*" "Your orders shall be obeyed," replied the stung commander; "and I will not be the first to leave the field." The battle then opened with renewed fury, and Washington hurried back to bring his own division into action.

It was a glorious triumph of discipline, and the power of one master-mind—and a noble spectacle, to see how those retreating troops recovered their confidence, and formed under the very fire of their pursuers, and before the panic had been communicated to the other portion of the army.

But the danger had only just commenced; the few regiments which had been thrown forward, could not long withstand the heavy shock to which they were exposed. Swept by the artillery, and enveloped in fire, they were gradually forced back over the field. They fought bravely, as if they knew the fate of the battle rested on their firmness, yet the advanced corps finally recoiled on the reserve. On this, too, the victorious legions of the enemy thundered with deafening shouts—the grenadiers pressed furiously forward—the cavalry hung like a cloud on our flanks, while the steadily advancing cannon galled the ranks with a most destructive fire. Our whole line of battle began to shake. Washington, with the rear division, was not yet up, and every moment threatened to throw Lee's whole shattered corps back in disorder upon it.

Everything quivered in the balance, but at this terrible crisis, the noble, the chivalric Hamilton, with his hat off and his hair streaming in the wind, was seen crossing the field in a sweeping gallop, making straight for Lee. Knowing that the fate of the battle rested on his firmness, and fearing he might shrink again under the heavy onsets of the enemy, he flew to his relief. Reining up his foam-covered steed beside him, he exclaimed in that lofty enthusiasm, which that day saved the army: "I will stay with you, my dear general, and *die with you. Let us all die here rather than retreat.*" Nobly said, brave Hamilton!—the firmest prop of American liberty stands fast in this dreadful hour.

In this decisive moment, Washington appeared on the field, and rapidly formed his division in front of the enemy. Casting his eye over the battle, he saw at a glance the whole extent of the danger, and strained every nerve to avert it. His orders flew like lightning in every direction, while full on his centre came the shouting headlong battalions of the enemy. Both his right and left flanks were threatened almost simultaneously; yet calm and collected, he sternly surveyed the rapidly advancing storm, without one thought of retreating. Never did his genius shine forth with greater splendor than at this moment. Ordering up Stirling with the artillery, on the left, and the other portion of the army to advance, he watched for an instant the effect of the movements. Stirling came up on a furious gallop with his guns, and unlimbering them, poured such a sudden fire on the enemy, that they recoiled before it. At the same time the veteran Knox hurried up his heavy cannon on the right, and

began to thunder on the dense masses, while the gallant Wayne, at the head of his chosen infantry, charged like fire, full on the centre. The battle now raged along the whole line, and the plain shook under the uproar. But nothing could withstand the impetuosity of the Americans, and the fierce fire of our artillery. The hotly-worked batteries of Knox and Stirling, were like two spots of flame on either side; while the head of Wayne's column, enveloped in smoke and flame, pressed steadily forward, bearing down everything in its passage, and sweeping the field with shouts that were heard above the roar of the artillery. Every step had been contested with the energy of despair, and under the oppressive heat, scores of brave fellows had fallen in death, unsmitten by the foe.

The whole English army retreated, and took up a strong position on the ground Lee had occupied in the morning. Almost impenetrable woods and swamps were on either side, while there was nothing but a narrow causeway in front, over which an army could advance to the attack. The battle now seemed over; for under that burning sun and temperature of ninety-six degrees, the exhausted army could hardly stir. Even Washington's powerful frame was overcome by the heat and toil he had passed through; and as he stood begrimed with the dust and the smoke of battle, and wiped his brow; the perspiration fell in streams from his horse, which looked as if it had been dragged through a muddy stream, rather than rode by a living man. The tired hero gazed long and anxiously on the enemy's position, and notwithstanding its strength, and the heat of the day, and the state of his army, deter-

mined to force it. His strong nature had been thoroughly roused, and the battle he sought and would have won thrown unexpectedly upon him, and well-nigh lost ; and he now resolved to press it home on the foe. All around him lay the dead, and the cry for water was most piteous to hear—even those who bore back the wounded, were ready to sink under the heat. The eye of Washington, however, rested only on the English army, and ordering up two brigades to assail it, one on the right flank and the other on the left, he brought the heavy guns of Knox forward to the front. In a few minutes these tremendous batteries opened, and the English cannon replied till it was one constant peal of thunder, here over the hot plain. In the meantime the burning sun was stooping to the western hills, and striving in vain, with its level beams, to pierce the smoke and dust-filled atmosphere, that spread like a cloud above the field. Still, that heavy cannonade made the earth groan, and still those gallant brigades were forcing their way onward through the deep woods and over the marshes to the attack. But the almost insurmountable obstacles that crossed their path, so delayed their march, that night came on before they could reach their respective positions. The firing then ceased, and darkness shut in the scene. For a while the tread of the battalions, taking up their positions for the night—the heavy rumbling of artillery-wagons, and the moans of the wounded, and piteous prayers for water, disturbed the calmness of the Sabbath evening, and then all was still. The poor soldiers, overcome with heat and toil, lay down upon the ground, with their arms in their hands, and the two tired armies slept. Within

sight of each other they sunk on the field while the silent cannon, loaded with death, still frowned darkly from the heights upon their foes. The young moon just glanced a moment on the slumbering hosts, then fled behind the hills. The stars, one after another, came out upon the sky like silent watchers, and the smoke of the conflict hung in vapory masses over the woods and plain. Washington, determined with the dawn of day to renew the battle, wrapped his military cloak around him, and throwing himself on the ground beneath a tree, slept amid his followers. So did Bonaparte, on the first night of the battle of Wagram, sleep by the Danube, lulled by its turbulent waters.

But at midnight the English commander roused his sleeping army, and quietly withdrew, and before morning, was beyond the reach of Washington's arm. So profound were the slumbers of our exhausted troops, that no intimation of the departure of the enemy was received until the morning light revealed their deserted camp. The prey had escaped him; and so Washington followed on slowly—moving his army by easy marches to the Hudson.

This battle, though not so bloody as many others, was one of the most remarkable of the Revolution. The presence of mind and firmness of Washington, which restored it after it seemed lost; the steadiness and bravery of the troops, that rallied and formed right in the face of their pursuers; and the energy and strength which not only overcame pursuit and restored the day, but finally broke into a furious offensive, scarcely have a parallel.\* Especially do we feel this

\* The corps of Col. Dearborn, he who fought so gallantly at Bunker

to be true, when we remember the extraordinary heat of the day, and that the troops, from a little after sun rise till sunset, marched and fought on a field, where no water was to be had. I never heard of a battle before lasting twelve hours, and with the thermometer at ninety-six Fahrenheit. It seems impossible that troops could be aroused to put forth such exertions under such a scorching sun. The fact that many fell dead with a sun-stroke, shows that on this sandy plain, the suffering from heat and want of water must have been intense. Over twenty thousand men packed into that valley, and struggling a whole day in such a temperature, made doubly worse by their own smoke and fire, is one of the most remarkable spectacles the history of war presents.

Immediately after the battle, Washington reinstated Hill, and charged with such desperate impetuosity at Saratoga, presented a striking exhibition of the triumph of discipline. When the British made a demonstration on the left wing, a body of troops separated from the main army, and were seen advancing through an orchard towards a position that would give them great advantage. Washington's quick eye observed it, and he detached Col. Dearborn with three hundred and fifty men to attack them. Under a tremendous fire that little band moved steadily forward, with shouldered arms. The enemy alarmed at their firm and threatening attitude, filed off and formed on the edge of a morass, which made a corresponding movement of the Americans to the right necessary. The latter never stopped but as the order, "Right wheel," passed along the lines, wheeled in perfect order, and moved steadily up to the opposing ranks, and taking a full volley, kept on with shouldered arms until within eight rods, when they halted, dressed, poured in a destructive fire,—then sprang forward with the bayonet, scattering those veteran troops in affright from their path. Washington, from his position, saw this movement with unbounded delight, and exclaimed, "What troops are those?" "Full-blooded Yankees from New Hampshire," was the reply.

Lee in his old command, thus showing that he meant to overlook the whole matter. But the latter having been severely galled by the rebuke\* he had received, and still farther irritated by the severe remarks made by the officers on his retreat, wrote a saucy letter to Washington, which called forth a short and severe reply. Stung by this additional attack, he wrote a still more impertinent and ridiculous letter, demanding a court-martial to decide on his conduct. Washington wound up his letter to Lee, with a curtness and tartness uncommon for him—declaring that he “was guilty of a breach of orders and of misbehavior before the enemy, in not attacking them as he had been directed; and in making an unnecessary, disorderly, and shameful retreat.” Lee’s reply was: “You cannot afford me greater pleasure, sir, than in giving me an opportunity of showing to America the efficiency of her respective servants. I trust that the temporary power of office and the tinsel dignity attending it, will not be able, by all the mists they can raise, to effuse

\* There is some doubt about the exact language used by Washington on this occasion. Weems says that he exclaimed, as he rode up, “For God’s sake! General Lee, what’s the cause of this ill-timed prudence?” to which the latter replied, “No man, sir, can boast a larger portion of that rascally virtue than your excellency.” This eccentric historian, I know, is not considered very reliable authority; but the language here given corresponds precisely to the characters of the two men, in the state of mind in which they then were, and to me bears internal evidence of truth. Mr. Sparks informs me that he once asked Lafayette, at La Grange, what the expression of Washington was on that occasion. He replied, that he did not know, and though near them both at the time, could not have told an hour afterwards. He said it was not the language, but the *manner*—no one had ever before seen Washington so terribly excited; his whole appearance was fearful

the bright rays of truth. In the meantime, your excellency can have no objection to my retiring from the army." A more insulting letter could scarcely have been written, and he was put under arrest immediately. In August the court-martial sat, and he was tried under three charges: First, for disobeying orders, in not attacking the enemy; Second, for "making an unnecessary and disorderly retreat;" and Third, for "disrespect to the commander-in-chief in two letters." He had a fair trial, and was found guilty on all three charges, except that, in the second, the word "shameful" was expunged, and "*in some instances*" disorderly, inserted. He was suspended from the army twelve months. This decision fell like a thunderbolt on him, and his indignation against Washington burst forth like a torrent, and never lost its intensity till the day of his death. Many exceptions have been taken to this decision, and even Mr. Sparks thinks the charges not fully sustained by the evidence. Lee's defence is, that he *did* attack the enemy in the first place, and that he did not order a retreat in the second place—that when he found the whole English army on him, he fell back, and Scott's brigade, forming a large portion of his division, mistaking an oblique movement of a column for a retreat, crossed over the marsh without his orders—that he could not reverse this movement in face of the enemy safely, and so he fell back also, intending to form his men in the first favorable position, which did not occur till he reached Washington. This statement at first sight is very plausible, but when sifted amounts to very little. In the first place, it is a mere farce, to say he attacked the enemy in the spirit of his instructions. On

the same construction, the firing of a single platoon might be called an attack. He knew, and everybody else knows, that Washington meant more than he performed, by an "*attack.*" It is ridiculous to quibble on the letter of his instructions in this way. Washington did not send him forward, with five thousand men, to execute a manœuvre. In the second place, it is asserted that Lee's orders were discretionary, and therefore he could not be charged with disobedience of them by retreating if he thought best. His orders were to attack the enemy, unless there were "*powerful reasons to the contrary.*" I see precious little that is discretionary in such an order. No general-officer receives one less so, unless he is acting under the direct eye of the commander-in chief; or if he does, it is always construed in this way. No man, if ordered with five thousand men to "*attack the enemy at all hazards,*" would fee himself bound to do so, if on coming up there were fifty thousand men strongly posted, instead of five thousand as supposed. A man would be court-martialled for carrying out the letter of his instructions under such circumstances. The whole thing lies in a nutshell. When a man like Lee is sent forward with half the army, on purpose to commence the attack, and bring on a battle, he is expected to do it, and under such orders, he is under obligations to do it, unless he finds circumstances so utterly different from what was expected, that there can be no doubt the commander-in-chief would change his orders if he were present. No such difference existed in Lee's case, and he was bound to put himself in a position where he could commence the attack. The whole defence made on the

word discretionary, is a quibble, and only serves to reveal the weakness of the argument it is designed to support. The mere fact that he declares he intended to make an attack, when Scott retreating without his permission, forced him also to retire, shows how he construed his discretionary orders, and makes all he says about having "saved the army by a timely and judicious retreat," supremely ridiculous. He either did or did not design to attack the enemy, before Scott retreated. If he did, the retreat about which he boasts so much was an accident, and not in any way owing to his excellent judgment; if he did *not*, he violated his orders, and the whole story about being *forced* to retire by Scott's movement is a falsehood.

He has been accused of designing to ruin Washington, but this is not so clear. At first sight the plain facts seem to be—he went into the battle reluctantly, and only to save his reputation, and hence would not fight if he could help it. Having no confidence in his troops, or in his ability to make a successful attack, he would, if possible, refrain from doing it. Hence he wavered and hesitated, when the utmost promptness and decision were necessary. This uncertain action deceived his troops, who knew not what was expected of them, and so Scott retreated at the first appearance of a retrograde movement. Lee, glad of an excuse to follow his wishes, did not order him back, and retreated also. In the meantime, he designed to occupy the first strong position he came to, but finding none, continued to fall back until met by Washington.

There are only two objections to this charitable construction. In the first place, he had marched over

the ground just before, and he knew that behind that morass was the best place to make a stand between him and Washington; yet when the latter came up, there was no demonstration towards a rally. The second is, he retreated several miles without once sending word to Washington, who he knew was rapidly advancing, unapprised of his flight. The excuse, that he expected to rally and make a stand every moment, and thought he would not shake the courage of the approaching corps, by announcing a pursuit he expected to check, is utterly worthless. It might bear him out during the first mile of his retreat, but not when he found himself to be almost upon the other division. He was too old a soldier not to be perfectly aware, that there was no danger so great as to come in full flight, unannounced, upon a body of advancing troops. He knew there was scarcely one army out of a hundred, that could be rallied under such a sudden shock; and that the steadiest would be dreadfully shaken. It was the height of madness to pour his five thousand disordered troops upon an equal number unprepared to receive them; and this refusal to apprise Washington of his movements, is the darkest thing about the whole affair. Nothing prevented the catastrophe he was precipitating, but the providential arrival of a farmer, who reported his disorderly retreat. Still, it is unjust to accuse him of the base motive to destroy Washington. There was never any low trickery in his actions, none of this underground treacherous dealing about his character. What he did, he did boldly, nay, defiantly; and hence, it is more reasonable to look for an explanation of his conduct in these traits

than in one he never seemed to possess. The truth of the whole matter doubtless is—his anger being aroused at the summary manner in which the commander-in-chief had set aside the decision of the council of war, Le would just as soon have the attack unsuccessful as not. Going into the battle with these sullen feelings, he put forth no effort, and showed no zeal, and retreated at the first appearance of strong opposition. Attributing his repulse to the self-will of the former, rather than to his own bad management; he, in his savage anger, wished to see him punished, and determined to let events take their own course—charging the whole responsibility over to his obstinacy in not regarding the opinions of his officers. His insulting letter to Washington, which he knew would recoil upon him, sprung out of this same reckless, independent feeling.

At all events, this ended Lee's military career, and justly too. A man too proud to obey except when the orders harmonize with his own views, and so selfish and reckless, as to prefer the gratification of his passions to the salvation of an army, is not fit to be trusted with one. His downfall from this moment was rapid. Too haughty to submit to the decision of his peers, and too ungoverned and fierce to control himself, he launched his invectives both against Congress and Washington. Colonel Laurens, a brave and gallant officer, and member of the staff, finally took up the quarrel, and challenged him. They fought with pistols, and Lee was wounded. In a short time he retired to his estate in Virginia, where in an old shell of a house, without a single partition in it, except imaginary ones, indicated by chalk-marks on the floor; destitute of

windows, and of furniture, with his pet horses and dogs about him, he lived the life of a hermit. "To a gentleman who visited him in this forlorn retreat, where he found a kitchen in one corner, a bed in another, books in a third, saddles and harness in a fourth, Lee said, 'Sir, it is the most convenient and economical establishment in the world. The lines of chalk which you see on the floor, mark the divisions of the apartments, and I can sit in any corner, and give orders, and overlook the whole, without moving from my chair.'"<sup>\*</sup> Here he employed himself on his farm, and in writing *Queries, Political and Military*, the design of which was to injure Washington. But that great man had become too deeply fixed in the heart of the nation, to feel for a moment the revengeful attacks of a disappointed, ambitious man.

After the term of his suspension from the army had expired, he was told that Congress designed to take away his commission altogether. In the suddenness of his anger, and without waiting to know whether the report was true or not, he wrote that body an insulting letter, which, of course, precipitated his dismissal. He afterwards sent a humble apology, condemning himself unsparingly for his language, and expressing his sincere regret for having used it.

With the exception of a little interest which he took in some political questions in Virginia, he, after this, devoted all his attention to his farm. Under his bad management, however, it grew worse and worse, until at length it became so encumbered, that he resolved to sell it. In the fall of 1782, he went to Baltimore to

<sup>\*</sup> Vide Sparks' Biography.

negotiate the sale, and from thence to Philadelphia. At the latter place he was seized with an ague, which terminated in a raging fever, producing delirium. Every remedy failed to arrest the disease; and on the second of October, he was evidently fast sinking. Just before his death, his delirious soul, like that of Napoleon, was in the midst of a heavy fight, and he seemed struggling amid the smoke and carnage of battle. He was again amid the falling ranks, and as, upon his dying ear, came the thunder of cannon, his glazing eye flashed for a moment with its wonted fire; and "*Stand by me, my brave grenadiers,*" broke from his pallid lips. But the tumult around his tossing spirit was not that of the turbulent fight, but of dissolving nature; and in a few moments more, that fierce heart had ceased its throbbing, and the warrior was at rest.

#### HIS CHARACTER.

One ought always to average such a character as that of Lee, and let the good balance the bad. A man of constant and great extremes must not be judged in any one phasis he exhibits. As a general thing, the frank, impulsive, positive man possesses the best qualities; and yet he receives the severest condemnation. He who trims his principles to suit the times, and his conduct to harmonize with prevailing prejudices, glides smoothly down the stream of public favor; while the soul that scorns meanness, and strikes it with withering rebuke—bursts into anger at oppression, and leaves its curse upon it, is viewed with dislike and suspicion. The world, in its judgment also pays very little regard

to temperament, and stretches a man with a soul of fire, and a heart of passion, on the same iron bedstead it does the meek and gentle, or even inefficient and stupid spirit, and gauges him by the same rule. Yet the tame or timid man could not by any effort or depravity possess that violent, fearless, reckless nature. The lamb cannot become the lion, nor the lion the lamb, by any sort of cultivation. Therefore, such a person is not to be judged solely by the extent and frequency with which he passes the line of right. His noble generosity—magnanimous self-devotion to the welfare of others, his hatred of oppression, and scorn of meanness—are to be placed against his bursts of passion, sudden revenge, and those faults which are committed in moments of excitement. Besides, a man of strong and violent nature may put forth more effort, exercise more principle, resist temptation more manfully and nobly, and yet fall at last, than one who, with nothing but his stupidity to contend with, exhibits, in becoming a perfect pattern of morality. The world would stagnate without these souls of great energy, which are now and then thrown into it; and yet this energy will sometimes bolt from the track of virtue and waste and destroy.

Lee was one of those tempestuous spirits which never can rest, and against all obstacles, make themselves felt in the world. Of his republicanism one cannot have the highest opinion—it was too much like Byron's and Alfieri's, which grew out of hatred of tyrants, rather than love for the people. They scorned oppression just as all generous natures must—not only from its inherent meanness, but also from the meanness of

those who practise it ; and hence, assailed it without giving much thought to the welfare of the oppressed. Lee hated tyranny, yet he liked the companionship of kings ; and while he was attacking furiously the oppressive acts of the British ministry, he accepted the rank of major-general under the greatest despot of Europe, and to carry out an unjust war against a people of whom he knew nothing. His animosity towards England was no doubt the origin of much of his patriotism for the country he adopted. That it was to gratify a feeling, and satisfy his ambition, rather than at the stern call of principle, he took up arms in our defence, is seen from the prominence he always gives himself above everything else. An incident occurred at Valley Forge which seems to corroborate this statement. Washington was directed by Congress to administer the oath of allegiance to the commanding officers of the army ; and having called the major-generals in a circle about him, extended the Bible, on which they all placed their hands. But just as he was about to repeat the oath, Lee deliberately withdrew his hand. Every eye immediately rested upon him ; when he again placed it on the Bible, and the second time drew back. On Washington inquiring the cause of this strange procedure, he replied : "*As to King George, I am ready enough to absolve myself from all allegiance to him ; but I have some scruples about the Prince of Wales.*" The oddness of the reply produced a burst of laughter, which for a while suspended the ceremony. Eventually, however, Lee took the oath with the rest. The deep design which some have seen in this, in all probability did not exist ; but the

fact shows one thing at least, that his republicanism was based on personal feeling—more than on principle, and was, at the best, too much of an impulse with him.

Lee was a generous man; and if he wronged even an enemy in a gust of passion, his reparation was ample and cordial. He abhorred a secret foe, and never condescended to base means to compass his ends. His hostility was open, and he never struck in the dark. He gave the enemy warning before he assailed him, and though he might wage an unjust war, it was on a fair field. But his hatred was intense and unsparing, and where it fell every green thing withered. Yet he was not implacable, and forgot even injuries soon. The hostility he exhibited towards Washington, to the day of his death, is the only instance in his life where he seemed to be governed long by a revengeful feeling. Yet this was not cherished towards Washington wholly, nor, do I think, chiefly from the injury he had inflicted on him. True, he traced back to him the stream of all his troubles. At Washington's feet his bright career closed, and there sunk, at one fell blow, all his ambitious projects, and hopes—and wounded vanity, and pride, and ruined prospects, and exultant enemies combined to kindle his wrath, and nurse it into fury. By the black gulf that lay between his bright past and gloomy present, Washington, to his diseased imagination, ever appeared to stand pointing within. Still, this does not account for the venom and endurance of his hate. This was owing chiefly to the powerlessness of his rage. Up to the serene height which Washington occupied, he could not approach, and every arrow shot at him there fell short of its

victim. To a man of Lee's pride and fierce temper, and one who had hitherto found no one so elevated as to escape his stroke, this utter helplessness of rage was terrible—it was the worst punishment that could be inflicted on him—the deepest torture he could be made to suffer. With all his strong passions bursting, and nothing but themselves to burst upon, he became a prey to those self-lashings which furnish the climax of rage. And worse than all, he not only failed to reach his object, but he failed even to excite his attention. He could not move even anger or scorn; and what could goad a proud, fierce, and passionate nature into madness, more than the consciousness of this impotence. Every blow only recoiled on himself—pushing him deeper in disgrace, and exalting still higher his enemy, whom he hoped to wound. In disappointed hate he aimed another, and another, only to be smitten to the earth by the rebound. To be thus stung into fruitless efforts, and gaze on one's enemy serene and tranquil in his glory and strength, is one of the bitterest draughts man is ever compelled to drink, and yet Lee drained it to the dregs. It was this that fed and kindled into tenfold intensity his wrath, so that at length, as he himself says, "*It became the moon of his madness.*"

Lee was a brilliant man, and wrote with great facility and clearness. His arguments were characterized by force of expression rather than force of thought; yet, what he lost in logic he made up in wit, and was by no means an antagonist to be despised. His style was a representation of himself—impulsive, bold and startling.\* His pen brought efficient aid to our cause

He sprinkled even his letters with profanity. Once in writing to

at the outset, and the weight of his name imparted confidence to our army.

In person, he was a little above the middle size, with a rough, ugly face, and a nose shaped more like a parrot's, than a man's—the unpleasant expression of which was not at all relieved by the slovenly dress he wore. In manner he was eccentric, being governed entirely by his impulses, instead of conventional forms and rules. He was blunt, sometimes even to rudeness, though a perfect gentleman in his address when he wished to be; and hence made many enemies, and but few warm friends. His vanity, ambition, and self-confidence were enormous, and ruined him at last. He was a strong man; but he could not persuade others to value him so high as he esteemed himself; and therefore never received, in his own view, the proper reward of his deserts. Born, as he supposed, to rule, he was ill fitted to obey. Irascible, impatient and headstrong, he could not submit to disappointment, and would hear of no obstacles in the way of his own schemes. Brave, restless, and daring, he roamed the world in search of adventure; and never seemed so much at home as when in danger. Rash and precipitate, he plunged himself into difficulties, from which his address or courage, or what seemed oftener the case, his lucky star usually relieved him; and stormed

Edward Rutledge, member of the Congress of 1776, he says: "As your affairs prosper, the timidity of the senatorial part of the continent, great and small, extends itself. By the eternal G—d, unless you declare yourselves independent, and establish a more certain and fixed legislation than that of a temporary courtesy of the people, you richly deserve to be enslaved; and I think it far from improbable that it should be your lot."

through life, leaving no record of half he did, or half he experienced. His mind seemed always in a state of fusion, and he was lashed through the world by a nature to which repose seemed torture.

His morals were as bad as his manners—he was terribly profane, and always followed the bent of his own passions.\* His religious sentiments may be gathered from his will. In drawing up an instrument of this kind—in full view of death, one is supposed to speak honestly. After bequeathing his soul to the Almighty, he declares that he thinks a man's religious notions are of no consequence—adding, “a weak mortal can be no more answerable for his persuasive notions, or even scepticism in religion, than for the color of his skin.” His soul being thus summarily disposed of, he proceeds

\* Thatcher, in his *Military Journal*, tells an amusing incident illustrating both his dreadful temper and profanity. Judge Brackenridge of Philadelphia, had excited Lee, by some galling paragraph he had published about his conduct, and the latter challenged him. The Judge declined the honor in a very odd and laughable manner; and so Lee provided himself with a horsewhip, and seeing his enemy going down Market street one day, gave chase. The latter no sooner saw him than he ran into a public house, and bolted the door in his face. Lee immediately began to swear at him, telling him to come out and fight like a man. The humorous Judge replied, that he never had a fancy to be shot at, and had rather not, if it was just as agreeable. By this time a crowd had gathered around, and hearing Brackenridge's droll replies to Lee's threats, burst into uproarious laughter. This maddened the latter still more, and he cursed Brackenridge dreadfully, and dared him to come out and he would horsewhip him. The imperturbable Judge replied, with the utmost simplicity, that he had no occasion for such discipline,—he never liked it when a child, and did not now. Shouts of laughter followed; and Lee at length finding he was making himself ridiculous retired, when the Judge quietly walked forth.

to his body, and after bequeathing it to the earth, says, "I desire most earnestly that I may not be buried in any church, or churchyard, or within a mile of any Presbyterian or Anabaptist meeting-house, for since I have resided in this country, I have kept so much bad company when living, that I do not choose to continue it when dead."

His animosity to Washington embittered his feelings towards the entire country; and in his letters to his sister, he speaks in terms of condemnation of almost everybody and everything. He excepts very few generals in the catalogue, and allows little or no virtue or true patriotism to the colonies, except those of New England.

His opening career was bright and promising; and especially as a champion of liberty, he seemed destined to one of the highest niches in the temple of fame. Yet in an evil hour he perilled and lost all. He was a striking instance of that

Vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself,"

and his fate has a lesson to it, which no one can mistake. His death was in keeping with his life. One would expect him to die in delirium, and that the spirit which ever sought the whirlwind in life, should go out of the world in the smoke of battle. Yet still the nation honored him in death; and funereal pomp and military honors attended him to the grave. He died as such fierce natures always do, early, being only fifty-five years old. At an age when many of our generals began their career, he ended his.

## XVII.

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### MAJOR GENERAL CLINTON.

AN officer in the French war—Accompanies Montgomery to Canada  
—Made Brigadier-General—Attack on Forts Montgomery and  
Clinton—Bravery and narrow escape of Clinton—Is joined to Sulli-  
van's Expedition—His Character

JAMES CLINTON was born in Ulster county, New York, August 19th, 1736, three years before his brother, Governor George Clinton. Two nobler sons a father never gave his country. A biography of the latter I omit, not only because he was a brigadier, but also because his life is that of a statesman rather than of a warrior.

James Clinton seemed designed for a military man, and his natural tendencies developed themselves early. Although he had received an excellent education, and was in every way fitted to enter on a successful career in civil life, he chose the hardships and dangers of the forest-march, Indian ambush, and deadly encounter. When but twenty years of age, he was captain under Colonel Bradstreet, and fought bravely at Fort Frontenac. Here the almost beardless stripling took his first lessons in war, and showed, by his intrepidity and daring, that he possessed the qualities of a successful commander. In this expedition he took a French sloop-

of-war, on Lake Ontario, in gallant style. One day when it was a perfect calm, so that the vessel could not make sail, he placed his company in row-galleys, and pulled towards her. As they came within reach of the guns, a fierce fire was opened upon them; but Clinton shouting to his men to pull steadily, he soon laid his boats alongside, and pouring in volleys of musketry, boldly mounted the sides of the ship and captured her.

Afterwards, he was placed over four companies appointed to protect the western frontiers of Ulster and Orange counties. A line of settlements extending fifty miles was under his supervision, over which he exercised a sleepless vigilance, and succeeded in overawing the savages.

At the close of the war he married Miss Mary De Witt, and retired to private life. But when the trumpet of war again sounded from the top of Bunker Hill, he took down his neglected sword, and leaving the joys of his quiet home, entered soul and heart into the struggle. In the list of the officers of the continental army, made out by Congress, he is found colonel of the third regiment of New York forces. His regiment formed a part of Montgomery's army, in its invasion of Canada, and he followed that noble, but ill-fated commander, through his toilsome marches and dangers to the last.

In 1776, he was promoted to brigadier-general, in which capacity he served through the war, and at its close was made major-general. In October, 1777, he commanded at Fort Clinton, which, with Fort Montgomery, formed the key to the Hudson. These two

forts, situated a few miles above Peekskill, on the western shore, crowned ragged heights, up which, in front, it was next to impossible for an enemy to advance. A deep torrent separated them, and the only way by which they could be approached was through narrow defiles in the mountains, where a few brave men could keep at bay a large force. To prevent the English vessels from ascending the river above them, chevaux-de-frize were sunk in the bed of the stream, and a tremendous boom swung from shore to shore, guarded by an immense chain. Behind these were a frigate and several galleys, while the artillery from the forts was so placed as to sweep the entire channel. Thus defended and supported, it was thought that Clinton, with his six hundred men, could destroy any force that might attempt to pass to Albany. But it was necessary that the English commander at New York should make some demonstration in favor of Burgoyne, who had now emerged from the wilderness, and drawn up his army in front of Gates at Saratoga.

Sir Henry Clinton, therefore, started with between three and four thousand men, and landing them at Verplanck's Point, began to manœuvre in front of Putnam, stationed at Peekskill, as if about to assail his position. The latter immediately sent word to Governor Clinton, who in a moment penetrated the enemy's plans: and knowing at once that the landing at Peekskill was only a feint, to mask a more important design, prorogued the Assembly, and hastened to Forts Montgomery and Clinton. He had conjectured right; for no sooner did the English commander convince Putnam that the attack was to be made upon him, than after dark, he se-

cretly, and covered by a dense fog, conveyed his troops across the river. By daybreak his columns stood in battle-array on the banks at Stony Point, and immediately crowded forward into the defiles that led to Forts Montgomery and Clinton. All day long they swept forward amid those gloomy mountains, and late in the afternoon arrived before the fortifications. The situation of the two brothers was now desperate enough—the wily Englishman had stolen a march upon them, and clearing all the passes where a determined stand might have been made, and driving in the detachments sent out to arrest his progress, stood with his veteran thousands in battle-array before their little band of a few hundred. About two hours before sunset, he dispatched a summons to them to surrender, giving only five minutes in which to make up their minds. Governor Clinton did not wish even that time, and immediately sent a stern refusal. The order to advance was then given, and the British army moved forward upon both forts at once. As soon as they came within reach of our marksmen, a dreadful volley smote them down. For two hours that little band gallantly withstood the onset of the overwhelming force which pressed so fiercely upon them. The two Clintons stood like lions at bay, and rallying their diminished numbers around them, presented a living wall, against which the tide of British valor rolled in vain. In the meantime the English ships of war had arrived, and began to thunder on the forts from the river. Against this united attack, these noble brothers defended themselves with a heroism worthy of a better fate, and struggled desperately to maintain their posts.

The sun went down on the fight, and darkness gathered slowly over the forest and the river—and then it was a constant blaze around those dark structures; and standards were seen waving, and swords flashing in the light of the incessant volleys. Gradually bearing down all obstacles, the English at length advanced to the storm—and sweeping, with loud shouts, over the works, drove everything before them. Disdaining still to surrender, Clinton, whose strong soul was now fully aroused, continued to fight; and gathering a few brave men around him, attempted boldly to cut his way out. Fleeing to the river shore, he came upon a small boat, in which he urged his brother George to embark, and make his escape. The latter firmly refused to go, unless he accompanied him. But this was impossible; and to end the dispute, James pushed his brother into the boat, and shoved it from the shore before he had time to offer any resistance, then springing on a horse near by, galloped away. It was dark; and as he came to a bridge which he must cross, he saw it occupied with English soldiers. They challenged him; but ordering them to clear the way, he drove the spurs in his horse, and dashed through the bayonets, one of which pierced his leg. Knowing that his safety lay in reaching the mountains, he flung himself from his horse, and snatching the bridle from his head, plunged into the woods. His remarkable presence of mind did not forsake him in this critical moment. He knew that unless he could catch another horse, he should perish amid the mountains, with his wound, before he could reach any settlement: and remembering that there were many half-wild horses

roving about the shores, he suddenly bethought himself that he might possibly take one of these next morning, and escape. So, preserving the bridle he had taken, he limped away; and sliding down a precipice, a hundred feet high, into the ravine which separated the forts, was out of the reach of his pursuers. Creeping along the steep and rocky sides, with the blood oozing rapidly from his wound, he slipped and fell into the stream. The cold plunge helped him, for it stayed the effusion of blood; and drenched and faint, he made his way to the mountains, where he remained all night, racked with pain, covered with blood, and burned with fever. When daylight dawned he began to look about him, and finally came upon a horse, which he caught. Placing the bridle, which he still retained, upon him, he mounted bare-back, and rode sixteen miles—every step driving a dagger into the wounded leg—before he came to a house. He presented a frightful spectacle to the astonished inmates—his regimentals were covered with blood, his cheeks flushed with fever, and his voice hollow and husky.

He had fought nobly, and though two hundred and fifty of his brave troops had fallen in the unequal combat, two hundred of the enemy had also been killed or wounded. After the battle, the English, with their usual brutality, committed the most inhuman outrages on the unresisting inhabitants in the region. They even refused to bury the dead of the Americans; but left some to moulder away in the sun and wind of heaven, and pitched the rest in crowds into a shallow pond near by. Seven months after the battle, skeletons were seen lying around the fort, while a dreadful

stench arose from that pond, along whose stagnant surface, arms, and legs, and half-submerged bodies were protruding—most of them clad in farmers' apparel, showing that they were militia.

Thatcher, in his Military Journal, relates a curious incident connected with this affair. In the darkness and general confusion of the assault on the forts, two hundred and fifty Americans escaped and rallied again under the governor. One day, a man suspected of being a spy, was caught and brought into the camp, who, on being searched, took something from his pocket and hastily swallowed it. An emetic was immediately administered to him; and in a short time he threw up a silver ball, which, on being unscrewed, contained the following note to Burgoyne:

*Fort Montgomery, October 8, 1777.*

*"Nous vo.ci.*—Nothing between us now but Gates. I hope this little affair will facilitate your operations, &c.  
H. CLINTON."

After his recovery, Clinton, was joined to the expedition under Sullivan, sent against the western Indians. While the latter was slowly making his way through the wilderness up the Susquehannah, he with his brigade ascended the Mohawk. Pushing their batteaux up the current, his little army finally reached Canajoharie, where they lifted their boats from the stream and carried them across the country to the head of Otsego lake. Floating for nine miles down this beautiful sheet of water, they came to the outlet which forms the Susquehannah river. But here they were arrested, for the stream was too shallow to admit the passage of the

boats. Clinton, however, with that quickness which had served him in more desperate circumstances, immediately ordered a dam to be constructed across the outlet, which soon raised the level of the lake. Then arranging his little fleet behind it, he ordered it to be cut away. On the swollen flood they all floated off in gallant style, while the Indians along the river, miles below, could not divine the cause of this sudden and heavy freshet in the midst of general drought.

He effected a junction with Sullivan at Tioga, and accompanied him on that strange, picturesque, yet fearful expedition into the valley of Genesee.

On his return, he was stationed at Albany, where he remained most of the time till the close of the war. While here, an incident occurred which illustrated in a striking manner his character. A mutiny had broken out in a regiment, and it refused to obey the orders to march. When word was brought to Clinton, a fearful expression passed over his countenance, and snatching up his pistols, he walked to the head of the refractory regiment. Casting his flashing eye along it a moment, he thundered out "MARCH!" but not a soldier stirred. Turning to the ringleader, he presented his pistol to his breast, and told him to advance, or he would shoot him dead on the spot. The dastardly sergeant knew well what kind of a man he had to deal with, and pale with rage and fear, moved on. Clinton then passed along to the second and third officer, in the same way, till he traversed the whole line and put it in motion. Thus, by his resolution and energy, he quelled a dangerous mutiny, and reduced the disobedient ranks to subordination.

Clinton accompanied Washington and the allied army to Yorktown, and commanding in a central division under Lincoln, did good service on that glorious field. He was present at the evacuation of New York by the British, and formed one of that immortal group of officers of whom Washington took his affectionate and touching farewell. He then retired to his estates, and became a sober citizen of the great Commonwealth he had helped to rear. He was, however, called to perform various public duties, and was one of the members of the Convention which adopted the present constitution of the United States. He died the 22d of December, 1812, aged seventy-six.

Clinton was a noble man and an able officer. Inured from his early youth to danger, privations, and toil, his frame acquired a wonderful power of endurance, and nothing seemed able to shake his iron constitution. Like Stark, Putnam, and others who served in the French War, he became so accustomed to surprises and ambuscades, and all the sleepless vigilance required in that half-civilized, half-savage warfare, that danger had lost all power even to excite him. He could not be startled from his self-possession, nor his feelings for a moment thrown into confusion. Cool, steady, and determined, he moved amid a battle with a sangfroid and firmness that astonished his soldiers.

He was affectionate in his disposition, frank, generous and kind, and when unexcited, mild. But when aroused, he was terrible as a storm. His was one of those powerful natures, which in repose exhibit only traits of gentleness, and quiet strength; yet if summoned into sudden action, put forth awful energy, and

appal those, who before had never dreamed of such a slumbering volcano under so mild an exterior.

He was an incorruptible patriot, a fearless and gallant soldier, and a true-hearted man. It is seldom a father gives to the world two such sons as **James and George Clinton.**

## XVIII.

### MAJOR GENERAL SULLIVAN.

His Birth—Studies Law—Member of the first Congress—Appointed Brigadier General—Sent to Canada—Bravery at Trenton and Princeton—Attack on Staten Island—Battle of Brandywine—Expedition against Newport—Expedition against the Indians—Picturesque appearance of his Army—Beauty of the Indian villages—Devastation in the track of the Army—Retires from the service—Elected to Congress—Made Governor of New Hampshire, &c.—His Character.

THE parents of Sullivan were Irish, and emigrated to this country in 1723. They settled in Berwick, Maine, where JOHN SULLIVAN, the subject of this sketch, was born, February 17th, 1740. A farmer in youth, he at a later period studied the law, and eventually established himself at Durham, New Hampshire. His energy and industry soon rendered him a prominent man, and he was chosen delegate to the first Congress. Returning from Congress, he, with John Langdon, headed a small force, and seized Fort William and Mary, at Portsmouth, and carried off the cannon and powder. The next year he was re-chosen as delegate to Congress; but being elected by that body one of the eight brigadier-generals in the new army, he soon after proceeded to head-quarters, at Cambridge. The next year he was sent to command the troops in Canada; but arrived at the Sorel just as the army



John Sullivan



was abandoning the province. He directed General Thompson to make an attack on the British, at Three Rivers, which was poorly planned, and poorly carried out. Sullivan, though nearly fifty miles off was awakened at daylight by the booming of cannon, which told that the fight had commenced. At eight o'clock, the sharp rattle of musketry was distinctly heard ; while at intervals, the dull echo of the cannonading was borne down the river. The whole forenoon till one o'clock, he was kept in suspense by this heavy firing ; but at length it ceased, and before morning the fugitive troops began to arrive. Being compelled to retreat, he fell back on Crown Point, where Gates arrived to supersede him.

Finding a junior thus promoted over him, he, ever fiery and impetuous, hastened to Congress, and offered his resignation. The president of that body, however, prevailed on him to retain the command ; and he joined the army of Washington, at New York. In the battle of Long Island, he was stationed on the heights above Flatbush, with a few regiments, where he bravely withstood the combined attacks of De Heister and Clinton ; and facing both ways to meet the double enemy, struggled desperately, for three hours, to save his corps. At length, however, he was compelled to surrender. Being, after a short time, exchanged for General Prescott, he again joined the army, and was put at the head of one of the four divisions that composed it.

When Washington was retreating across the Jerseys, Sullivan, after the capture of Lee took charge of his division, and hastened with it to the main army. Soon after, he had the honor to head one

of the columns across the ice-filled Delaware—and through that storm of sleet and snow charged home on the Hessians, and shouted the victory. He was with the army also at Princeton, and fought bravely to the end of this fearful, yet glorious campaign.

The next summer, in August, Sullivan's division being located at Hanover, New Jersey, he planned an attack on Staten Island, where were on y about two thousand British troops, and half as many provincials. The plan was to fall on the latter, with the hope of cutting them off before the regulars, stationed on another part of the island, could come to their assistance. It promised well; but the attacks on the several detachments proved only partially successful, and he retired rapidly with his prisoners. In the meantime, the British general, informed by the fugitives of what was going on, pursued Sullivan, and overtaking him before he could embark all his men, compelled his rear-guard, after defending itself bravely, to surrender. The loss was about the same on both sides. He was much blamed for this expedition, and a court of inquiry called; but he was acquitted with honor, and the failure placed where it belonged, to accidents, which no one could foresee, and which really ought not to have occurred.

#### BATTLE OF BRANDYWINE.

At the battle of Brandywine, which followed not long after, he commanded the right wing, and was defeated, and the whole army forced to a precipitate retreat. Washington had arranged his troops on the

Brandywine, to dispute the passage with the enemy who were rapidly advancing towards Philadelphia. He had under him about fifteen thousand men, while the British army numbered eighteen thousand veteran troops. It was hazardous to risk such an unequal combat ; but he knew a defeat would not be so bad in its effects, as to let the hostile forces march into Philadelphia without attempting to arrest them. Besides, Congress had written to him, insisting on his engaging the enemy, and this was the most favorable spot he could select. Wayne was stationed at Chad's Ford, while the smaller fords, for six miles up the river, were guarded by detachments. Washington was afraid that Howe would attempt to cross above his army, and attack him in flank and rear ; and so ordered a strict watch to be kept, and scouts to be sent out. Sullivan, commanding highest up the river, the duty devolved on him ; and hence the salvation of the army was in a great measure intrusted to his keeping.

General Knyphausen advanced to the river, in front, and kept up a cannonading, so as to attract the attention of the Americans, while Cornwallis took a circuit of sixteen miles, and crossing above the fork of the Brandywine, marched down on the right wing of the army. News had been received of this movement ; and Washington, advancing on foot along his lines, —greeted with loud acclamations as he went—immediately ordered the army to advance on Knyphausen, so as to crush him before Cornwallis could arrive. Part of the troops had crossed ; but just as the attack was about to commence, Sullivan sent word that the report was contradicted, and so they were ordered back

to its old position. It was true, nevertheless, and the advanced guard of the enemy was soon reported marching down upon our flank; and Sullivan was then directed to hasten forward with the entire right wing, to engage it. Advancing rapidly up the river, he soon learned that the whole column had crossed, and was in battle array. He had hardly time to form his men in front of a piece of woods, before Cornwallis was upon him. He came up in splendid order, and the fields, as far as the eye could reach, were reddened with the scarlet uniforms. At length the artillery began to play, and soon after the musketry opened. Our militia met the shock bravely, and by their deadly fire thinned fast the hostile ranks; but nothing could resist their steady advance. At length both wings of the American line began to shake, and recoil, and finally broke into fragments, and undulated wildly over the field. Sullivan strained every nerve to arrest their flight, but finding every effort vain,—in mingled scorn and heroism, separated himself from them, and joined the central division, which stood firm as a rock amid the disorder. Here the wretched Conway was stationed, with eight hundred men, and showed how gallant an officer a mean man may make. Holding those eight hundred brave hearts around him, he cheered them on by such noble words, and nobler example, that they for a long time withstood the onset of the entire British army. The artillery ploughed through these untrained militia with frightful effect, and the dead lay in heaps; yet there were Sullivan, and Lafayette, and Stirling riding through the fire, and they bore up manfully in the unequal contest. But Cornwallis having got rid entirely

of the two disordered wings concentrated all his fire upon them, till they at length, scourged into madness, broke and fled. Two of Sullivan's aids had been killed, and the discomfited general galloped in vain amid his shattered troops. Lafayette leaped from his horse, and marching among them, with his sword flashing above him, called on them to halt. In the midst of his efforts he fell, struck by a musket-ball. All now seemed lost; but Washington, coming rapidly up with Greene's corps, threw himself before the enemy, and for a while held them in check. But Knyphausen had forced Chad's Ford, where Wayne commanded, and was hastening into the combat. Nothing could now arrest the disorder; and the broken army rolled in one huge multitude from the field. The coming on of night, and the firmness of Greene alone, saved it from an utter overthrow.

The determined manner with which Sullivan, on whom the weight of the battle fell, contested the ground, may be seen from the heavy loss on both sides. The British reported nearly six hundred killed and wounded, while those of the Americans amounted probably to a thousand.

The charge has been brought against Sullivan, that he ought to have known of the approach of Cornwallis, soon enough to have been prepared to meet him. Much has been said in his defence; but after the cloud of dust which has been thrown over this whole matter, is cleared away, it is manifestly evident, that he did not use all the precaution demanded of him, in the position he occupied. No doubt he expected that the enemy, if they attempted to cross the river anywhere, would

do it within six miles of the American army. Hence, his guards and scouts were most of them on the river shore, within that distance. Still, the unaccountable delay of the remaining British troops, hour after hour, while a part was cannonading the American army across the river, should at least have aroused sufficient suspicion to have caused scouts to be sent in every possible direction. However, there can be very little blame attached to him ; for he could not believe that Howe would commit such a blunder, as to place sixteen or twenty miles between his forces, while the whole American army was within a short march of one portion of them. A flank movement was wise, but not of that distance ; and had not the first report of his approach been contradicted, he would have learned it to his cost. Washington would have precipitated himself on Knyp-hausen, and beaten him before Howe came up ; and quietly placed the river between them again. It was hardly to be supposed that the Americans would not know of his movement in time to make this attack. The fact is, the very improbability and error of this flank movement, with such an immense circuit, saved the English general. The magnitude of the blunder effectually deceived the American commander, and secured it from being discovered. A general however is always more or less to blame, for having a heavy battle thrown on him unawares, in broad daylight, while he knows the enemy is meditating an attack. Ordinary excuses will not do ; and Sullivan, in this affair, though guilty of no *violation* of duty, evidently came short of doing all that might have been done.

At all events, the battle was lost for want of proper

information, which must have come through Sullivan, if anybody; and the field was left covered with our slain.

The October following, Sullivan commanded one of the divisions in the attack on Germantown. Washington, undismayed by his losses, and unshaken by defeat, planned a surprise on Lord Howe, encamped with his victorious troops in that town. Throughout this battle, which lasted two hours and a half, Sullivan conducted himself nobly, and won new honors; and when his men fled, he rode among them, endeavoring bravely, but in vain, by voice and example, to rally them. Washington's great heart was wrung at this new discomfiture, following so close on the heels of the other, and foreboding such a gloomy termination to the summer's campaign. When he found the ranks beginning to shake, he galloped in front of them; and there, where the volleys were deadliest, his form was dimly seen through smoke, and his calm voice heard steadying the men. Sullivan, alarmed at his great exposure, rode up to him, and begged him, as he valued his country, not to throw his life away. This appeal he knew was the strongest he could make, and backed as he was by other officers, it succeeded, and Washington retired a little distance out of the fire. His anxiety, however, would not let him rest, and in a few minutes he was again seen sitting on his horse where the fire was most deadly, and remained there till the column turned in flight. It could not be helped—fate had decreed that he should be tried to the uttermost; and the encampment of Valley Forge, with its accumulations of honors, tested the fine gold.

Sullivan, like many others, was compelled at Valley Forge to draw on his personal fortune for support. In the nobleness of his heart, he had refused to ask interest on money loaned out, because the people, he said, had burdens enough to bear; and now, getting destitute himself, and doing nothing at head-quarters, he asked permission to return home, for the purpose of raising funds to meet his pressing wants. But Washington, who saw that the moral effect on his tattered troops, of this apparent desertion of the officers, would be bad, begged him to withdraw his application, which he did, and remained till spring.

#### EXPEDITION AGAINST RHODE ISLAND.

In March, he was ordered to take command of the army in Rhode Island, and immediately proceeded to Providence. In July, the French fleet, under Count d'Estaing, designed to co-operate with our army, arrived on the coast. Washington wished to attack New York; but the French admiral declared that he could not float his largest ships up, for want of water; and so it was determined to make a descent on Rhode Island, and seize the British garrison, of six or seven thousand men, at Newport. Sullivan was directed to increase his force to five thousand men; while Lafayette, with two brigades, was sent to his aid. After some delays for want of men, which proved disastrous to the expedition, everything was arranged for a descent on the British garrison. The fleet came up the channel without much damage, though the batteries kept up a fierce fire upon it—and everything promised

success. At this critical juncture, the British fleet, under Lord Howe, was seen hovering like a cloud in the distance. D'Estaing immediately abandoned his project, and stood out to sea, under all the sail he could crowd. His reason for this was, that he could engage the English to better advantage at sea, than where he was: though some have attributed it to pique, on account of some breach of etiquette on the part of Sullivan, concerning their relative rank—others, to his preference for a naval victory, where he would have all the glory to himself. At all events, his splendid fleet sailed out of the harbor, and the people on shore saw, with inexpressible regret, that cloud of canvass lessen every moment to the view. Sullivan, at the head of ten thousand men, had crossed over to Rhode Island, ready to co-operate with the naval force; and just as the hour of decisive action, and comparatively easy victory had arrived, he saw his ally depart. Resolved, however, not to be baffled in his plans, he put his army in motion, intending to lay siege to Newport without the aid of the fleet. But to complete his misfortune, a terrible storm just then set in, which raged without intermission, for three days—drenching his troops, who, without anything to shelter them, lay around under fences on the wet ground, exposed to all the fury of the wind and rain. From that sorrowful bed many never rose again. It blew a perfect hurricane night and day—the sea was lashed into foam, and the roar of the waves and the wind together, was perfectly deafening. In the midst of the darkness and tempest a fierce cannonading was heard far out at sea—some of the dismasted, disabled vessels had drifted together,

and, though rolling in the storm, fell furiously on each other.

When it cleared up, the crippled fleets parted—the English returning to New York for repairs, while the French vessels came limping into Newport. Sullivan's hopes again revived, and he began to make regular approaches towards the town, determined to take it by storm, should the French fleet refuse to assist him. Every argument was used to induce D'Estaing to co-operate ; but he stubbornly refused, declaring his orders were, if anything happened, to repair to Boston and refit. As a last resource, Sullivan entered a protest against his sailing, which only made matters worse, and the fleet departed. This disheartened the troops so much, many of whom were volunteers, that they went off in crowds ; and the army, from ten thousand, rapidly diminished to seven thousand. With this force, —but very little larger numerically, than that of the enemy, which besides being composed of regular troops, were protected by strong works—it would evidently be madness to continue the siege, and so he began his retreat. On observing this, the English commander took the offensive, and pressed furiously after his retiring columns. The American light troops, however, met him so firmly that he could make no impressing on the army, and therefore took a position on Quaker Hill, and waited for morning. Sullivan arranged his army in three columns—the first in front of the works, on Butts' Hill ; the second in rear of it ; while the third, acting as a reserve, were a half a mile still farther back, covered by strong defences. At nine o'clock, the English commenced a heavy cannonade

on the American lines, which was answered with equal spirit for an hour—detached parties, in the meantime, meeting in combat on various parts of the field. At length two ships of war, and some other vessels, approached the shore, and opened on Sullivan's right; but erecting batteries on the beach, he soon compelled them to retire. At two o'clock the whole British army advanced to the attack, and a fierce conflict ensued. But the Americans were victorious, driving them back at every point—and night soon after shut in the scene. Darkness, however, did not bring repose; for all night long the heavy roll of cannon shook the field, while here and there flashes of light would suddenly reveal two bodies of soldiers in close combat. This cannonade was kept up all next day; but the British made no general attack, as they were waiting for reinforcements. Sullivan, knowing that his troops were too much exhausted to make a general assault on the enemy's lines, and knowing also, that the return of the British fleet would secure his capture, resolved on the second night to retreat to the main land. This he effected with a secrecy, and skill, and success, that brought on him the highest praise. Thus ended this expedition, of which such high hopes had been entertained.

Sullivan was retained in his command in Rhode Island during the winter, but the next spring was called to a new field, where great exertions were demanded, and few laurels to be won.

#### HIS EXPEDITION AGAINST THE INDIANS.

Our Revolution called forth every variety of talent

and tried it in every mode of warfare. Perhaps there never was a war into which such various elements entered. We had not only to organize a government and army, with which to meet a powerful antagonist, and also quench the flames of civil war in our own land, but were compelled to meet a cloud of savages on their own field of battle—the impenetrable forest—and in their own way. The English enlisted them against us by promises of plunder, and appealing to their revenge; while their own bitter hatred prompted them to take advantage of the defenceless state of our frontiers, to fall on our settlements and massacre our people.

The tragedies which were enacted at Cherry Valley and Wyoming, with all the heart-sickening details and bloody passages, finally aroused our government to a vigorous effort. Washington, being directed to adopt measures to punish these atrocities and secure our frontiers, ordered Sullivan to take an army and invade the Indian territories. The Six Nations, lying along the Susquehannah and around our inland lakes—extending to the Genesee flats, were to be the objects of this attack. His orders were to burn their villages, destroy their grain, and lay waste their land.

A partisan warfare had been long carried on between the border inhabitants and the Indians, in which there had been an exhibition of bravery, hardihood, and spirit of adventure never surpassed. The pages of romance furnish no such thrilling narrative, examples of female heroism, and patient suffering, and such touching incidents as the history of our border war. For personal prowess, manly courage and adventure,

nothing can exceed it. Yet it had hitherto been a sort of hand-to-hand fighting, a measuring of the Indian's agility and cunning against the white man's strength and boldness: but now a large army, with a skilful commander at its head, was to sweep down everything in its passage. The plan adopted was for the main army to rendezvous at Wyoming, and from thence ascend into the enemy's country; while General James Clinton, advancing with one brigade along the Mohawk west, was to form a junction with it, wherever Sullivan should direct. The first of May, 1779, the troops commenced their march, but did not arrive at Wyoming till the middle of June. It was a slow and toilsome business for an army to cut roads, bridge marshes, and transport artillery and baggage through the wide expanse of forest between the Delaware and Susquehannah. At length, however, the whole force assembled at Wyoming; and on the thirty-first of July, took their final departure. So imposing a spectacle those solitudes never before witnessed. An army of three thousand men slowly wound along the picturesque banks of the Susquehannah—now their variegated uniforms sprinkling the open fields with gay colors, and anon their glittering bayonets fringing the dark forest with light; while by their side floated a hundred and fifty boats, laden with cannon and stores—slowly stemming the sluggish stream. Officers dashing along in their uniforms, and small bodies of horse between the columns, completed the scene—while exciting strains of martial music rose and fell in prolonged cadences on the summer air, and swept, dying away, into the deep solitudes. The gay song of the

oarsmar, as he bent to his toil, mingled in with the hoarse words of command; and like some wizard creation of the American wilderness, the mighty pageant passed slowly along. The hawk flew screaming from his eyrie at the sight; and the Indian gazed with wonder and affright, as he watched it from the mountain-top, winding miles and miles through the sweet valley, or caught from afar the deafening roll of the drums, and shrill blast of the bugle. At night the boats were moored to the shore, and the army encamped beside them—the innumerable watch-fires stretching for miles along the river. As the morning sun rose over the green forest, the drums beat the reveillé throughout the camp, and again the pageant of the day before commenced. Everything was in the freshness of summer vegetation, and the great forest rolled its sea of foliage over their heads, affording a welcome shelter from the heat of an August sun. Thus, day after day, this host toiled forward, and on the twelfth from the date of their march, reached Tioga. Here they entered on the Indian settlements, and the work of devastation commenced. Here also Clinton, coming down the Susquehannah, joined them with his brigade—and when the head of his column came in sight of the main army, and the boats floated into view, there went up such a shout as never before shook that wilderness.

Sullivan, in the meantime, had destroyed the village of Chemung; and Clinton, on his passage, had laid waste the settlement of the Onondagas. The whole army, now amounting to nearly five thousand men, marched on the 26th of August up the Tioga river, destroying as it went. At Newtown the Indians made

a stand. From the river to a ridge of hills, they had thrown up a breastwork a mile in extent, and thus defended, boldly withstood for two hours a heavy fire of artillery ; but being at length attacked in flank by General Poor, they broke and fled. The village was immediately set on fire, and the rich fields of corn cut down and trodden under foot. On the first of September the army left the river, and struck across the wilderness, to Catharine's Town. Night overtook them in the middle of a swamp, nine miles wide ; and the rear-guard, without packs or baggage, were compelled to pass the whole night in the marshy ground. This town also was burned, and the fields ravaged. Having reached Seneca Lake, they followed its shores northward, to Kendaia, a beautiful Indian village, with painted houses, and monuments for the dead, and richly cultivated fields. It smiled like an oasis there in the wilderness ; but the smoke of the conflagration soon wrapped it, and when the sun again shone upon it, a smouldering heap alone remained—the waving corn had disappeared with the dwellings, and the cattle lay slaughtered around. Our troops moved like an awful, resistless scourge through this rich country—open and fruitful fields and smiling villages were before them—behind them a ruinous waste. Now and then, detachments sent off from the main body were attacked, and on one occasion seven slain ; and once or twice the Indians threatened to make a stand for their homes, but soon fled in despair, and the army had it all their own way. The capital of the Senecas, a town consisting of sixty houses, surrounded with beautiful cornfields and orchards, was burned to the ground,

and the harvest destroyed. Canandaigua fell next, and then the army stretched away for the Genesee flats. The fourth day it reached this beautiful region, then almost wholly unknown to the white man. The valley, twenty miles long and four broad, had scarce a forest tree in it, and presented one of the most beautiful contrasts to the surrounding wilderness, that could well be conceived. As the weary columns slowly emerged from the dark forest, and filed off into this open space, their admiration and astonishment knew no bounds. They seemed suddenly to have been transported into an Eden. The tall, ripe grass bent before the wind—cornfield on cornfield, as far as the eye could reach, waved in the sunlight—orchards that had been growing for generations, were weighed down under the profusion of fruit—cattle grazed on the banks of the river, and all was luxuriance and beauty. In the midst of this garden of nature, where the gifts of Heaven had been lavished with such prodigality, were scattered a hundred and twenty-eight houses—not miserable huts, huddled together, but large, airy buildings, situated in the most pleasant spots, surrounded with fruit trees, and exhibiting a civilization on the part of the Indians, never before witnessed.

Into this scene of surpassing loveliness the sword of war had now entered, and the approach of Sullivan's vast army, accompanied with the loud beat of the drum and shrill fife, sent consternation through the hearts of the inhabitants. At first they seemed resolved to defend their homes; but soon, as all the rest had done, turned and fled in affright. Not a soul

remained behind; and Sullivan marched into a deserted, silent village. His heart relented at the sight of so much beauty; but his commands were peremptory. The soldiers thought, too, of Wyoming and Cherry Valley, and the thousand massacres that had made our borders flow in blood, and their hearts were steeled against pity. An enemy who felt no obligations, and kept no faith, must be placed beyond the reach of inflicting injury.

At evening, that army of five thousand men encamped in the village; and just as the sun went down behind the limitless forest, a group of officers might be seen flooded by its farewell beams, gazing on the scene. While they thus stood conversing, suddenly there rolled by a dull and heavy sound, which startled them into an attitude of the deepest attention. There was no mistaking that report—it was the thunder of cannon—and for a moment they looked on each other with anxious countenances. That solitary roar, slowly traversing the mighty solitudes that hemmed them in, might well awaken the deepest solicitude. But it was not repeated; and night fell on the valley of Genesee, and the tired army slept. The next morning, as the sun rose over the wilderness, that heavy echo again shook the ground. It was then discovered to be the morning and evening gun of the British at Niagara; and its lonely thunder there made the solitude more fearful.

Soon after sunrise, immense columns of smoke began to rise, the length and breadth of the valley, and in a short time the whole settlement was wrapt in flame from limit to limit; and before night those hundred and twenty-eight houses were a heap of ashes. The grair

had been gathered into them, and thus both were destroyed together. The orchards were cut down, the corn-fields uprooted, and the cattle butchered and left to rot on the plain. A scene of desolation took the place of that scene of beauty, and the army encamped at night in a desert.

The next day—having accomplished the object of his mission, Sullivan commenced his homeward march. Ah! who can tell the famine, and disease, and suffering of those homeless Indians, during the next winter? A few built huts amid the ashes of their former dwellings, but the greater part passed the winter around Fort Niagara.

On the fifteenth of October, after having been absent since the first of May, or five months and a half, the army again reached Easton. Two hundred and eighty miles had been traversed over mountains, through forests, across swamps and rivers, and amid hostile Indians. The thanks of Congress were presented to Sullivan and his army, for the manner they had fulfilled their arduous task.

Sullivan now asked permission to retire from the service, under the plea of ill health. Congress made no effort to retain him, but granted his request. Retiring to private life, he recommenced the practice of law, and was immediately elected delegate to Congress. He took his seat in 1780, and left the next year, and again pursued his profession in Durham, the town where he resided. Appointed Attorney-general of New Hampshire, he, in 1783, helped to form the constitution of the State, and was chosen member of the Council. In 1786, he was elected Governor of the

State, and in that capacity boldly withstood, and eventually quelled a mob of two hundred persons, who had assembled to overawe the Legislature, and obtain a grant of their petition for the issue of paper money, as a relief to the burdens of taxation. The next year he was re-elected to the chief magistracy of the State, and again in 1789. He was soon after appointed, by President Washington, judge of the district of New Hampshire, which office he filled till his death, January 23d, 1795.

## HIS CHARACTER.

General Sullivan was five feet nine inches in height, and somewhat corpulent. His complexion was swarthy, set off by a pair of black eyes, and curling black hair. Though mild and gentle on ordinary occasions, he was easily excited, and rash as a storm in his rage. That black eye would flash from its swarthy background, and his anger was unsparing as death. He was not revengeful, however, and a kind and generous word would disarm him at once. He was unpopular as a general, though it is hard to tell why. He was somewhat ostentatious in manner, which would account for a portion of it; while his failure on Lake Champlain, and afterwards in Rhode Island, redeemed by no after brilliant success, might, perhaps, explain the rest. In times of excitement, especially in war, a man is judged alone by his success. The people will forgive a man anything but failures. But Sullivan showed himself a good general throughout. He was not a brilliant man in battle, nor characterized by *any* great

qualities as a commander. Yet he was a good and able officer, finding more beneath than above him in merit. Considering that his education had not at all been military, his career exhibits a man of a high order of intellect. Washington always entertained a great regard for him. His blunt, and sometimes fierce way of telling his mind to Congress, offended that body, so that his resignation was received with apparent pleasure. Sullivan was doubtless somewhat vain and he annoyed Congress by his complaints; but it yet remains to be shown, that they ought not to have been annoyed. He clung to Washington to the last, and lived and died a true patriot.

## XIX.

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### MAJOR GENERAL ST. CLAIR.

Serves in the English Army—Appointed Colonel by Congress—Sent to Canada—Battle of Princeton—Evacuation of Ticonderoga—Bravery of Francis and Warner—Review of St. Clair's movements—Appointed Governor of the Northwestern Territory—Commands the Expedition against the Indians—The utter Rout and Slaughter of his Army—His Character.

ARTHUR ST. CLAIR was born in Edinburgh, in 1734. Nothing is known of his boyhood ; but when twenty-one years of age, he came to this country with Admiral Boscawen, and received an ensign's commission in the English army, then operating against the French in Canada. He was with Wolfe in that bold night-march up the heights of Quebec, and saw with delight the unrolling of standards on the plains of Abraham. He himself carried a banner in the battle, and heard the victorious shout which recalled for a moment the departing spirit of Wolfe. He soon rose to the rank of lieutenant ; but at the close of the war sold his commission, and entered into trade. Not succeeding well, he threw up his business, and after being buffeted about by fortune for several years, finally settled in Ligonier valley, west of the Alleghany mountains, where he had formerly commanded an English fort.

Here he rapidly acquired a fortune ; and in 1775 was a married man, and settled down apparently for life. At this time he held six offices in Pennsylvania, all of them lucrative : “ viz., clerk of the court of general quarter sessions ; prothonotary of the court of common pleas ; judge of probate ; register of wills ; recorder of deeds ; and surveyor of the largest county in the province.” There must have been a great lack of material for good functionaries in that region, to cause so many offices to be heaped on one man.

When the Revolution broke out, he, as secretary, accompanied the commissioners appointed by Congress to treat with the Indians at Fort Pitt, and soon after received a colonel's commission. The next year he was ordered to raise a regiment to serve in Canada. In six weeks it was complete, and started for the north. Four companies arrived near Quebec, just in time to cover the retreat of the Americans from the place, and the remaining six took post at Sorel. He was in the attack on Three Rivers, and passed through the remaining part of that unlucky campaign with so much honor, that he was promoted to brigadier-general.

In the autumn of the same year he accompanied the forces dispatched to Washington's aid, in the Jerseys. He was attached to Sullivan's division, in the assault on Trenton, and afterwards fought gallantly in the battle of Princeton.

#### BATTLE OF PRINCETON.

St. Clair was the only general officer in the army

who understood perfectly the topography of the country between Trenton and Princeton; and hence was relied on chiefly by Washington, in the dispositions made for that glorious battle.

The same day on which Washington captured the Hessians at Trenton, he recrossed the Delaware; but no sooner were his troops refreshed, than he resolved to follow up the victory, and in a few days was again on the same side of the river with the enemy, who had assembled their forces at Princeton. But in the meantime, Cornwallis had been dispatched from New York with a large army, to retrieve the heavy disasters the British had sustained; and hearing that Washington was at Trenton, hastened forward to meet him.

The manœuvres of the American commander-in-chief, which finally ended in the brilliant victory at Princeton, seem to me the worst he ever executed; and can be accounted for only on the ground, that he was utterly ignorant of the advance of Cornwallis. It was now mid-winter, and hence no easy matter to throw an army, if compelled to retreat, over the ice-filled Delaware. Washington had with him but four thousand seven hundred men, only twelve hundred of whom were regulars; while Cornwallis was at the head of eight thousand veteran troops, well supplied with artillery and dragoons. It was impossible for him to retain his position; and yet to retreat across the Delaware would insure the entire destruction of his army. He was in what the French call a *cul de sac*—out of which nothing but a miracle seemed able to extricate him. As soon, however, as he heard of the force under Cornwallis, he became perfectly aware

of his situation, and began to put forth those desperate efforts, for which he was remarkable in an emergency.

The morning of the second of January opened darker for Washington, than that which, a short time before, saw his wearied troops form in the driving storm on the shores of the Delaware. Cornwallis, with his splendid army, had left Princeton at an early hour, and was rapidly marching on Trenton, where he and his apparently devoted band lay. By a sudden turn of fortune, the spot of his triumph seemed now to be chosen on purpose to make his overthrow the more terrible. But his was one of those natures which rise with danger, and the wilder the storm, the steadier and stronger his efforts. He saw his peril—to retreat in open daylight was evidently impossible, and the struggle must therefore be to maintain his position till night, and then trust to darkness and Providence for the rest. Having once resolved on his course, all vacillation was at an end; for if nothing better could be done, he could fall on the field of honor—*retreat he would not.*

He instantly sent forward Colonel Reed to harass the march of Cornwallis; and this gallant officer showed himself worthy of the trust reposed in him. Colonel Hand and Captain Forest were ordered to sustain him—the latter making wild work with his artillery—and soon the English columns were seen closing up in order of battle. Morgan and Miller followed, and placing themselves in ambush in a thick wood, galled the enemy with such a deadly fire, that they were compelled to halt, and order up the artillery to scour their place of concealment. This delayed

them two hours—and never did greater destinies hang on two fleeting hours. Washington had told them to dispute every inch of ground, and they had obeyed his orders. As they fell slowly back towards the main army, he rode across the Assanpink, and thanked them for their bravery; and with the order to fight to the last moment, and retreat only when necessary to save their pieces, recrossed the creek, and formed his battle array on the farther shore.

These brave detachments for a while bore up gallantly against that advancing host, but were finally forced across the stream, on the main body. Only one bridge crossed the creek, though there were numerous fords over which the enemy could pass. It was now sunset, and the hostile lines stood front to front. The final struggle had apparently come, and the cannon on both sides opened with terrific uproar. Amid the gathering shades of evening, the incessant firing threw masses of flame upon the landscape, and a few minutes only were needed to bring the armies together. The shock must have sent Washington's troops rolling, in a frightened crowd, back on the Delaware, whose chilly waters, before morning, would have flowed over many a gallant form. But at this critical moment, Cornwallis, as if under the influence of some fatal spell, commanded the attack to cease, in order to wait for daylight. Erskine remonstrated with him, declaring that Washington would not be there in the morning; but the vigorous resistance which had been made during the day, convinced the English commander that the Americans meant to give him battle.

The thunder of artillery then ceased—watch-fires were kindled along the lines—and the low hum of the two armies preparing their evening repast, and heavy rumbling of artillery-wagons, blended over the quiet stream. The banners drooped down their staves in the starlight, and the cold January breeze swept mournfully by. Gradually the confused sounds grew less and less—the heavy tramp of the marching columns died away, the deep murmur of the hosts ceased, and the two tired armies sunk in silence and repose.

The British commander, elated with hope, now deemed his foe secure, and waited anxiously for the dawn, to crown his hopes with success. But Washington immediately called a council of war at St. Clair's tent; when, after some discussion, it was resolved to march on Princeton, and turning the flank of the enemy, fall boldly on his rear. Washington judged, from the large force which Cornwallis had with him, that he had not left many behind; and therefore ventured on this hazardous movement. To march back on the very track of the victorious enemy, and fall on the places of security he had just left, was a plan as brilliant as it was daring. To retreat at all, would have been sufficiently dangerous, but he meant to strike as he went.

Rousing up his slumbering troops, and silently forming them by starlight, he began to hasten them forward. The baggage had all been sent away before, so as not to impede the movements of the army. It was very dark and cold, and the soldiers were weary, but at the voice of their commander they cheerfully shouldered their muskets, and a little after midnight were on the

way to Princeton, where three British regiments lay. Washington ordered the watch-fires to be kept burning along the lines—the guards to be placed on the bridge and at the fords, and men set to work upon the intrenchments, to deceive his incautious antagonist. All night long, the sound of the spade and the pick-axe told the sentinels on watch, that the American army had no thought of retreating. But while things thus stood in front of the enemy's lines, Washington's sleepless eye was passing rapidly along his dark columns, as they stretched onward through the gloom, and his ear was ever and anon turned back, to catch the first sounds of alarm. Not a drum or bugle-note cheered the tired soldiers' march; and the muffled tread of the heroic battalions, and the low word of command were all that broke the silence of the wintry night. Hour after hour they toiled on, till the cold January sun, rising over the bleak hill-tops, revealed Princeton to their view. Suddenly the flashing of steel bayonets in the sunbeams was seen, and lo! the road was filled with scarlet uniforms—the next moment drums and bugles rung out upon the morning air.

Washington was in advance with St. Clair's brigade and immediately ordered the ranks to close up, and the whole column to move forward. Mercer, who was advancing along Stony Brook, did not see the enemy till close upon them. He then attempted to occupy a hill in advance of the British, who were marching for the same position. Reaching it a few moments first, he formed his men behind a rail fence. The British, however, were but a few yards distant, and both lines fired simultaneously, when the former, with a tremen-

dous shout, rushed forward with the bayonet. The volleys of the combatants were delivered so nearly together, that the smoke met in the centre, and rose in a beautiful cloud, reflecting all varieties of hues in its ascent in the morning sunlight. The Americans—a great part of them having nothing but rifles—immediately broke and fled down the hill. Mercer leaped from his horse, and throwing himself in front, strove gallantly to rally them. Whether in scorn at their flight, or to shame them by his example, he lingered in the rear and was shot down. Washington sat on his horse and viewed this movement with the intensest anxiety. He had hoped for a firmer resistance; but seeing the rout, he hastened forward in person with reinforcements. These came into action gallantly, but the British charged with such desperate impetuosity, that they also at length began to shake. Washington knew that there was no retreating—he must conquer or perish—and seeing his ranks beginning to undulate and recoil, he shouted to his men to stand fast; and dashing up to a standard-bearer, snatched the flag from his hand, and spurred midway between the contending lines, and there, only thirty yards from each, and frowning sternly on the foe, calmly sat and took the fire. The soldiers, struck at the sight, gave a loud huzza, and charged up to him, and past him—and through and over the broken ranks, swept like a resistless torrent. Scarcely was this regiment broken, before another came marching up. On this, Washington led his soldiers also in person, and where the shot fell thickest, there his form was seen like a pillar of fire to his men. The brave fellows

closed sternly around him, and, with his sword to wave them on, bore everything down in their charge.

The field was won, and nearly two hundred scarlet uniforms lay sprinkled over the frost-covered ground, and the loud shout of victory went up like a morning anthem to Heaven. There, too, lay the bosom friend of Washington, the gallant Mercer, and beside him on the cold earth, many a noble officer and brave soldier. When that same morning sun shone down on Cornwallis, a dull and heavy sound, like distant thunder, broke over his camp. The anxious commander went out and listened—but no storm-cloud was on the sky, and a wintry sun was mounting the heavens. Ah! his foreboding heart told him too well that those successive thunder-peals were the roar of Washington's cannon at Princeton. As he turned towards the deserted American camp, he knew that the prey had escaped him, and that the regiments he had ordered up to his help, were being cut to pieces beyond the hope of relief. Alarmed for the fate of Brunswick, where his stores were gathered, he immediately put his columns in motion, and urged them to the top of their speed.

When the American army arrived at Princeton, Washington was nowhere to be found, and the greatest alarm prevailed; but in a few moments he was seen galloping back from the pursuit, whither his eager spirit had carried him at the head of a few men. The chase then commenced in good earnest, and continued as far as Kingston. Washington, as mentioned before, wished to advance on Brunswick, but his troops, which had not slept for thirty-six hours, were exhausted, and Cornwallis was thundering close on his rear; and so he

turned short about to Pluckemin, where he arrived that evening with three hundred prisoners; and soon after retired to Morristown, and took up his winter-quarters.

In the spring, St. Clair was appointed major-general—one of those juniors promoted over Arnold—and sent North to the assistance of Schuyler. The latter placed him in Ticonderoga, with a garrison of two or three thousand men, to check the progress of Burgoyne, then on his march from Canada. Ticonderoga was strongly fortified, and deemed almost impregnable. Great labor had been bestowed upon it, and the whole country looked for a severe and bloody contest around its ramparts.

On the 2d of July, 1777, Burgoyne arrived before it. St. Clair immediately abandoned all his works, and allowed the enemy to take possession of Mount Hope, which gave him the command of the line of communication between the fort and Lake George. After thus easily completing his investment of the Americans towards the lake, Burgoyne, with incredible labor, dragged some heavy guns to the top of Sugar Hill, and there, almost over the fort, erected his batteries. In the meantime, a detachment of British approached within a hundred yards of the works, when one thousand American infantry and several cannon, opened at once upon them, without killing a man. It was the wildest shooting ever witnessed—every gun must have gone off at an angle of about forty-five degrees,—and if the British had immediately made a bold push, they would probably have carried the fort with but very little loss.

St. Clair finding his communication with Lake George cut off, and batteries frowning upon him from above, hastily called a council of war, which decided that it was expedient to evacuate the place. This was followed by a most disorderly retreat. A house on Mount Independence, which had been carelessly set on fire, revealed their flight to the British, and a hot pursuit was immediately commenced. Two hundred boats and five armed galleys, carried the stores, baggage, artillery, and sick, which were hurried up Wood Creek. The barrier which had been erected at the mouth of the stream, it was supposed would arrest the progress of the British vessels for some time. The "bridge over the inlet was supported on twenty-two timber piers of vast dimensions, sunken at nearly equal distance; the spaces between these were filled with separate floats, each about fifty feet long, and twelve feet wide, and the whole was held together by chains and rivets of immense size. To prevent the enemy from approaching with his numerous ships and attempting to force the bridge, it was defended on the side towards Lake Champlain, by a boom composed of very large pieces of timber, joined together with iron bolts of prodigious thickness." Such were the obstacles the Americans left behind them to retard the enemy's progress, as their long procession of boats began, by moonlight, to wind up Wood Creek. All night long, with the still shadows of the boundless forest darkening the stream, they toiled on, and when the unclouded sun burst in splendor over the tree-tops, the fife and drum awoke the morning echoes with their stirring notes, and mirth and careless gayety filled the day. But they had

scarcely reached Skeensborough, when the thunder of cannon, and skipping of balls in their midst, announced to their astonishment, the approach of the enemy. Through those formidable timbers at the mouth of the creek, the British fleet had swept, as if they had been threads of gossamer, and pressed vigorously in pursuit.

Two of the American galleys were surrendered, and three blown up; and the salvation of the rest, with the baggage, &c., being considered a hopeless task, they were set fire to and destroyed.

In the meantime, Frazer pressed after the army, which—St. Clair commanding the van, and Francis, and Seth Warner the rear-guard—was streaming through the forest, towards Hubbardton. By crossing rapidly a mountain, he came up just at sunrise, on the seventh of July, with the American rear-guard, and immediately made preparations for an attack. Warner and Francis, determined to deal the enemy one blow before they retreated farther, formed their men in order of battle within sixty yards of the British column. Hale's regiment surrendered at the outset; but the other two regiments showed a valor which, if it had been properly directed by St. Clair, would have shaken terribly that proud invading army. They closed in with their antagonists so fiercely, that Frazer was perfectly amazed; and it was with the utmost difficulty he could steady his troops. Colonels Francis and Warner moved at their head, cheering them again and again to the onset; and they pressed forward with shouts, delivering their volleys with terrible precision. Counting the numbers engaged, it was one of the most hotly contested and bloody combats of the Revolution.

At length, the British veterans recoiled before the impetuosity of the Americans, and fell back in disorder; but Frazer, with a prodigious effort, rallied them again, and led them up with levelled bayonets. They charged almost on a run, and the American ranks shook for a moment under the shock: before they could recover, Reidesel came up with reinforcements, and fell on them with such vigor, that they broke and fled. Colonel Francis fell at the head of his regiment, and two hundred Americans were left dead on the field. Hundreds more were wounded, who crawled off into the forest, and died from loss of blood, and exposure, and want. The English had also suffered severely. This was a heavy blow to St Clair; for the killed, wounded, prisoners, and missing, amounted to near a thousand men, or a third of his entire army.

In the meantime, the troops under Colonel Long, which had taken another direction with the boats, fled from Skeensborough farther up Wood Creek, to Fort Anne. Thither also the English bent their footsteps, and soon approached the fort. The brave Long did not wait to be attacked behind his works, but sallied forth at the head of his men, and rushed on the enemy with incredible fury. After nearly two hours of desperate fighting, the British commander, finding himself almost surrounded, and pressed with such resolution, endeavored to take up a more favorable position; and owing to the admirable discipline of his men, succeeded, though the Americans fell upon him, with charge after charge, that were sufficient to break the order of the steadiest troops. Nothing could long resist those fierce onsets, and they were on the point

of winning the victory, when the Indians, with horrible yells, came rushing to the combat. The former finding their ammunition nearly exhausted, immediately retired within the fort. Setting it on fire, they continued their retreat through the forest, to Fort Edward, where Schuyler was posted. These battles have never had the prominence given them which is their due. They were fought with great gallantry, and the loss, compared to the numbers engaged, was frightful. Our troops allowed themselves to be literally cut to pieces before they yielded the contest, and braver officers never commanded men.

With the surrender of these posts, were lost a hundred and twenty-eight pieces of artillery, and an immense quantity of stores, baggage, and provisions. The news spread consternation through the country. Washington, when he heard of it, wrote to Schuyler in the following strong language: "The evacuation of Ticonderoga and Mount Independence is an event of chagrin and surprise, not apprehended, nor within the compass of my reasoning. I know not upon what principle it was founded, and I should suppose it still more difficult to be accounted for, if the garrison amounted to five thousand men in high spirits, healthy, well supplied with provisions and ammunition, and the Eastern militia was marching to their succor, as you mentioned in your letter of the 9th to the Council of Safety of New York." The condemnation of St. Clair and Schuyler, the country over, was sweeping and unsparing. It was even declared by some, that they were bribed by the British, who shot their silver in bullets into camp, in order not to compromise the

American leaders. It was for a long time before there was any reversion of the terrible verdict rendered by an indignant people. At length, however, men began to look on the subject more dispassionately, and now—as we are ever prone to extremes—it is declared to have been a judicious measure throughout. But the truth, as is usual in such cases, lies between these opposite opinions. That St. Clair, with the force under him, could have held Ticonderoga against Burgoyne, no one at this day supposes. The evacuation was inevitable, especially after the British had planted batteries on Sugar Hill. At first, because the evacuation of Ticonderoga was considered unnecessary and culpable, St. Clair's entire course was pronounced utterly wrong—*now*, because it is considered to have been inevitable, and sanctioned by the best rules of military art, his conduct is regarded as irreproachable. But neither view is right. To conclude, because the evacuation was necessary, that therefore the way and time in which it was done were judicious and proper, and the amount of resistance to the enemy all that sound judgment would approve, is anything but rational. St. Clair was finally cleared by a court-martial; but court-martials seldom render heavy verdicts against negative errors, unless they are so gross as to amount to heavy misdemeanors. Besides, the successful issue of the campaign covered a multitude of previous sins. Burgoyne was captured, therefore government and the nation were inclined to forget the past. But if Burgoyne, by the little resistance made to him, had been able to reach Albany safely, and the result had showed that another week's delay or the loss of a thousand more men, would have

prevented it, and saved the country, St. Clair would have found another verdict recorded against him. His very blunders secured the overthrow of the enemy, for, elated by their easy success, they ventured so far into the interior, that even retreat was cut off. The invasion *turned out well*, but no thanks to St. Clair. If he had done his duty, Burgoyne, in all probability, would never have ventured on to the head-waters of the Hudson. Encumbered with wounded and crippled by heavy losses, he would have been delayed till an army had been raised against him too formidable to be met so far from his garrisons and depots. To stop or delay Burgoyne, was the duty of St. Clair, and he did not do it. By all human calculation, to allow him to proceed, full of hope and unmolested, to the plains of Saratoga, was ruinous in the extreme. With three thousand men at his back, a strong fort, more than a hundred pieces of artillery, and a perfect knowledge of the country, he not only failed to deal his adversary a single blow of importance, but lost a third of his entire army. Now it is useless to enter into a close analysis of his actions—it is not difficult, by establishing a different basis of reasoning, to prove entire opposites in military matters; but a mere statement of the facts is sufficient to show there was great incapacity or inefficiency *somewhere*.

No one supposes that Putnam, or Stark, or Arnold, or Wayne, or Greene, or Moultrie would have evacuated Ticonderoga—lost more than two hundred boats—all their artillery, baggage, and stores, and nearly a thousand men, without making the enemy pay dear for them. The truth is, St. Clair was a man of mere rules

and forms, without a spark of genius, and he managed this whole affair badly. In the first place, he ought not to have abandoned his whole line of communications to the lake, including Mount Hope, without a stubborn resistance: and when he retired, he should have kept such a knowledge of the enemy's movements, that no detachments could have chased his whole army in sections, into the forest, without being cut up. \*Colonel Warner made a noble resistance; and if St. Clair had sustained him, as Reidesel did Frazer, these two English generals would have been utterly annihilated. Had that same Arnold, who drove the British from Danbury, and whom St. Clair superseded, been in his place, he would have left bloody testimonials of himself around Ticonderoga, and made that forest the grave of some of the choicest troops of Burgoyne, and more than all, never suffered Warner and Francis, with their handful of brave men, to fall alone. It is said, that St. Clair could not induce the militia to march to the aid of their companions. The militia fought like veterans under Warner, and Long, and Francis; and if they would not under the commander-in-chief, it was because they had no confidence in him. The British, carried away by the ardor of pursuit, exposed themselves to heavy disasters; but St. Clair, bound down by general rules, unable to carry on a partisan war, which circumstances threw upon him, allowed his army to be cut up, and almost disbanded, without retarding for a moment the enemy. No one supposes that he was not a brave officer, or did not do all that he deemed within his power to accomplish; but he was not the man for the place he occupied. Possessed

of no quick invention, and unable to take advantage of circumstances—adhering to his rules, so that if he should die, he might die *secundum artem*: he failed miserably. He did well to evacuate Ticonderoga; but he did *not* do well to offer so feeble a resistance, or suffer such an unnecessary loss, without injuring his adversary. Why, the *real* destruction to our army was greater than in either battle of Saratoga, and without scarcely any recompense.

That St. Clair was condemned too unqualifiedly at the time, every one is willing to concede; but to assert that he conducted throughout, like an able and skilful commander, is to put one's reason against facts.

Though St. Clair failed in energy and great genius, he was a noble man in his feelings and sympathies, and was not unsuccessful from want of patriotism, or willingness to sacrifice himself. Washington knew this, and hence never withdrew his confidence. He had him by his side at Brandywine, though holding no command; and as soon as the court-martial pronounced his acquittal, again intrusted him with the highest responsibilities.

When Washington made his rapid movement upon Yorktown, to invest Cornwallis, St. Clair was left in command of the Pennsylvania volunteers, to protect Philadelphia. He however joined the former at Yorktown, five or six days before the capitulation took place, and then was dispatched with six regiments, and ten pieces of artillery, to aid General Greene in South Carolina. Before he arrived, however, the great struggle was over, and he soon after retraced his steps northward. Peace followed, and he retired to private

life, and took up his residence again in Pennsylvania. In 1786 he was elected a member of Congress, from the State, and the next year chosen president of that body. At this time also, he held the office of auctioneer of the city of Philadelphia, which afforded him a large income. In 1788, when the North-western territory was erected into a government, he was appointed governor, and held that office till 1802.

## EXPEDITION AGAINST THE INDIANS.

During his administration occurred those troubles with the Indians on the north-western frontier, which at last ended in open war. Harmar, sent out against them, had been defeated; and another army of three thousand men being voted, the command, after much deliberation, was given to St. Clair. On the 7th of September, 1791, he left Fort Washington, and moved north, into the Miami country, where he arrived on the 3d of November, within fifteen miles of the Indian villages. His army, by desertions, had dwindled from over two thousand men, down to fourteen hundred; and so he resolved to make a stand, and throwing up intrenchments, wait the arrival of Major Hamtrank with the first regiment, who had been sent back to protect the supplies, threatened by the savages.

But the next morning, about a half an hour before sunrise, the Indians advanced to the attack. The militia, who were about a quarter of a mile in advance, received the first shock, and immediately broke, and fled back on the main body—bringing confusion and terror with them, and breaking through the lines.

which at the first firing had been hastily formed. General Butler and Lieutenant Darke commanded the two wings of the army, and for a while kept firm. But on came the shouting savages, charging home on our troops with incredible daring. There were near fifteen hundred of them, and their war-whoops, and yells, were enough to daunt the stoutest heart. Springing from tree to tree—skulking through the underbrush—leaping up only to deliver their fatal fire—they gathered closer and closer on our shivering flanks, until at length they formed a complete circle of flame around the distracted army. The artillery was useless against such an invisible foe, and was soon swept by the Indians. Butler and Darke strove gallantly to bear up against this appalling fire, but the former soon fell, mortally wounded; and the Indians, emboldened by their success, leaped from their cover, and rushed, with uplifted tomahawks, and the most terrific shouts, on the disordered ranks. The carnage was horrible. On this fearful scene the sun rose, pouring its light over the mingled hosts, wrapped in a cloud of their own making. Finding that the fire of the Americans produced but little effect on the concealed savages, St. Clair ordered Darke to charge bayonet. He obeyed, rousing the Indians from their lair, and driving them before him. But the moment he retreated, in order to keep up his communication with the main body, they turned with increased fury upon him. The second time he advanced with the same success, and again retired, only to be enveloped in the same circle of fire. Major Butler, brother of the general, also made several gallant charges, and though so badly wounded he could

not mount his horse alone, was helped into the saddle and thus led his men fiercely to the attack.\*

But the best officers having at length fallen, all order was lost, and the men, huddled together in a dense mass, were mowed down with frightful rapidity. All around, soldiers were seen struggling single-handed with the Indians, while the edges of this dense crowd crumbled away like banks of mist. St. Clair, though sick and scarcely able to sit his horse, rode among the ranks striving in vain to restore order. He had received eight bullets through his coat; and seeing at length that to keep his position was simply to prolong the butchery, he ordered a retreat. Directing Darke to charge the Indians in rear, and open a passage along the road, the remnants of the bleeding army broke into a wild and headlong flight. The savages pursued them, with terrible slaughter for three or four miles, and then turned back for the spoils.

That little battle-field presented a horrid aspect—the ground was literally covered with the dead and wounded, and among them the maddened savages moved with tomahawk and scalping-knife, crushing in the skulls of those still breathing, and scalping the helpless. General Butler was among the wounded; and as he lay weltering in his blood, an Indian approached, and buried his tomahawk in his brain and tore away his scalp; and then dug out his heart, and divided it into as many pieces as there were tribes, and distributed them about. Nearly nine hundred Americans were killed or wounded, and such a ghastly spectacle as that field presented,

\* Vide Dr. Gilman's Address before the New York Historical Society.

is seldom witnessed on the earth. The blood stood in pools, and the bodies, mutilated and gashed in the most revolting manner, lay in naked piles. The Indians, in contempt of the rapacity of the white man, who was seeking their lands, filled the mouths of the dead with earth, and thus left them unburied to bleach in the November sun. Two years after, when Wayne with his army crossed this battle-ground, its "appearance was most melancholy." "Within the space of three hundred and fifty yards square, were found five hundred skull-bones, and for five miles in the direction of the retreat of the army, the woods were strewn with skeletons and muskets."\*

This disastrous defeat filled the country with gloom, and loud and deep were the clamors against St. Clair. He asked for a court of inquiry into his conduct, but it was not granted, and Washington, refusing to sympathize with the popular feeling against him, still gave him his confidence, and insisted on his retaining his command, which he wished to resign. The mass of mankind judge by results alone, and hence St. Clair suffered dreadfully in public estimation; but it is hard to put one's finger on the mistake he made. He could not prevent the militia from breaking through his lines, or arrest the murderous fire which followed. The truth of the whole matter is, St. Clair was not the man to head the expedition, and Washington would never have selected him but for the difficulties attending the advancement of a younger officer to the post. His army was a miserable affair at best—torn by dissensions weakened by desertions, and rendered unman-

\* Drake's Book of the Indians, and Col. Stone's Life of Brant

ageable by the rivalries and jealousies of the officers. But all these evils disappear before a stern and energetic commander, while they always come to the surface under one whom nobody respects. Greene and Wayne would have made short work with them, and by inspiring both fear and confidence, kept their troops together and submissive. St. Clair's fault lay in his *character*, not in his *actions*. Though an able and excellent man, he found himself in a position for which nature never fitted him.

There is an anecdote connected with this defeat, related to me by a gentleman who knew St. Clair, too illustrative of Washington to be lost. An adjutant-general, Sargent, who was wounded in the battle, immediately left the army, and made his way back to the seat of government. Being a man of wealth, he was enabled to get transported with great rapidity, and hence preceded by several days the news of the defeat. Washington invited him to Mount Vernon, where he remained nearly a fortnight before St. Clair's dispatches arrived, and yet in all this time the former never asked him a question of the battle, or of the causes of the overthrow. Although filled with the deepest anxiety, he was afraid his mind might be prejudiced by hearing a one-sided story, and so he remained entirely silent on the subject. His dread of doing injustice overcame his desire to hear the particulars of the defeat; and Sargent said, that during the whole time he was at his house, one never would have known a battle had been fought, but for the regular inquiry every morning respecting his wound.

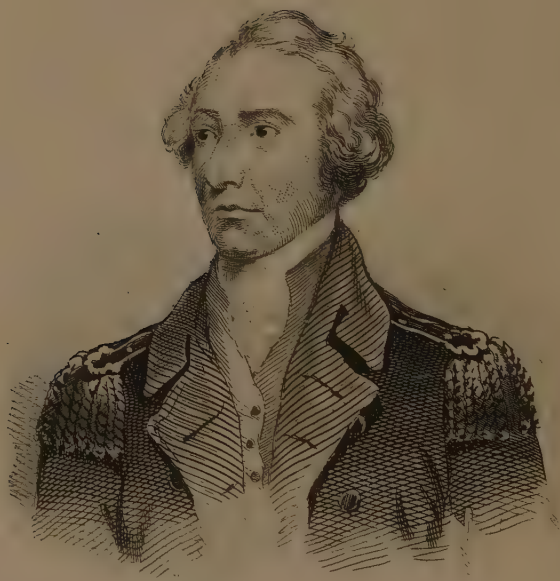
St. Clair lived twenty-seven years after this—poor

and destitute, spending much of his time in besieging the doors of Congress for a settlement of his claims. Government owed him justly a large sum ; indeed he had advanced his own money to defray its expenses ; and it is a lasting disgrace that the debt was not cancelled. He died at Laurel Hill, Philadelphia, August 31st, 1818, at the advanced age of eighty-four

#### HIS CHARACTER.

St. Clair was a most excellent and able man, full of integrity, just and kind. He possessed talents, but no genius, and was never made for a military character of our times. Careful, methodical, governed entirely by rules, he had no power of adaptation and no quickness of perception, and hence never changed his course, because the circumstances in which he was placed had changed. He was brave, self-collected, and steady, but too deliberate and precise in all his plans and movements to make an efficient, energetic commander. He was unfortunate throughout, and never in his whole military career met with anything but defeat. Indeed, he never showed any superior military ability, and his life in the field was one long, sad failure. One cannot help pitying him, for he deserved, from his integrity, patriotism, and honest endeavors, a better fate than he received





François Marion

## XX.

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### BRIGADIER GENERAL MARION.

His Early Life—Heads a Forlorn Hope against the Cherokees—Fires the last cannon in the Battle of Fort Moultrie—Bravery at Savannah—Breaks his leg by leaping from a window in Charleston—Is hunted from cover to cover—Left alone in the Field—Joins Gates—Appointed over a Brigade—Its appearance, and that of Marion—His first Expedition—Fight at the Black Mingo—Camp at Snow's Island—Pursued by Tarleton—By Watson, and defeats him—His camp destroyed by Doyle—Battle of King's Mountain—Joined by Lee—Takes Forts Watson and Motte—Takes Georgetown—Defeats Frazier—Bravery at Eutaw—Affair at Quimby Bridge—Takes his seat in the Legislature—Retires to his farm—His Marriage—Noble conduct in the Senate—His Character and Death.

MARION, SUMPTER, and LEE are names immortalized in the annals of Southern warfare. These did not rank as major-generals in the army, yet they commanded more or less separate portions of the country, and frequently carried on an independent warfare. They were partisan leaders; and as partisan war, especially in the South, constituted such an important feature in our Revolutionary struggle, I venture to depart from my original plan, and place MARION—the chief of them, in the group of major-generals. Though usually operating in small detachments, the combined action and influence of those leaders were equal to that of a division of the army, and for a long time the fate

of the Carolinas was in their keeping. A partisan warfare calls into action qualities different from those needed in a commander-in-chief. Celerity, boldness, and personal prowess are usually the characteristics of a partisan officer. Stratagems take the place of extensive combinations, and secret excursions that of an open campaign. Reckless daring is better than discipline; for the sudden onset is demanded oftener than the open field-fight. A good partisan leader may become an able commander of an army, though, to be the former, it is not necessary one should possess the qualities of the latter.

A predatory warfare was carried on to some extent by the Indians all along our north-western, and western frontiers, furnishing occasions to exhibit the hardihood and valor of our early settlers; but in the South it became a permanent thing, and assumed a settled character. The presence of a great army would swallow up for a while these independent companies; but at the withdrawal, or defeat of the former, the latter sprung again into existence, and hung like a cloud around the victorious enemy. No sooner did Lincoln surrender at Charleston, than from every swamp of the Carolinas started up bands of resolute men, ready to dispute with the invader the right to the soil. Out of the wreck of Gates's army arose, phoenix-like, a new form of opposition, which showed the thrice-conquered country unconquered still.

Marion's career embodies more of romance, personal adventure, hairbreath escapes, wild daring, and heroic courage than usually falls to the lot of any man. During all that distressful period when our country was

bleeding at every pore, his patriotism burned with a pure flame, and his hand was ever ready to strike. Whether we behold him in his solitary island encampment, amid the dark pine-trees, on whose branches his sentinels sit—eating his rude meal by the light of the blazing fire, or stealing with his chosen band of horsemen, by midnight, through the forest, to the unsuspecting enemy; or bursting, with his fierce war-cry, on the British dragoons, or with sword waving above his head, leading his brave militia to the shock of the bayonet; he is the same cautious, daring, prompt, and resolute man. From the shades of the gloomy swamp—by the light of his lonely watch-fires—in the midst of battle—that same swarthy, calm, thoughtful face, looks steadily upon us, and that piercing black eye holds our earnest gaze. Through all the changes that came and went like shadows over the distracted South, the shout of “Marion’s men” rings cheerily out, and their rifle-shot is heard, sending hope and courage through thousands of brave, but desponding hearts.

FRANCIS MARION was born at Winyah, near Georgetown, South Carolina, in 1732—the same year which gave birth to Washington. His grandfather was one of the Huguenots of France, who fled to this country to escape persecution at home. Of diminutive proportions, and feeble frame, he seemed destined to an early grave, rather than to the long and arduous career he pursued with such honor to himself, and good to his country. But at twelve years of age his health became firm, and that defiant, untamed spirit, which afterwards characterized him, began to exhibit itself. At sixteen he undertook a voyage to the West Indies, and was ship-

wrecked. Six days in an open boat on the sea, without provisions, except a dead dog, and without water, seem to have cured him of his roving propensities; and he retired to the farm of his father.

He had but just arrived at maturity, when his father died—and after a short residence with his mother and brother Gabriel, he removed to Bell Isle, near Eutaw Springs, where he ever afterwards lived, and where his bones now rest. At the commencement of the French and Indian war, he enlisted as a private in a regiment of cavalry commanded by his brother. Afterwards he was appointed lieutenant under Moultrie, in an expedition against the Cherokees; and in an attack on them at Etchoee, led a forlorn-hope of thirty-one men, only ten of whom escaped unwounded. The battle raged with sanguinary ferocity for six hours, when the savages gave way. After the peace, he returned to his farm, and between the labors of the field and the excitement of hunting, passed his life till the eventful year of 1775. The quarrel with the mother country then assuming a more alarming aspect, he entered warmly into the cause of the colonies, and was elected member of the provincial Congress of South Carolina. Casting his vote in favor of the act that bound the South and North together in a common brotherhood, he soon after received from that body the commission of captain in one of the three regiments raised for the defence of the colony. From this time till June of the next year, he was busy recruiting his regiment, disciplining his men, and performing the various duties of his station. His company composed a part of that gallant few, who so bravely defended Fort Moultrie for

eleven hours against the combined attack of the British fleet. It is said the last gun fired on that day was directed by him. As the ships were retiring, he gave them a parting salute, and so well aimed was the piece, that the shot struck the cabin of the commander's ship, killing two young officers drinking at the table, then coursing onward, shattered in pieces three sailors in its passage, and, finally, bathed in the blood of its foes, "sunk with sullen joy to the bottom." This was but a presage of the destruction he was yet to carry through the ranks of the enemy—merely a messenger of deeds to be done.

After the battle, he continued for a while in command of the fort, but was engaged in no important action till the fatal attack on Savannah, by Count D'Estaing and General Lincoln. In the attempt to carry the town by storm, Marion was in the column led on by the gallant Laurens, and saw with the deepest indignation the terrible sacrifice of life that succeeded.

In the defence and fall of Charleston, which followed, Marion took no part, and hence was saved to the country in a time when his services were most needed. The merest accident, however, prevented his sharing the fate of Lincoln and his army. Soon after the siege commenced, he was invited, with a party of friends, to dine at the house of a gentleman in the city. After dinner, the host good-naturedly turned the key of the door on his guests, declaring that none should depart till they were all well filled with wine. Marion was a man of temperate, abstemious habits, and not wishing to offend his host by raising a disturbance with his half-tipsy companions, coolly threw up a window and

leaped out. They were dining in the second story, and Marion came to the ground with such force, that he broke his ankle. This rendered him unfit for service, and he was carried on a litter out of the place, so as not to add to the burdens of the besieged.

After the fall of Charleston and defeat of Beaufort, the whole surrounding country was in possession of the enemy, and Marion's position became exceedingly critical. Hunted from cover to cover, and too crippled to help himself, he was entirely dependent on his friends for safety. Sometimes in the thicket, and sometimes in the field, he lurked from one place of concealment to another, until he was at length able to ride on horseback; when, gathering around him a few friends, he started for North Carolina, to join Baron de Kalb on his way thither from Virginia. Poor and penniless, without any prospect of pay, and impelled only by a devoted love to his country, he pursued his weary way northward. Horry, his companion and friend, in speaking of their poverty, says, "except for carrying a knife, or a horse-fleam, or a gun-flint, we had no more use for a pocket than a Highlander has for a knee-buckle. As to hard money, we had not seen a dollar for years."

In the meantime, Gates had superseded De Kalb, and commenced that series of blunders which ended in his overthrow, and the destruction of the army. Marion joined him with but twenty men, all told, and a most sorry company they were. Mounted on such horses as they could get, clad in tattered garments, with small leather caps on their heads, and equipped with rusty firelocks, powder-horns, and scarce a bayonet among

them, they moved the mirth of the regular soldiers and the contempt of Gates. But this brave partisan was worth a hundred of such men as Gates, and had the latter consulted him, his fate might have been different. From Marion's side the militia were never known to fly, as they did from their leaders in the disastrous battle of Camden. But he was spared the pain of witnessing the errors that preceded and brought on the action, and perhaps the death he would doubtless have sought beside the brave De Kalb. For while in camp, he received a message from the Whigs of Williamsburg, to become their leader, and immediately departed to take command. Gates, sure of victory, ordered him to destroy all the scows and boats on the way, so as to prevent the doomed Cornwallis from escaping. The brigade over which he found himself, was composed of undisciplined, but brave and hardy men, accustomed to the use of firearms, and fatal marksmen. Its after history was one of patient toil, privations, perilous adventures, and heroic deeds, unsurpassed in the annals of partisan warfare.

At this time, Marion received his commission as brigadier, from Governor Rutledge; though from his dress one would never have supposed him to be a general. He was now forty-eight years of age, small, lean, and swarthy, but firmly set, and of iron sinews. He wore a scarlet-colored outer jacket, of coarse cloth, and a leather cap with a silver crescent in front, on which was inscribed "Liberty or Death." His new troops were no better equipped than himself; but their wants were few, and if they could but get arms and ammunition, the regimentals could be dis-

pensed with. In order to supply themselves with swords, they took the saws from the neighboring saw-mills, and hammered them into stout blades ; which, though not of Damascus temper and polish, would, in the brawny hands that wielded them, cleave a man to the spine at a blow. Without tents or baggage, with but few blankets—their intrepid leader having but one to serve both for his bed and covering—they mounted their fleet horses and entered on their adventurous career. They were bold riders, and could fire as well from the saddle as from the ground ; and proud and careful of their steeds, often starved their own stomachs to feed them. Marion, soon after he set out, obtained a splendid horse, from a Tory, named Ball, which would outstrip the wind in speed, and could swim like a dog. Many a dark night, when the horses of his column would refuse to enter a deep river, the farther shore of which could not be seen, has Ball boldly plunged into the stream with his fearless master, and drawn the whole troop after him.

Thus equipped and thus commanded, this mounted brigade started off on its first expedition. At the outset, Marion showed his men what kind of service he expected of them. Ordering them to ride all night, he came up in the morning with a large party of Tories encamped at Butler's Neck, and fell on them with such suddenness and fury, that the whole party was scattered as if a whirlwind had swept through it.

Many of those who composed Marion's troop, were men of amazing physical strength—daring riders, and desperate fighters. In this first encounter, one of them,

named James,\* made at Major Gainey, who commanded the Tories, and chased him for a half a mile along the road. Leaning over his saddle, with his drawn sword in his hand, he swept onward in such a headlong gallop, that he soon left all his companions far behind. With his flashing eye fixed on his antagonist, on whom he was gaining at every spring, he did not see that he was dashing, all alone, into a large body of Tories, who had rallied in their flight. Not a moment was to be lost—to retreat was impossible—and without tightening the rein, he waved his sword over his head, and shouting, as if a whole troop were at his back : “ *Come on boys ; here they are !* ” burst like a thunderbolt into their very midst. The whole party broke without firing a shot, and fled to the swamps.

Halting only long enough to rest his men and horses, Marion went in search of another detachment of Tories. On coming up he found them too strongly posted to be attacked in their position, and so beguiled them into an ambush ; when he fell on them so unexpectedly, that he dispersed them without losing a man. He then marched for the Upper Santee, and on his route heard of the defeat of Gates, at Camden. Concealing the news from his men, lest they should be discouraged, he pushed on to intercept a party, which his scouts informed him was coming down the river with a large number of prisoners, taken at Camden, in their charge. Marching rapidly forward, he got possession of a defile, through which they were to pass, and at daylight attacked them, both in front and rear, with such sudden-

\* There were five brothers of this name, all in Marion's brigade ; and noble men they were.

ness that they gave but one volley, and fled. Twenty four British soldiers, and a hundred and fifty continentals of the Maryland line, were the fruits of this victory.

Marion now found himself alone in the field—the Southern army was annihilated, and he was left single-handed to resist the overwhelming force of the enemy. But his brave followers, instead of being discouraged, as he feared they would be, rose in daring and determination as the danger thickened—clinging faithfully to their leader. This bold band, on their fleet horses, darted from point to point—now breaking up a recruiting party—now dispersing and disheartening the loyalists, and again cutting off supplies of the British army, or falling on their outposts, and beating up their quarters, till at length Cornwallis was irritated beyond all endurance. He had cut up our army, and if left alone for only a short time, could fill the country with such an array of Tories, that the Whig militia would be overawed and subdued. But this policy could not be carried out, so long as this wily partisan was scouring the country with his riders. The Tories themselves were afraid to gather together, for they could scarcely organize before the crack of his rifles sent them frightened to their homes, and roused the courage of the Whigs.

At length Cornwallis wrote to Tarleton, to get hold of “Mr. Marion,” at all hazards: and soon this daring relentless officer was after him with his dreaded legion. With only a hundred and fifty men Marion was unable to compete with this force: but still hoping for some favorable opportunity to strike, he sent out Major

James—the same who had charged, all alone so valiantly, a large band of Tories, while he was chasing down Gainey—to reconnoitre. With a few picked men he set forth on his perilous mission, which he contrived, before he got through with it, to make still more dangerous. Concealing his little party in a thicket, at sunset, by the road along which he knew the enemy to be marching, he waited their approach. Soon after dark he heard the tread of the advancing column ; and notwithstanding his dangerous proximity, determined to stay and count the troops as they passed. By the light of the moon, in whose rays the long line of bayonets sparkled, he could distinguish everything. With laughter and mirth the shining procession passed on ; but at sight of the Tories who followed, the bold partisan's wrath was so kindled, that he resolved to leave his mark on them before he left. In the rear of the cavalcade were several stragglers, and these James selected as the objects of his fury. At a given signal the spurs sunk into the flanks of their steeds, and those fierce horsemen cleared the thicket with a single bound, and emerged into the moonlight. With their sabres gleaming above them, and a terrible shout, they fell on the panic-struck wretches—the next moment, each with his prisoner behind him, was sweeping in a tearing gallop along the road, the echo of their horses' feet rapidly dying away in the distance. Before daybreak he was with Marion. The news of the enemy's force was even worse than the latter had feared ; and the officers retired to consult, while the men sat on their horses to wait the issue. There was no alternative—they must take refuge in flight ; and the gallant band obeye

though they received the announcement with groans. The next evening, at sunset, with only sixty men, he commenced his march for North Carolina. The merciless invaders had it now their own way, and swept through the country with fire and sword. The ashes of houses and churches burned to the ground, lands laid waste, and murdered men, were the monuments they left along the track of their desolating march:—but a score of wrongs and cruelties was run up, yet to be wiped out with their own blood.

The immediate effect of these barbarities was to arouse the militia to resistance. Marion, who had travelled night and day till he reached North Carolina, soon learned from his scouts of the rallying of the country, and joyfully hastened back to the scene of danger. The rapidity of his march shows the amazing celerity of his movements, and the wonderful endurance possessed by his men. He travelled night and day, and the second day marched *sixty miles*. Being joined on his way by reinforcements, he immediately planned a night attack on a large party of Tories encamped on the Black Mingo. Though they outnumbered him two to one, his men were fierce for the fight, and he determined to gratify them. The ferry across the river was commanded so completely by the enemy, that it would be impossible to force it, while the only other route to their camp, was through a swamp and over a plank bridge about a mile farther up. The latter, Marion resolved to take, and pressing on through the darkness, he with his men reached the bridge about midnight, and immediately began to cross it in close and firm order, hoping to take the enemy by surprise. But

the clatter of the horses' feet on the loose planks was heard by the sentinel, and an alarm-gun fired in the distance. Concealment was now over, and spurring to the head of his column, Marion ordered his men to follow on a gallop; and away they dashed, making the bridge rattle and creak under their feet. When he came within about three hundred yards of the Tories, he ordered his militia-men to dismount and fasten their horses. He then planned his attack; and falling on them both in front and rear at the same time, after a short but bloody conflict, laid half of their number prostrate on the field, and drove the remainder into the swamps: but his own brigade also suffered severely. His loss was often greater, from the fact, that he much of the time had no surgeon in his band, and hence the wounded would frequently bleed to death. The alarm given also, while he was yet a mile off, had allowed the enemy time to rally, and choose their own field of battle. But Marion learned a lesson by this, which he never forgot; and ever after, when a bridge was to be crossed he covered it with the blankets of his men, so as to deaden the sound.

Those night marches and night battles added inconceivably to the mystery and romance of his character. They remind us of olden stories of outlaws and robber bands, and present a series of pictures worthy the pencil of Salvator Rosa. The marshalling of those uncouth-looking, coarse-clad men, at sunset—the winding of the silent column through the gloomy swamp, where even the moonlight seemed darkened—the array of stern-knit brows which pressed close after that solemn, swarthy face, when danger was near—the watch-fires of the

unsuspecting enemy in the distance—the sudden blast of bugles—the clatter of galloping steeds, and the shouts of fierce riders as they burst in one wild torrent on the foe, combine to throw an air of mystery and poetry around Marion that make us fascinated with his character. Slightly made, reserved—almost solemn—given to no excess, very abstemious in all his habits—kind and gentle even to his foes, but stern as death when aroused—seeking no emolument, and receiving no reward, sustained alone by a lofty patriotism, he is just the man around which to weave romances, and gather all that is picturesque and thrilling in human life. Thus a short time after the affair at Black Mingo, he came again at midnight upon a party of Tories wrapped in sleep, and rode over them ere they could rise from their repose.

He was soon after pressed closely by Tarleton, with a superior force, and came near falling into his hands, through the treachery of one of his recruits—but escaping by a sudden flight, he led his enraged adversary through swamps and morasses twenty-five miles, till the latter gave over, saying, “Come, my boys, let us go back. We will soon find the *game cock*, (meaning Sumpter,) but as for this d——d *swamp fox*, the devil himself could not catch him.”

Every adventure of this character added to the influence and strength of Marion.

#### HIS CAMP AT SNOW'S ISLAND.

His camp at Snow's Island, whither he now retired after an unsuccessful attempt on Georgetown was cal-

culated to increase it still more. This island is situated in the Pee Dee, where Lynch's Creek empties into it, and at the time he selected it as a place of retreat, was covered in the more elevated parts with tall pine trees, and in the lower portions with dense cane-brakes. All the boats in the region, except those moored to his island and castle, he ordered to be destroyed, and here amid the wildness and beauty of nature, this bold partisan pitched his camp, and ruled like an ancient feudal lord. He strengthened the natural defences around him, while the few avenues that led to his retreat were guarded by trusty rifles. A more picturesque scene cannot be imagined than this camp presented on a bright warm day. There, in the tall cool forest, those hardy warriors, in their uncouth garments, lay stretched on the ground, or sat scattered around, preparing their repast of potatoes, while the smoke of the fires curling slowly up through the tree-tops, struggled almost in vain to reach the open space of heaven. On every side, half-hid by the trunks and foliage, horses were browsing with their saddles on and the bits dangling about their necks, ready at a moment's warning to be mounted; and from the branches of the trees swords hung idly suspended. Here and there, through the trees, blue wreaths of smoke were seen rising where the outposts were engaged at their frugal meal, while down that dark and silent avenue, which led to the shore, the rifles of sentinels gleamed amid the shrubbery.

But as one gazes into that camp, the object of deepest interest there is a single sleeper. His slight form is thrown upon the ground, and though the piercing

black eye is veiled, that calm swarthy face reveals the partisan leader. He sleeps soundly, securely, and well he may, amid that circle of iron-hearted men; for at his slightest cry a hundred swords would leap from their scabbards; and bold must be the foeman who then and there would dare press upon him. He sleeps well; but a slight touch has awakened him, and he rises to hear the message brought by one of his scouts. A band of Tories is near, laying waste the country. In a moment that quiet camp is alive with the bustle of preparation; and lo! that column of horsemen is winding its way to the river.

Before morning their war-shout will be heard, and the strokes of their sabres felt by the spoilers of the land.

It was here he received the visit of the English officer, and dined him on roasted potatoes. Marion's fare was always simple in the extreme—vinegar and water mixed composing his only drink. "His favorite time for moving was with the setting sun, and then it was known the march would continue all night. Before striking any sudden blow, he has been known to march sixty or seventy miles, taking no other food in twenty-four hours than a meal of cold potatoes and a draught of cold water. His scouts were out in all directions, and at all hours. They were taught a peculiar and shrill whistle, which at night could be heard at a most astonishing distance. They did the double duty of patrols and spies. They hovered about the posts of the enemy, crouching in the thickets or darting along the plain, picking up prisoners, and information, and spoils together. Sometimes the single scout, buried in the

thick top of a tree, looked down upon the march of his legions, or hung perched over the encampment till it slept, then slipped down, stole through the silent host, carrying off a drowsy sentinel or a favorite charger, upon which the daring spy flourished conspicuous among his less fortunate companions."\* Among this hardy band, none had greater powers of endurance than Marion. In summer and winter he had but one blanket to protect him from cold and storms, and this, after a while, he lost. Lying one night upon some straw, it took fire while he was asleep, and the blanket nearly consumed—he himself narrowly escaping a severe scorching. It mattered not to him, however—with his hominy or potatoes, his vinegar and water, he would ride sixty miles on a stretch, and then fight a battle before resting. He never informed his men of the length of his proposed expeditions, and the only way they could ascertain it, was to see how much hominy or corn meal his servant put up. He frequently went into action with only three rounds of ammunition to each man; and sometimes without any or even arms to a portion of his company. In such cases the men would coolly stand and watch the fight, till their companions shot down some of the enemy when they would rush up and take possession of their muskets and cartridges. Saw-mill saws furnished broad-swords, but there was a dreadful scarcity of bullets. If the militia could obtain buck-shot, they were satisfied; but they were often compelled to fight with nothing but *swan-shot*, which, though peppering a great many, killed but few in proportion.

\* Vide Simms, pages 162, 167, 171.

Such was Marion and such were his men and equipments when he pitched his camp on Snow's Island. But here reinforcements began to come in; and he soon found himself a brigadier in strength, as well as in name.

About this time, however, he met with two heavy losses, one of which wrung his heart, and the other weakened his power. His nephew, Gabriel Marion, whom he loved with the affection of a father, a young officer of great bravery and promise, was taken prisoner by the Tories, and cruelly massacred. The blow fell heavy upon him, and many a deep and terrible oath was sworn by his band, to avenge his death. The supposed murderer was afterwards taken, and slain, before Marion could interpose to his rescue. The other calamity was the loss of Sumpter's services. This gallant chief had met Tarleton, and utterly routed him at Blackstoek. Pushing on with four hundred mounted men, the British leader fell furiously on him, but was repulsed, with the loss of nearly two hundred men. Sumpter had only three killed, and three wounded out of his whole command; but among the latter was himself. A bullet struck his breast, inflicting a terrible wound. His devoted followers immediately wrapped him in the raw hide of a bullock, and slinging him between two horses, sent him, guarded by a hundred resolute men, into North Carolina. It was a long time before he could again take the field.

But if disasters thickened in one quarter, hope brightened in another. In October of this year, 1780, occurred the—

BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN.

Colonel Ferguson had been detached by Cornwallis. to the frontiers of North Carolina, to encourage and arm the loyalists, and intimidate the patriots. He swept the country with fire and sword, and drove the defenceless mothers and children, with ribald shouts, from their blazing homes. Women were ravished, and every enormity human depravity could suggest practised. These outrages at length aroused the mountaineers to the highest pitch of desperation. Rallying in haste, they appointed their own officers, and demanded immediately to be led against the bloody monster. Mounted each on his horse, with only a wallet and a blanket, they set forward. At night they slept on the damp earth, and in the morning again pressed resolutely on. At every step they came upon the marks of the ravages of the enemy, which whetted into keener vengeance their already excited passions. Ferguson, hearing of the storm that was gathering around him, retired to a hill covered with trees, and shaped somewhat like a flattened cone, and there planted his men, and awaited the onset. At length the enraged patriots found him, and with cries of vengeance, swarmed in a crowd at the base of the hill. Colonels Cleveland, Campbell, Selby, Sevier, Williams, and others led them on. The first, addressing his men, said: "My brave fellows, we have beat the Tories, and can do it again. When you are engaged, you are not to wait the word of command from me: I will show you, by my example, how to fight. I can under-

take no more. Every man must consider himself an officer, and act from his own judgment. Fire as quick as you can, and stand your ground as long as you can. When you can do no better, get behind trees, and retreat; but I beg of you not to run quite off. If we are repulsed, let us return to the fight; perhaps we will have better luck the second time. If any of you are afraid, such have leave to retire, and I beg they will immediately take themselves off."\* They shouted to be led forward; and driving the advanced guard of the British before them, streamed up the heights, and surrounding the enemy, began to pour in their rapid fire. Ferguson ordered his men to charge bayonet; and moving intrepidly on the column of Cleveland, drove it back. But while pressing up his advantage, Selby began to ascend the farther side, compelling him to turn back and defend himself, which he did like a tiger at bay, and the Americans again recoiled. But Cleveland's men, following the advice which had been given them, rallied anew, and rushed, with loud shouts, to the charge. Campbell also had now come up, and the battle raged like a storm, there on the crest of the hill. Ferguson found himself completely hemmed in, yet continued to fight like a desperado. He knew there was no hope for him, if once caught by those outraged Americans, and he strained every nerve to clear himself from the circle of fire that was every moment contracting closer and closer. Charge after charge of bayonet was made, but those determined men recoiled only to spring with more desperate energy to the encounter. They called on Ferguson to surrender,

\* Vide memoirs of Moultrie.

but he sternly refused; and rallying his diminished troops around him, bravely fell, with his sword waving over him. His troops then called for quarter, and the battle ceased. The British lost in all, eleven hundred killed, wounded, and prisoners; together with their arms and munitions of war. The excited patriots spared the English soldiers, but many of the Tories were strung up to the trees, before order could be restored.

This was a severe blow to Cornwallis, and filled the Tories with terror.

The prospect around Marion was relieved now and then by such bright spots, and the cause of liberty strengthened. At length when Greene took command of the Southern army, the sky began slowly to brighten. He did not, like Gates, despise such men as Marion, Sumpter, and others, but leaned heavily upon them, and, as the sequel proved, not in vain. He wrote immediately to Marion, encouraging and strengthening him.

About this time occurred one of those incidents so frequent during the Revolution, and which illustrate the character of our people. Washington, with his cavalry, came upon the British Colonel Rugely, posted in a strong redoubt—and knowing that it would be vain to attack him simply with horsemen, ordered a pine log to be hewn into the shape of a cannon and mounted on a pair of wagon-wheels. With this he slowly and solemnly approached the redoubt, and summoned the English commander to surrender. Seeing such a formidable piece of artillery approach, the latter concluded it would be useless to attempt a defence, and yielded the

post. Cornwallis, speaking of it in a letter to Tarleton, very significantly remarks, "*Rugely will not be made a brigadier.*"

Soon after Lee joined Marion, and the two together made an attack on Georgetown, which was only partially successful. But when Greene commenced his famous retreat, Lee was called to his aid, and Marion again left alone. He, however, did not relax his efforts, but with his little band, and sustained by such trusty men as Horry, Macdonald, James, and others, kept the Tories and British detachments in constant alarm.

A British officer, Major McElrath, was sent out to destroy his band; but Marion attacked him with such vigor that he forced him to retreat. The latter being without cavalry, was compelled finally to take a strong position and offer battle. But the wily partisan knew too well where his strength lay to accept it, and coolly encamped near him, waiting until he should move again. While the two forces were occupying this position, the British officer sent Marion a challenge to single combat. The latter replied, that if he wished to see a fight between twenty picked men, he had no objection. The proposition was accepted, and all the arrangements made for this strange encounter, which seemed to transport one back to knightly days. Marion picked out his own men; and, when everything was ready, addressed them in his usually pithy style: "My brave soldiers," said he, "you are twenty men picked out of my whole brigade. I know you all, and have often witnessed your bravery. In the name of your country I call upon you to show it. My confidence is

you is great. I am sure it will not be disappointed. Fight like men as you always have done, and you are sure of the victory." This was a long speech for him, and it was received with loud shouts by those resolute men. They had no bullets, and so rammed home good heavy charges of buck-shot, and marched out towards where the British stood drawn up in order. Vanderhorst, who commanded this gallant little band, turned to Witherspoon, the second officer, and asked "what distance he would prefer, as the most sure, to strike with buck-shot?" "Fifty yards for the first fire," he replied. "Then," said Vanderhorst, turning to the men, "when we get within fifty yards, as I am not a good judge of distance, Mr. Witherspoon will tap me on the shoulder; I will then give the word, my lads, and you will then form on my left opposite to these fellows. As you form, each man will fire at the one directly opposite, and my word for it few will need a second shot."\* They advanced boldly, till within about a hundred yards of the British, when the latter, at the order of their officer, retreated. The Americans then halted, gave three cheers, and marched laughing back to their companions.

That night McElrath broke up his camp, and leaving his heavy baggage behind, commenced a precipitate retreat. In the morning, Marion followed him—though he finally, out of respect to an enemy who had shown a forbearance towards the people not practised by any other British officer, called off his troop.

Colonel Watson was next dispatched, with a strong force, to destroy our unconquerable partisan. The lat-

\* Vide Simms' Life of Marion.

ter boldly advanced to meet him, and coming up with his guard at Wiboo Swamp, immediately commenced the attack. Horry, who commanded his cavalry, was thrown back in disorder, which Marion no sooner discovered, than he cried out "*charge*," with such a vehement expression, that the whole body threw itself forward with resistless impetuosity, and swept the road. Watson's regulars, however, restored the fight, and finally forced Marion to retreat. The Tory horse following up the advantage, were pressing with dangerous energy upon him as he was crossing a narrow causeway, when Gavin James, a man of huge proportions and boiling courage, and mounted on a powerful gray horse, wheeled right in front of the whole advancing column. He was armed with a musket, and as he turned, took deliberate aim, and shot the first man dead. A whole volley blazed in his face, sending the bullets in a shower around his head, not one of which however struck him. A dragoon rushing forward, he transfixed him with the bayonet—a second coming to the rescue, fell beside his companion. Awestruck at this bold horseman, as he thus sat on his steed in the road and hurled death around him, the whole column halted. In a moment Marion's cavalry was upon it, breaking it in pieces, and sending the fugitives in affright back to their infantry.

He then slowly retired, fighting as he went, till at length he threw himself across the Pedee, and destroying the bridge, awaited his enemy. As Watson approached the bank, the deadly riflemen picked off his men with fearful rapidity; and when he ordered the cannon to be advanced, so as to clear the low grounds

on the farther side, the artillerists fell dead beside their guns. Finding this would not do, he attempted to force the ford, and a detachment was sent forward. The officer commanding it advanced gallantly; but as he approached the water, waving his sword and cheering on his troops, the crack of a single rifle was heard, and he fell dead in his footsteps. A whole volley followed, which sent the thinned ranks in affright to their cover. Four brave fellows undertook to bear off their dead commander, but they all fell beside the corpse. Watson was terrified, declaring he had never seen such shooting in his life,—and, afraid to force the passage of the river, resorted to skirmishing across it.

The next day he sent a flag to Marion, complaining bitterly of his barbarous practice of shooting down his pickets, affirming it was fit only for “robbers,” and challenging him to come out and fight like a man and a Christian. Marion did not even deign a reply to this message, and coolly told his men to keep shooting both sentinels and pickets. But the flag did not go back unanswered—a Sergeant McDonald, a bold Scotchman, who had lost all his clothes in one of the late skirmishes, sent word to Watson, that he was very much in want of them, and if he did not give them up, he would kill eight of his men as pay. The English officer was thrown into a transport of rage at this insolent message; but his fellow-officers, who knew McDonald well, told him that the bold dragoon would certainly fulfil his threat. Watson, who had been filled with terror at the sharp-shooting of our men, and thinking, perhaps, that he might be the first victim of McDonald’s vengeance, actually sent back his clothes.

But the most amusing part of the whole affair, was the gratitude and politeness of McDonald. He immediately returned word to Watson, that he would not now fulfil his threat, and instead of killing eight of his men, would *kill but four*. Whether the former was particularly thankful for this reduction of fifty per cent. or not, is not recorded, but it was certainly the coolest piece of impudence one could well perform. To make it still worse, this fearless dragoon, two days after, shot an English lieutenant through the knee, at the distance of three hundred yards.

At length Watson, finding he could not force the river, and seeing also that he had far the worst of it in skirmishing, broke up his camp and retired precipitately towards Georgetown : but Marion's men seemed everywhere present, and the crack of their rifles rung from every thicket. Surrounded, and kept in constant trepidation, the English colonel hurried on till he reached Ox Swamp. Here he made a halt, for only one narrow causeway crossed the morass, and on that stood Marion's men, protected by trees, which they had felled across the road. Recoiling from the encounter, Watson wheeled into the open pine-woods, and struck across the country for the Santee road, fifteen miles distant. He had not gone far, however, before Marion was upon him, and when the latter came up, he found the British infantry on the full trot in their precipitate flight. Falling on their flank and rear, he mowed them down, and but for the failure of a single officer, whom Horry had placed over an ambush party, the whole corps would have been captured. It made out to reach

Georgetown, though thinned and wasted severely by Marion's rifles and heavy sabres.

At the same time that Watson set out with his expedition, a Colonel Doyle, with another regiment, marched on Snow's Island, and wasted that romantic encampment of the partisan leader, capturing all his baggage and stores. This was a heavy blow; and Marion, for the first time, gave way to despondency. Greene was fleeing northward, before the victorious Cornwallis, and South Carolina lay open to the ravages of the Tories and British, who now were able to concentrate all their forces on him and his brigade. This hardy and patriotic chief was not fighting for victory, but simply to do what he could towards keeping alive the spirit of the Whigs; and it is a matter of astonishment, that he was able to retain his irregular troops about him, under such disheartening circumstances. The storm began to gather darker, and more threateningly over his head, and his stern soul at last sunk under the accumulated dangers that momentarily increased. In this crisis of his affairs, he did not know which way to turn; and one day as he was walking alone, absorbed in thought, and weighed down with discouragement, Horry approached him, and said: "General, our men are few; and if what I hear be true, you never wanted them more." Marion started, as if from a dream, and fixing on Horry an anxious look, exclaimed: "Go immediately to the field-officers, and learn from them, if, in the event of my being driven to the mountains, they will follow my fortunes, and with me carry on the war until the enemy is driven out of the country. *Go and bring me their answer without delay.*"

Away went Horry, while the anxious chief returned to his solitary walk, and his gloomy meditations. The former had not been gone long before he returned with the joyful intelligence, that they, one and all, would stand by him till death. At the news Marion's black eye flashed with delight, and rising on his toes, he exclaimed: "*I am satisfied—one of these parties shall soon feel us.*"\* Noble man—he wanted only to know that his brave troops would bear all that he would bear, to be himself again.

Immediately after this, he turned on Doyle, who had just laid waste his beautiful encampment on Snow's Island: but in crossing Lynch's Creek and swamp, which were overflowing with water, from a recent freshet, his men, many of them lost their muskets, and with difficulty floundered through in the darkness. Nothing daunted, however, he pressed on, and soon came upon traces of the flying enemy. Destroying all his heavy baggage, and strewing the road with the wreck, Doyle fled towards Camden, impelled by the fear of Marion, and anxiety for the fate of Rawdon, on whom Greene, fresh from the battle of Guilford, was now rapidly marching. Finding him beyond his reach, Marion wheeled about, and set out in search of his old enemy, Watson, who was again in the field, and hanging darkly on his flanks. The latter immediately fled rapidly towards Camden, and Marion, with Lee, who had just joined him, left the pursuit, and marched against Fort Watson, and invested it. But neither besiegers nor

\* Vide Simms' Life of Marion. I shall not give this book credit again, but say, once for all, I am almost wholly indebted to it for my facts, and recommend all who wish to know more of Marion to read it

besieged had a single cannon, while the strong fortifications rendered a storm extremely hazardous. In this dilemma Marion's genius, which had helped him out of worse difficulties, came to his aid. He ordered trees to be cut down, and the logs carried on men's shoulders, close to the fort. After dark, these were piled crosswise, one upon another, thus forming a huge cobhouse, high enough to overlook the garrison, into which the riflemen crawled, and waited for daylight to appear. Hardly had the gray dawn streaked the east, before the British were aroused by a shower of rifle-bullets in their midst. Finding their works thus unexpectedly commanded—and assailed in the meantime, by a storming party, the garrison surrendered.

Greene's bold and sudden movement on Cornwallis's line of Southern posts, had encouraged the Whigs, and the hardy mountaineers now came pouring in to Marion, and he soon found a respectable brigade again under his command. Lee and Eaton having joined him, he invested, by Greene's direction, Fort Motte, the principal depot of provision for the British army, between Camden and Charleston. A fine large house, belonging to Mrs. Motte, situated on a high hill, had been turned into a fort, and surrounded with a deep trench, and high parapets. The lady herself had been driven forth, and at this time occupied an old farmhouse near by, where Marion also took up his headquarters. The Americans had only one six-pounder with which to batter down these fortifications: but having completed the investment, and planted their single gun, the garrison was summoned to surrender. A refusal being returned, the siege went gradually on.

But before the place could be reduced, news arrived of the rapid approach of Rawdon, to the rescue. He had destroyed his baggage—set Camden on fire, and was now advancing by forced marches; while Greene, anxious for Marion, was also straining every nerve to reach him first. He wrote to him to press the siege with the utmost dispatch: but Rawdon's fires were already blazing on the farther side of the river, and another day would place him in the fort. The garrison were overjoyed at the prospect of their deliverance but Marion was filled with the deepest perplexity respecting the next measure to be adopted. There seemed no alternative but to set fire to the fine mansion of Mrs. Motte, within the fort—if this could be done, the place must surrender. Marion felt great reluctance in proposing it to the lady, who had treated him and his officers with so much kindness and generosity, during the eight days they had consumed in the siege; yet there was no other course left open to him, and he at length hesitatingly told her so. But Mrs. Motte was one of those noble South Carolina matrons, whose virtues shed lustre on themselves, and glory on our cause, and not only consented, but seemed delighted with the prospect of rendering her country a service. Hastening to a private apartment, she brought forth a bow and some arrows, which had been sent from India, as objects of curiosity. To those arrows combustible materials were attached and set on fire, and thus launched against the roof, which rose above the parapets of the fort. A strong militia-man shot the missiles, which lighting on the dry shingles, soon kindled them into a blaze. The English commander immedi-

ately ordered a company of soldiers on the roof, to extinguish the fire; but Marion had trained his six-pounder upon it with such precision, that they were forced to retire, and the house was soon wrapped in flames. This made the quarters too hot for the garrison, and they surrendered.

That same night Greene entered the camp of Marion, and shook the hand of the worthy partisan with delight. There had been a slight quarrel between them, which well-nigh completely estranged the latter. The former had sent to him for some horses to replenish his cavalry, which he refused to furnish. Greene hearing that his refusal grew out of unwillingness to dismount his militia, wrote him a reproachful letter, which wounded his feelings so deeply, that he resolved to resign his commission. The noble-hearted Greene, both grieved and alarmed at the serious light in which Marion viewed his complaint, wrote him immediately a long explanation which healed the breach before it became widened, and thus secured an ally who had ever been faithful, and whose aid at this critical moment was of vital importance.

After the fall of Fort Motte, Lee again left Marion, and the latter, with Sumpter, was appointed to hold Rawdon in check, while Greene could advance on Ninety-Six. They succeeded in driving him behind his intrenchments in and near Georgetown, and then began that daring game so common with our partisan troops. Marion at length took Georgetown, but not being able to garrison it, removed all the stores, provisions, &c., and abandoned it.

In the meantime, Rawdon, having received large

reinforcements, became too strong for Marion, and started off to relieve Ninety-Six, as mentioned in the sketch of Greene.

After the return of the former to Orangeburg, Marion was dispatched with Sumpter and Lee, and others, to the South, and succeeded in driving the enemy within the gates of Charleston.

#### AFFAIR AT QUIMBY'S BRIDGE.

Sumpter and Marion then advanced to Monk's Corner, where Colonel Coates was posted with six hundred and fifty men. Watboo and Quimby Creeks lay between him and Charleston, and the destruction of the bridges over them would effectually cut off his retreat to the latter place. Failing to destroy that of Watboo in time, Sumpter, Lee, and Marion pressed on after the retreating column, hoping to overtake it before it reached Quimby Creek. On going a little distance, they discovered that the cavalry and infantry had separated and taken different routes. Hampton, therefore, pressed on after the former, while Lee's and Marion's cavalry gave chase to the latter, and came up with the rear-guard about a mile from Quimby Creek. "Front rank, bayonets! second rank, fire!" fell in startling distinctness on the squadron, but the next moment the fierce horsemen were riding through the broken lines, and without a musket being discharged, the whole rear-guard surrendered.

But Coates, with the main body, was already over the bridge, and drawn up on the farther side, waiting for the baggage to pass before he threw the planks into

the water. They had all been lousened, and needed but a slight touch to cast them off, while a howitzer, at the opposite extremity, commanded the passage.

This was the position of things, when the American cavalry was seen sweeping along the narrow causeway leading to the creek. The rear-guard having surrendered, without firing a shot, Coates was ignorant of the disaster that had befallen him, and hence was not fully prepared for this sudden onset. He, however, ordered the men to throw off the planks, and his troops to form in order of battle. Captain Armstrong, who led the first section of the pursuing cavalry, halted, as he saw the preparations made to receive him, and sent back word to Lee to know what should be done. In the hurry of the moment he forgot to state the new position of things, and hence received in reply the order, "*to fall on the enemy at all hazards.*" A terrible expression gathered on Armstrong's brow when he heard it, and he leaned fiercely over his saddle-bow for a second—the next instant his powerful horse sprung, with a terrible snort, into the air, as the spurs sunk deep in his sides, and "*Legion cavalry, CHARGE!*" rang back in a voice of thunder, and away went those bold riders like a rattling storm. The bridge creaked and shook under their headlong gallop, and the loose planks flew like shingles beneath the feet of the horses, leaving huge gaps as they passed. Up to the howitzer, and over it they swept with one wild shout, and had the rest of the cavalry followed, the victory would have been complete. Carrington, with the second section, boldly leaped the chasms after Armstrong, but the third faltered, and stood shivering, when the first section of

Marion's cavalry came up, and bursting through the reluctant company without stopping to think, cleared the bridge.

In the meanwhile Lee, with the rest of the legion, arrived; but Armstrong's cavalry had thrown off so many planks in their fierce passage, that he was compelled to stop and replace them. This settled the fate of the day, for Armstrong, finding himself unsupported, and with only three sections of cavalry opposed to the whole British army, dashed through the discomfited solders, and wheeling into the woods, went off on a tearing gallop.

Coates immediately retreated to Shubrick's plantation, and made a stand. Sumpter, Lee, and Marion, though outnumbered two to one, followed on, and came upon him, with his troops drawn up in square, in front of the house. This was four o'clock, and the battle immediately commenced, and lasted till dark. Marion's men showed their training in this engagement, and fought with the coolness and steadiness of veteran troops. Fifty were killed or wounded in the action—every one of them belonging to Marion's brigade.

Sumpter finally withdrew;—not because he was beaten, but from want of ammunition. He had not managed well, or the whole British force of six hundred would have been captured, and the bloody battle of Eutaw in all probability prevented. He and Marion separated after this—the latter operating on the Santee. While nere, he heard that Colonel Harden, at the Pon-Pon, was sorely pressed by a British force of five hundred men; and taking with him two hundred picked soldiers, started off to relieve him. With his accustomed

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secrecy he stole across the country, and passing through the lines of the enemy's communication twice, at length—after marching a hundred miles—came up with the British near Parker's ferry. Placing his men in ambush in a swamp, he sent forward fifty of his swiftest horse to decoy them to his place of concealment. Major Frazier, who was wholly ignorant of Marion's approach, took the company for a part of Harden's force, whom he was after, and ordered his cavalry to charge. On a full gallop, and with loud shouts, they came thundering over the causeway after the flying horsemen, till they approached within fifty yards of Marion's riflemen, when a deadly volley received them. Wheeling, they attempted to charge the swamp, but a second volley made them recoil. They had now got fairly into the lane made by those marksmen, and there was no retreating. They therefore pushed on through it towards the ferry, taking the fire as they passed. The infantry followed, and there seemed not a chance of escape to the British army: but at this moment Marion's ammunition gave out, and he was compelled to order a retreat. A little more powder, and a few more buck-shot, and the whole would have been captured. He had effected his object, however—relieved Harden, and thinned terribly the British cavalry. He then turned back, and by rapid marches succeeded in reaching Greene just before the battle of Eutaw—thus, *in six days' time, fighting one battle, and marching two hundred and fifty miles.* At Eutaw he commanded the right of the South Carolina militia, and led them nobly into action. He fought like a lion on that bloody day; and when the British army retreated, followed

swiftly on their flying traces, dealing the rear-guard heavy blows in the chase.

When Greene retired to the high hills of Santee, Marion repaired to Santee river swamp, where, after having cleared an open space in the cane-brakes, he erected huts for his men. Here he was taken sick, but it did not keep him idle. He was constantly on the alert, and from his sequestered spot in the swamp, learned everything that was going on about him. Those rude huts, thatched with cane, looked lonely and wretched enough in the evening sunlight; but at the blast of a single bugle, they would pour forth as hardy and determined warriors as ever raged through a battle.

With the commencement of winter his brigade began to increase, and he again took the field. But after some little success, the mountaineers returned to their homes, leaving him weak as before. He, however, co-operated with Greene, till that able general drove the enemy into Charleston.

The field soon after being left clear, he made over his brigade to Horry, and hastened to Jacksonborough to take his seat in the Assembly, of which he had been elected a member from St. John's, Berkley. This was in 1782; but while doing his duty as a legislator, his brigade came very near being wholly destroyed. The British, taking advantage of his absence, had sent out a detachment against it, which he no sooner heard of, than he hastened back and arrived in time to save it, though beaten in the encounter. He continued to overawe the Tories, till called by Greene to head-quarters near Charleston. With his departure, the disaffected

again took up arms; but scarcely had they organized, before Marion, who had heard of their movements, suddenly appeared in their midst, and awed them into submission. Thus marching hither and thither—appearing and disappearing, like some wizard who has the power of self-transportation through the air, he kept the country quiet. But with the exception of a conflict with Major Frazier's cavalry, which he routed, he was engaged in no more battles. The British evacuated Charleston, and the country was free.

Marion then called his trusty followers together, and, amid the cedars of his encampment at Watboo, gave them his affectionate farewell, and returned to his ravaged farm. He looked mournfully over his desolate fields, and then hung up his good blade, and took the implements of agriculture.

He was, however, soon elected to the Senate of the State, and there showed the same patriotism and decision he had done in defending his country with his sword. On one occasion, a Tory presented a petition to be exempted from the confiscation act, which had been passed during the war, and at that time received the sanction of Marion. But peace had now returned, and with it passed all feelings of vengeance in his noble heart, and he rose to speak on the petition. The poor Tory turned pale when he saw the old partisan leader about to speak, and gave up his case as hopeless; but, to his surprise, he heard him advocate it. "Then," said Marion, referring to the time the act was passed, "it was war. It is peace now. God has given us the victory; let us show our gratitude to Heaven, which we shall not do by cruelty to man."

It was a noble sentiment, and worthy the patriot who uttered it. At another time a bill was introduced to exempt the revolutionary officers from all legal prosecutions for their conduct during the war. Circumstances, and the common good of the State, had compelled them to stretch their power in a way that the civil law would not sanction, and this bill was designed to secure them against annoyance. But no sooner was it read, than Marion rose to his feet, and with his solemn black eye flashing fire, demanded to have his name taken off from the list of exempted officers. He said he was friendly to the bill, but *he* would not be sheltered by it. His honor he valued more than his life, and this tacit implication that it might not be spotless, he scorned at once. Said he, "If I have given any occasion for complaint, I am ready to answer in property and person. If I have wronged any man, I am willing to make him restitution. If in a single instance in the course of my command, I have done that which I cannot fully justify, justice requires that I should suffer for it." His name was excluded, and he stood proudly on his unsullied honor, and challenged the strictest scrutiny into his conduct during years of civil war.

Marion received no appropriation from the State for his services, though he was appointed commander of Fort Johnson, at Charleston, with a salary of about \$2,500 per annum. This was a sinecure, and the post made on purpose for him; but a lucky turn in his fortune saved him from the necessity of accepting it. Miss Mary Videau, a lady of wealth, had fallen in love with our hero, though fifty years of age. The latter

was slow to discover it, but when he did, proposed and was accepted.

Retiring to his plantation, he lived happily with his bride, though she, too, was getting into the "sere and yellow leaf." In the hot summer months, he would take his old camp-bed and cooking utensils, and repair with her to the mountains. Thus he lived, honored by his country, and loved by all; and at length, at the age of sixty-three, surrendered his soul, without fear, into the hands of his Maker. He declared himself a Christian—a firm believer in all the great truths of religion.

Thus passed away this strange and noble man; but his memory lives, and the name of "Marion" will ever thrill the hearts of our youth, and nerve the patriot, in every age, to strike for freedom.

#### HIS CHARACTER.

In personal appearance, Marion presented a striking contrast to most of the officers in our army. It is a curious fact, that the generals of the highest grade, in both armies, during the Revolutionary war, averaged nearly two hundred pounds in weight. But Marion was a very small man, and of diminutive proportions every way. He was not only short, but remarkably thin. His countenance was swarthy, and grave in its expression, and his eye dark, solemn, and poetic.\* Extremely plain in his dress, and with still plainer man-

\* The portrait accompanying this sketch, was taken from one by Trumbull, representing Marion in the action at Eutaw. Some changes were necessary, in order to place him in a more tranquil attitude. It is probably as correct as the original.

ners, he did not strike a stranger very favorable. Reserved and silent, he seldom spoke, except when necessary, and then expressed his thoughts in the most direct and simple language he could command. These peculiarities increased the mystery which his actions threw around him, and doubtless added much to the influence he held over his band. Cool and quiet, he went on the most desperate missions without excitement—as calmly stormed through the fight, and then, in the same composed manner, drew off his men to their dark and lonely encampment. He seemed utterly destitute of passions. He possessed neither revenge, nor thirst for glory, nor love of excitement, nor desire of money or power. He showed no fondness for the table, but was abstemious as a hermit. Even the women had no influence over him; and he moved amid the turbulent scenes around him, like one whose mind is wholly absorbed on one great object, yet to be accomplished. Drinking his vinegar and water—enough to keep any man thin—eating his coarse hominy, or rice—with the trees for his shelter, and the swamps for his retreat, he fastens himself upon our affections and interest, with a firmness nothing can shake.

Living in lawless times, and among rough and boisterous men, he retained all his delicacy of feeling, refined tastes, and scrupulous virtue. Moving in an orbit of his own, he, like Washington, was beyond the influence of others, and seemed free from the common frailties of men.

Without pay—without even the hope of victory—hunted from swamp to swamp, and chased the length and breadth of his State, he still struggled on to keep

and the waging dame of patriotism in the hearts of the inhabitants. Binding his men to him by love, rather than by commands, he would let them disband to their homes, with no security but their single promise to return. Yet that promise was never broken; and the love those stern hearts bore him, is one of the most touching incidents in his career.

As a partisan leader Marion has no equal. One cannot point out a defect in him, nor suggest a single good quality which he did not possess. To sleepless, tireless vigilance, he added an energy and perseverance that nothing could shake; and to bravery, which never deserted him, a prudence unmarred by a single rash act. Provoked into no haste, beguiled into no procrastination, unelated by success, undiscouraged by defeat, he baffled every plan of his pursuers to take him, and kept the field in the very midst of his foes. For a long time, the only patriot who dared to lift the standard of freedom in his native State, he became the object against which the British directed all their efforts. Yet they never disbanded his corps, or broke his power. The name of Marion became a spell-word with which to conjure up the Republicans, and frighten the Tories. Seeking the recesses of the swamps by day, and stealing on his foes, like the panther, by night, his swift horsemen came and went like the invisible stroke of fate. No precaution could escape his penetrating glance, and no concealment furnish security against his deadly rifles. He seemed omnipresent to the enraged, terror-stricken loyalists; and when they deemed themselves safest, he was often nearest. And yet, not a vice sullied "his ermine

character." No ferocity was mingled with his courage, and no cruelty accompanied his fierce onsets. Neither the barbarity of his enemies, nor the treason of his friends could provoke him to injustice—even the clamors of his own followers were unable to swerve his just soul from the path of integrity. Given to no excess, he asked no share of the plunder, and never used the power he possessed to gratify a single selfish passion.

His patriotism was pure and lofty as his character; and for his sufferings and losses he neither asked nor expected remuneration. His country he loved better than his life, and liberty was dearer to him than all things else on earth beside. Wealth, rank, ease, safety, all sunk before his country's claims, and he seemed to aim at nothing but its interests. His like is seldom seen.

His followers were worthy of him. Bold, fearless—true as steel in the hour of danger, they closed round him with a faith and devotion that excite our admiration, and claim our love.

## XXI

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### MAJOR GENERAL STIRLING.

His Birth and Descent—Serves in the French and Indian War—Appointed an Officer in the American Army—Bravery at Long Island—Taken Prisoner—Bravery at Brandywine and Monmouth—Commands at Albany—Exposes the Conway Cabal—His Death and Character.

As my design is simply to give the military events of the Revolution, Lord Stirling does not receive that prominence which is justly his due. The part he bore in the battles in which he was engaged, was secondary; and performing no campaign on his own responsibility, he naturally does not occupy a separate place in history.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER was his proper name, but being considered by many rightfully entitled to an earldom in Scotland, which he vainly endeavored to obtain, he was by courtesy called Lord Stirling. Born in New York in 1726, he received an excellent mathematical education, and was distinguished as a man of science. In the French and Indian war, he acted as commissary aide-de-camp, and finally secretary to General Shirly. At its close he accompanied the latter to England, to prosecute his Scotch claims; and in this fruitless effort expended a great deal of money, which impaired his fortune.

When war was declared against the mother country, he warmly espoused our cause, and was appointed colonel of a regiment. He was stationed at New York previous to the arrival of Washington from Boston, and, while there, performed a very gallant act. Although the *Asia* man-of-war, a British ship, lay in the harbor, he one night fitted out a pilot-boat and some smaller boats, and taking his men armed with nothing but muskets, put to sea and captured an English transport laden with stores, &c., for the enemy at Boston.\*

He opened the battle of Long Island, and—having been promoted to the rank of brigadier, commanded a brigade in the engagement. He fought for a long time with determined bravery, contesting every inch of ground with a firmness worthy of better success. While he was thus sullenly retiring before the advancing battalions of the enemy, he heard a heavy firing in his rear, showing that the American army was out-flanked, and indeed its communications with Brooklyn cut off. No time was to be lost, and he immediately ordered a retreat: but Cornwallis was already rapidly advancing to secure the only route left open to him. Nothing daunted, however, he determined to attack him with a part of his troops, and thus employ him while the rest were making their escape. So, with drawing six companies of Smallwood's regiment of riflemen, he led them on in person against Cornwallis. This gallant body of men advanced in perfect order, and charged home on the astonished ranks of the English, with such impetuosity, that they shook and re-

\* Vide Life of Lord Stirling.

coiled before the onset. Three times in succession did Stirling lead those noble troops to the charge, and so steadily and fiercely, that Cornwallis was about to give way, when reinforcements came up and relieved him. Being taken in front and rear, Stirling endeavored to escape, but was finally compelled to surrender—not, however, before he had secured the retreat of the detachment for which he had made such a noble sacrifice.

Being exchanged for the Governor of Florida, he again joined the army, and in 1777, was with Washington at Brandywine, and fought side by side with Sullivan and Lafayette in that bloody battle. At Germantown he commanded the reserve. The next year he led one of the divisions of Washington's army into battle at Monmouth. When everything was trembling in the balance, he brought up Lieutenant Carrington's artillery on a full gallop, and unlimbering them hastily, opened with astonishing effect on the advancing enemy. His guns were served with such admirable skill, as to excite the surprise of the British. In 1780, he was sent with twenty-five hundred men to make an attack on the British stationed on Staten Island; but the enemy having got wind of the project, he was compelled to withdraw his forces without accomplishing anything. In 1781, he was stationed at Albany to command the Northern army. The next year he made Philadelphia his winter-quarters; but at the opening of spring again took command of the northern troops, and located himself at Albany. The following year, 1783, he died from an attack of the gout, aged fifty-seven.

Stirling was a fine-appearing man, and distinguished

for great intrepidity. His bravery amounted to rashness ; and there were some faults in his character, which rendered it safer to have him under the immediate eye of the commander-in-chief. Still he was a good officer and stanch patriot. It was through him the Conway cabal was discovered by Washington. There was no low intrigue or trickery in his character ; and the moment that Wilkinson disclosed the contemptible and nefarious designs of Gates, he exploded them, and adhered throughout to the fortunes of his commander.





*Lafayette*

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## MAJOR GENERAL LAFAYETTE.

His Birth and early Marriage—His interest in our Cause—Resolves to come to this Country—Forbidden by his Government—Buys and fits out a Ship at his own expense—Cold reception by Congress—Warm one by Washington—Bravery at Brandywine—Affair of Gloucester Point—Given command of a Division—Affair of Barren Hill—Bravery at Monmouth—Sent South to repel Arnold and Cornwallis—Coops the latter up at Yorktown—Storming of the Redoubts—Returns to France—Chief Actor in the French Revolution—Commands the National Guard—Storming of Versailles by Women—Scene in the Champ de Mars—Appointed Commander in the French Army—His Flight—Made Prisoner by Austria—Noble Attempts to rescue him—Liberated by Napoleon—Returns to private life—Visit to this Country—His enthusiastic Reception—His triumphal Progress—Returns to France—Helps to overthrow Charles X.—His death and Character.

THERE are now and then bright spots on this darkened planet of ours—great and glorious examples of human virtue, interrupting the otherwise sad history of the race. Patriotism, which sinks self, and scorns death, is a noble virtue—yet one might be expected to defend his own land and hearth-stones. But that philanthropy which goes out of its own hemisphere, to seek the welfare, and suffer for the freedom of strangers, is a rarer virtue, yet the one which has immortalized Lafayette. One can never think of that French boy

eighteen years of age, just married, rolling in wealth and basking in the sunshine of court favor, sending up from the Tuileries of Paris his shout for us and our cause, without the deepest emotion. Our admiration and affection are not lessened, when we see him lavishing his wealth on our naked famishing soldiers—winding himself in child-like love round the great heart of our Washington—charging like a veteran through the ranks of our foemen, and carried pale and bleeding from our disastrous fields.

There is something exquisitely touching and beautiful in the enthusiasm of this youth in our behalf. His whole career, as connected with this country, seems to belong rather to the writer of romance, than of plain history. To give a naked narrative of facts, is to weave poetry into politics, and throw gushes of warm, generous feeling, into the cold calculations of intriguing statesmen. France wished us success, because it would revenge her for the loss of her colonies in this country, and weaken the power of her rival in the new world ; but these motives never entered into the heart of Lafayette. He saw only a weak, but brave people, struggling to be free ; and overleaping all questions of interest—breaking away from all the ties of home, family and country, threw himself alone into our arms. National prejudice—the jealousy of our officers, and the coldness of Congress, could not check the warm current of his sympathy. For us he was determined to fight—in our cause expend his fortune, and peril his life. Not an exile, nor an adventurer—but a wealthy, flattered young nobleman, he cast from him the luxuries and gayeties of the French court—turned away

from all the honors that clustered in his path, and became the companion of our poverty and toils—the jest and bye-word of kings.

GILBERT-MOTIER LAFAYETTE was the only son of Marquis de Lafayette, a French colonel, who fell in the battle of Minden. He was not born till two months after the death of his father. At the age of twelve years he was sent to college at Paris,—but his mother dying soon after, he became sole possessor of the family estates, and his own master. At fifteen he was chosen one of the queen's pages, and appointed an officer in the king's regiment of musketeers—the next year he married Countess Anastasie, daughter of the Duke de Noailles, a lady of immense wealth. The fortune she brought her young husband, added to his own, swelled his income to \$37,500 per annum. Ardent, enthusiastic, loving adventure and glory,—he entered on the race of life under the most flattering auspices. Independent and bold, he disdained to flatter, and sought no emoluments from the throne which threw the shadow of its protection over him.

At this early age he belonged to an association of young men, the object of which was to discuss the question of civil liberty. Our Revolution, with the principles on which it was based, startled every despot of Europe on his throne; and the young Lafayette, seemed suddenly to have opened his eyes on a world about which he had hitherto been only dreaming. Says he: “When I first learned the subject of this quarrel, my heart espoused warmly the cause of liberty, *and I thought of nothing, but of adding also the aid of my banner.*” The question took such deep hold of his ar

dent and generous nature, that he could not rest until he resolved to come to America. Acquainting his relative, the Count de Broglie, with his intentions, the latter approved of his feelings, but condemned his plans. Said he: "I have seen your uncle die in the wars of Italy; I witnessed your father's death at the battle of Minden; and I will not be accessory to the ruin of the only remaining branch of the family." When, however, he found him determined, he kindly gave him his countenance and aid.

He then obtained, through the Baron de Kalb, an introduction to Silas Deane, our ambassador at Paris; who entered warmly into his feelings, and gave him a letter to Congress, requesting them to appoint him major-general in the American army. A vessel was about being fitted out to come to this country, in which the young Marquis resolved to embark. But just then came the news of our disasters—New York, Long Island—our posts on the Hudson, had fallen one after another—and our cause seemed hopeless. It was no longer possible to obtain a vessel; and Doctor Franklin and Arthur Lee, who had been added to our embassy at Paris, endeavored to persuade the young nobleman to abandon his project. But he was not to be thus deterred—our distresses only inflamed his sympathy, and calling on Mr. Deane, he told him that he was now going to prove his ardor in the cause of American liberty, by purchasing and fitting out a vessel with his own means, in which he himself would carry out the officers they wished to send. A vessel was purchased at Bordeaux; and while it was undergoing repairs, he went to England with the Prince de

Poix, in order to conceal his designs from the French government, which would have arrested them at once.

Returning to Paris, he concealed himself several days, and then went to Bordeaux. But his vessel was not ready for sea, and while he was waiting, his friends and the government got wind of his plans, and the latter immediately sent officers to arrest him. Hearing of these movements, he fled to Passage, a Spanish port, where his arrest and his letters overtook him. The king ordered him peremptorily to court, while the letters of his friends were violent in the extreme. Here was a dilemma for the bold stripling. To prevent his departure from being-known, he had concealed it even from his young wife, and her letter reproached him for his cruelty. This shook his resolution more than the threats of his relatives or the authority of the king. He returned to Bordeaux, and opened a correspondence with the government, justifying his course, and asking permission to depart. Receiving no answer, he determined at all hazards to sail, and disguising himself as a courier, started for Passage, where his vessel lay. His pursuers were on the track, but his disguise protected him, and he reached Passage in safety, and the same day weighed anchor and stood out to sea. Baron de Kalb, and eleven other officers, accompanied him, and after a voyage of seven weeks, he finally reached Georgetown, South Carolina, and received his first welcome from Major Huger. Repairing immediately to Charleston, he presented Moultrie with clothing, arms, &c., for a hundred or a hundred and fifty men, as a reward for their gallant defence of Sullivan's Island. His letters to his wife, written at this period, are full of

affection, and exhibit the ardor and enthusiasm of a youth on whom this new country, with its new scenes, customs, and manners, had made a lively impression.

Hastening on to Philadelphia—riding nine hundred miles of the distance on horseback, he presented his letters to Congress, together with the stipulation of Mr. Deane, respecting the rank he was to hold. Congress, however, received him coldly: such a host of foreign officers, many of them needy adventurers, had applied for appointments, that it began to be alarmed; and Mr. Lovell, one of the members, told him he thought his request would be denied. Besides, Lafayette was a mere boy, only nineteen years of age, and it was risking too much to place him in a responsible position. But he was not to be offended or deterred by coldness, and so the next day he sent the following note to Congress: “After the sacrifices I have made, I have the right to exact two favors; *one is, to serve at my own expense—the other is, to serve at first as a volunteer.*” “Favors” indeed, to fight at his own expense, without rank or emolument, and for the freedom of strangers, who received him coldly! Congress must have possessed hearts of stone to have resisted this magnanimity; it could not do it, and immediately made out his commission. The next day he was introduced to Washington at a dinner-party, and the impression the latter made on him, may be inferred from his own language—says he, “Although he was surrounded by officers and citizens, it was impossible to mistake, for a moment, his majestic figure and deportment.”

After dinner, Washington took him aside, and told

him always to regard himself as one of his own family—pleasantly adding, that he must not expect the luxuries of a court in a republican army. From that moment a friendship commenced between them, which only grew stronger with time. The generous heart of Washington warmed spontaneously towards this enthusiastic, self-sacrificing youth, and he took him to his arms at once, and loved him as a son. That affection was returned, and there is nothing more touching and beautiful in our Revolutionary history, than the attachment between that strong, self-reliant, mature man, and the young, impulsive nobleman. But though there was such a disparity in their age and experience, there was not in the height of their persons, and they moved about head and shoulders above all the rest.

On the day that he arrived in camp, there was a review of the troops, and one can well imagine that those eleven thousand men “presented a strange spectacle” to him: “Their clothes,” he writes, “were party-colored, and many of them were partly naked; the best clad wore *hunting-shirts*—large gray linen coats. As to their military tactics, it will be sufficient to say that, for a regiment ranged in order of battle, to move forward on the right of its line, *it was necessary for the left to make a continued countermarch*. They were all arranged in two lines, the smallest men in the first line—no other distinction, as to height, was ever observed.”

Soon after, the battle of Brandywine occurred, in which Lafayette behaved with the greatest gallantry. He sought the post of danger; and while on foot, endeavoring to rally the troops, received a wound in the leg. In the flight he came very near being taken, and

but for his aide, Gima, who helped him on a horse ; this, his first battle in behalf of American freedom, would probably have been his last. As he was hurrying over the field, he met Washington, advancing to check the pursuit, and was about to turn back with him, when the loss of blood obliged him to halt, and have his wound bandaged. In the final rout, he was compelled, though pale and bleeding, to ride twelve miles without stopping. At length, coming to a bridge, he endeavored, weak and exhausted as he was, to rally the troops, and was straining every nerve when Washington and his suite came galloping up. He then had his wound dressed, and the next morning was carried into Philadelphia, and from thence, on the approach of the British, to Bethlehem, and left in the care of the Moravians, who nursed him with the greatest solicitude. The pious brotherhood endeavored to instil in his mind sentiments of peace—he listened with great attention, but was planning the while an attack on the English possessions in the West Indies, and another on the English factories in the Isle of France. These projects were forwarded to the French court ; but, though approved, were not carried out, as it still occupied a neutral position between the colonies and England. The French minister, however, was pleased with the spirit and energy of the young Republican, and remarked, pleasantly : “ He will end one day, by unfurnishing the palace of Versailles, to serve the American cause ; for when he has taken anything into his head, it is impossible to resist him.”

He also wrote at this time an affectionate, and playful letter to his wife, in which he pours forth every

feeling of his heart, with the frank impulsiveness of a child. In speaking of the battle of Brandywine, he says: "I must now give you a lesson, as wife of an American general officer. They will say to you, 'They have been beaten.' You must answer—'That is true; but when two armies of *equal number* meet in the field, old soldiers have naturally the advantage over new ones; they have, besides, had the pleasure of killing a great many of the enemy, many more than they have lost.' They will afterwards add, 'All that is very well; but Philadelphia is taken, the capital of America, the rampart of liberty.' You must politely answer, 'You are all great fools! Philadelphia is a poor forlorn town, exposed on every side, whose harbor was already closed, though the residence of Congress lent it, I know not why, some degree of celebrity.' This is the famous city, which, be it added, we will, sooner or later, make them yield back to us."

In October, while his wound was still unhealed, he joined the army at Whitemarsh. Soon after, Greene was sent by Washington to operate against Cornwallis, then in New Jersey; and Lafayette, though unable yet to wear a boot, requested to accompany him as a volunteer. Having obtained permission to take with him three hundred and fifty men, and reconnoitre—he left the main body, and came up with Cornwallis at Gloucester, opposite Philadelphia. Advancing out on a sandy point to obtain a better view, he was discovered by the British commander, and a detachment of dragoons immediately sent to cut him off—but taking a back road, he escaped them, and passing within two miles of 'the enemy's camp, came upon an outpost of four hundred Hessians.

Without a moment's delay, he led his raw militia so furiously to the attack, that the whole detachment gave way. He pursued them to within a half mile of the main body, killing and wounding fifty or sixty of them, and then retired in safety. Lafayette was delighted with the behavior of his men on this occasion, saying, in his letter to Washington, that he "found the riflemen even above their reputation—and the militia above all his expectations." "I must tell, too," he added "that the riflemen had been the whole day running before my horse, without eating or taking any rest." This brilliant little affair contributed much to bring about an event, which had troubled Washington exceedingly. Lafayette had requested to be given the command of a division, and the former had written frequently to Congress about it; but the appointment, for various reasons, was delayed. A resolve, however, was finally passed, recommending him to be placed over a division of the Continental army; and the Virginia troops, hitherto under General Stephens, were given him.

The sufferings of Valley Forge followed this campaign; and Lafayette, notwithstanding his wealth and the comforts to which he had been accustomed, cheerfully shared with the officers their privations—and entering at once into our feelings, adopted our dress and customs, and thus completely wound himself into our affections. Everybody loved him, and from one end of the land to the other, his name was ever coupled with blessings.

I have spoken elsewhere of the Conway cabal, by which it was sought to place Gates over Washington,

and of the effort to draw Lafayette into it, by appointing him commander of the expedition to be fitted out against Canada. The plan was laid with skill, for the authors of it knew that nothing could be more agreeable to the French nobleman, than to wrest the former province of his country from the hands of the English. Finding, however, that his attachment could not be shaken, the contemptible Board of War, and still more contemptible faction in Congress, concluded it was best to abandon the project altogether; and in March, Lafayette returned from Albany, where he had been making arrangements for it, to Valley Forge.

Here, on the 5th of May, arrived the intelligence of the alliance of France with us; and the most unbounded joy prevailed throughout the camp and the nation. Lafayette had contributed much to secure this result, which at once gave permanency to our struggle. His letters to his friends, high in favor, and to Government—the enthusiasm with which he followed our fortunes, had all combined to make our cause popular with the entire French nation.

A day of general rejoicing was set apart to commemorate the event, and amid the gloomy huts of Valley Forge went up a loud huzza, that from that time on scarce ever died away, till the united shout of a ransomed people shook the world.\*

\* The following is the general order issued by Washington on that occasion:—

*“Head Quarters, Camp Valley Forge, {  
May 5th, 1778. {*

“It having pleased the Almighty Ruler of the universe propitiously to defend the cause of the United American States, and finally, by

## AFFAIR OF BARREN HILL.

On the 18th of May, Washington, having heard that the British were making preparations to evacuate Philadelphia, detached Lafayette with two thousand men and five pieces of cannon, to watch their motions, and protect the country from the incursions of marauding parties. Crossing the Schuylkill, the latter took post on

raising us up a powerful friend among the princes of the earth, to establish our liberty and independence on a lasting foundation; it becomes us to set apart a day for gratefully acknowledging the Divine goodness, and celebrating the important event which we owe to His benign interposition.

"The several brigades are to be assembled for this purpose at nine o'clock to-morrow morning, when their chaplains will communicate the intelligence contained in the Postscript to the Pennsylvania Gazette of the second instant, and offer up a thanksgiving, and deliver a discourse suitable to the occasion.

"At half-past ten o'clock a cannon will be fired, which is to be a signal for the men to be under arms. The brigade inspectors will then inspect their dress and arms, form the battalions according to the instructions given them, and announce to the commanding officers of brigades that the battalions are formed. The brigadiers and commandants will then appoint the field officers to command the battalions; after which, each battalion will be ordered to load and ground their arms. At half-past eleven, another cannon will be fired as a signal for the march; on which the several brigades will begin their march by wheeling to the right by platoons, and proceed by the nearest way to the left of their ground, in the new position that will be pointed out by the brigade inspectors. A third signal will be given, on which there will be a discharge of thirteen cannon; when the thirteenth has fired, a running fire of the infantry will begin on the right of Woodford's, and continue throughout the whole front line; it will then be taken up on the left of the second line and continue to the right. On a signal given the whole army will huzza—*Long live the King of France!*'

Barren Hill, about half way between Valley Forge and Philadelphia, or nine miles from each, and stationed his pickets so as to prevent surprise. But information of his movements was conveyed to Sir Henry Clinton, in Philadelphia, by a spy, and a force sufficient to crush three such detachments immediately sent out against him. It was designed to take him by surprise, and, cutting off his retreat, oblige him to surrender. On the morning of the 19th, the English commander put his troops in motion—advancing in three columns. One of these, five thousand strong, ascended the Schuylkill, and threw itself directly in rear of Lafayette. There were two fords by which the Marquis could cross the river, and to each of these one of the columns was directed, while Howe marched with an overwhelming force to attack him in front. The whole affair had been planned with such secrecy, that the enemy never doubted of success, and Howe had promised to bring Lafayette with him to dinner next day. When the sun rose in the morning, his promise bid fair to be fulfilled. A spectacle, alarming enough to appal an older heart than Lafayette's, met his gaze as he looked off from his height. Between him and the Schuylkill, and Valley Forge, lay an immense army—one portion commanding completely one ford, the other occupying a hill, from which it could descend like a torrent on his line of march for the remaining passage, while in front was rapidly advancing the main body, to attack him. Owing to the neglect or treachery of the Pennsylvania picket, he had received no intimation of all these movements till they were completed. In a moment the drums beat to arms while far in the distance was heard the report of can

non. Washington, from his camp, had discovered the advance of the British almost as soon as Lafayette, and filled with anxiety for the flower of his troops, ordered alarm-guns to be fired, and the whole army to stand to their arms. He himself, with several of his officers, ascended a hill, and gazed anxiously through his glass towards the Schuylkill.

But Lafayette was already in motion. His quick eye took in at a glance the extent of the danger that surrounded him, and he immediately adopted the only course that could have saved him. The enemy was in force in front, and the ford in his rear, which lay on the direct road to Valley Forge, was too strongly defended to be attacked. The other ford alone remained to him, the road to which was commanded by Grant, with five thousand veteran troops. On this, however, he boldly and rapidly marched. But to deceive the British officer, he sent out small detachments to manœuvre in a piece of woods in front of him, as if his purpose was not to reach the ford, but assail his position. False heads of columns were organized, which, protruding themselves through the trees, caused Grant to suppose the whole American army was advancing against him; and so, instead of cutting off Lafayette's line of march, he halted where he was, and formed in order of battle. In the meantime, Lafayette, covered by the woods, kept swiftly and noiselessly on his way, passing directly beneath the hill, on which his enemy was posted; and, while the latter was wondering why those columns, the heads of which he had seen, did not advance—reached the ford in safety. These sham columns then hastily retreated, and joined the main army;

and Washington saw with inexpressible delight his boy-general, whom he loved, draw up his troops in order of battle on the side of the river opposite the enemy. He had extricated himself with consummate ability, losing only nine men in all, and even for these making the enemy pay nearly double. This small affair gave him great reputation as a skilful and self-collected officer.

He arrived the same day at Valley Forge, and was received with shouts and huzzas—while the English army marched sullenly back to Philadelphia.\*

About this time Lafayette received the news of the death of his oldest daughter, which afflicted him deeply.

In the following month occurred the battle of Monmouth, in the description of which, in a preceding sketch, I have spoken of the generosity of Lafayette, in giving up his command to Lee, at the request of the latter. Had he *retained* it, there is but little doubt that a signal victory would have been won. But being a subordinate in command, he was compelled to obey the vacillating orders of this uncertain man. While Lee was manœuvring in front of the enemy—now directing Lafayette to advance, and now to retreat, the latter saw a party of British troops on the right flank, so far advanced from the main body, that he thought it could easily be cut off, and galloping up

\* A curious incident occurred in the morning when the pickets of the two armies first came together. Fifty English dragoons suddenly came upon fifty Indians belonging to the American army, lying in ambush. The savages, frightened at the presence of the horsemen, suddenly started up, and giving one terrific yell, fled like deer. The dragoons, equally affrighted by this unexpected apparition, also turned and fled, never stopping till they reached Philadelphia.

to Lee, asked permission to attack it. "Sir," said the latter "you do not know British soldiers; we cannot stand against them; we shall certainly be driven back at first, and we must be cautious." Lafayette replied, "It may be so; but British soldiers have been beaten, and it is to be presumed they may be again—at *all events, I would like to make the trial.*" He was forbidden, however, and Lee began that shameful retreat, which robbed us of our victory, and well-nigh secured our ruin.

When the burning sun of that terrible day disappeared behind the western hills, and the exhausted armies sunk on the scorching earth, young Lafayette lay down beside Washington, and the tired chieftain wrapped him affectionately in his own mantle. For a while they lay awake, and talked over the events of the day, and especially the conduct of Lee, until at length, overtaken nature gave way, and the two heroes and patriots slept.

The French fleet arriving in July, and a descent on Rhode Island being resolved upon, Lafayette was sent with two brigades, to the aid of Sullivan. He used all the means in his power to induce the French admiral to remain and co-operate in the attack, but in vain; and when the latter sailed for Boston, to refit, repaired thither himself, by land. While there, hearing that Sullivan had been attacked, he immediately started off, and travelling ten miles an hour, for eight hours, arrived in time to bring off the rear-guard to the main land.

For the untiring efforts he put forth on this occasion, and especially for the service he rendered, as mediator

between the offended admiral and our government, he received the warmest thanks of both Congress and Washington. The former, through its president, Laurens, sent him its acknowledgments. The reply of Lafayette was frank, and full of feeling. In it occurs the following sentence, which must endear him to every American. "*The moment I heard of America, I loved her ; the moment I knew she was fighting for freedom, I burned with a desire of bleeding for her ; and the moment I shall be able to serve her, at any time, or in any part of the world, will be the happiest one of my life.*"

Soon after this, he challenged Lord Carlisle, president of the Board of British Commissioners, for having said, in his correspondence with Congress, that France, in her alliance with us, was "guilty of perfidy," &c. Washington endeavored to dissuade him from this act, but the latter felt that his nation was insulted, and as one of her representatives here, he ought to resent it. The challenge was declined, and Lafayette afterwards confessed that he had done wrong.

Having now been in the country fifteen months, he wished to return home to visit his family, as well as obtain more aid for the country of his adoption. Fortified with letters from Congress, and bearing testimonials of the esteem and parental love of Washington, he started for Boston. But at Fishkill he was seized with a fever, which prostrated him for three weeks, and for a while threatened seriously his life.

At length, after many delays, he set sail on the 11th of January, 1779, in the frigate Alliance, which had been assigned him by Congress. He had, however,

escaped from sickness only to encounter still greater danger. On the banks of Newfoundland a fearful storm overtook them, which partially dismasted the vessel, and left her half-filled with water. They were scarcely out of this peril before another arose. The English and Irish sailors, who had been engaged in Boston, formed a conspiracy to murder the passengers and, seizing the vessel, carry her into an English port. The plot was discovered only an hour before the time fixed upon for putting it into execution.

On his arrival in France, Lafayette was banished from the court, because he had presumed to leave the kingdom in disobedience of the orders of government. Eight days, however, served to dissipate the royal displeasure. The queen, Maria Antoinette, immediately took a deep interest in him, and he became the talk, and favorite of the city. Everybody spoke of his enthusiasm—his devotion to liberty, and his chivalric feelings. The queen procured for him the command of a regiment of the king's dragoons; and was so struck with his enthusiastic love for Washington, that she afterwards remarked to Dr. Franklin: "Do you know, doctor, that Lafayette has really made me in love with your General Washington? What a man he must be, and what a friend he possesses in the Marquis."

In the meantime he planned a descent on the west coast of England—the land forces to be under his command, and the fleet under that of Paul Jones. It was, however, abandoned; and he then turned all his efforts to obtain aid for America. He spent his own fortune as freely as water; and at length by his unwearied ef-

forts and sacrifices, obtained twelve battalions of infantry—in all six thousand men, with a proportionate artillery force—and six ships-of-the-line, together with the requisite number of transports. These were the troops who pressed so gallantly, with us, the siege of Yorktown.

Having accomplished this, he set sail himself to join the American army as one of its officers. When he arrived in Boston, all the bells of the town were set ringing—salvos of cannon were fired, and shouts and acclamations followed him on his way to the house of President Hancock. Hastening on to head-quarters, Washington received him with open arms, and embraced him as a son, and the whole army shouted, “LONG LIVE LAFAYETTE.” Remaining here but a few days, he hurried to Philadelphia to confer with Congress—greeted everywhere with acclamations. He was the people’s friend—and tears of joy fell at the mention of his name.

The fleet at length arrived, and he was sent to Newport to receive it; and a campaign began to open, which promised scenes of stirring interest. After several demonstrations on the part of the French and British—of the latter against Newport, and the former on New York—resulting in nothing—Lafayette repaired to head-quarters, and took command of a corps of light infantry, numbering two thousand men, who had been selected from the different regiments, on purpose for him. They were fine-looking soldiers, but without clothing. The Marquis, proud of them, furnished the entire corps with uniforms at his own expense; and presented every officer in it with a sword, and the

separate battalions with standards. The first time they were reviewed in their new dress, and under their gay standards, they presented a splendid appearance; and were a body of troops, of which any commander might be proud. Lafayette's eye ran along their lines with delight, and he seemed willing to take the very coat from his back for their benefit. This affection was returned, for he was idolized by the whole corps.

While Washington was thus hovering around New York, and the French were blockaded in Newport, news arrived of the utter rout of Gates at Camden.

Lafayette was annoyed exceedingly by the inactivity which marked the campaign, and again and again besought Washington to let him attack some of the more northern posts of the English at New York; but that skilful commander knew that the hour for striking had not yet arrived—and at length the army went into winter-quarters, and the fine corps of the Marquis was disbanded.

The next year, however, a great part of it was re-organized and put under its old commander, who was ordered to Virginia, to repel the invasion of Arnold. Of the failure of the attempt to take the traitor, and the return of Lafayette, I have already spoken in my sketch of Steuben. His whole management in this expedition was excellent. But when Cornwallis directed his steps North, the Marquis was again ordered in all haste to the South. The soldiers, however, were averse to going, and began to desert in such numbers, that his army threatened to dwindle to a mere handful. In this dilemma he appealed to the honor of his troops,

saying, "they had been ordered against a superior enemy—that the confidence of the government in their patriotism and virtue, their general, at least, would not violate—and was determined to march against the enemy. As for them," he said, "they need not desert—he would save them that disgrace and crime—and those who wished to leave, had only to apply to head-quarters for a pass, and it should be granted." Strange as it may seem, this checked entirely desertion. Lafayette sympathized with the distressed condition of his troops; and unable to obtain any supplies from government, borrowed ten thousand dollars from the merchants of Baltimore on his own credit, all of which he expended in shirts and shoes, &c., for the soldiers. Murmuring and complaints, gave place to enthusiasm and love; and his little army closed round him like a band of brothers. Advancing south he reached Richmond, and drove Gen. Philips down the river. This officer dying, the command devolved on Arnold, who sent a letter to Lafayette—but the latter refused to hold any correspondence with a traitor.

Cornwallis finally effected a junction with Arnold, and the Marquis was compelled to retreat. Then commenced a series of brilliant manœuvres, which did infinite credit to the generalship of the young commander. Cornwallis had been driven about by Greene, like a man wandering in his sleep, but he now supposed himself in front of a different antagonist, and wrote, saying, "*the boy cannot escape me.*" But the boy did escape him, retiring slowly before the overwhelming force pressing upon him, and watching every movement with a vigilance nothing could elude.

At length Cornwallis advanced towards Albemarle court-house, in order to destroy the magazines placed there for the Southern army. Lafayette penetrated his plans, but was unable, from the feebleness of his force, to thwart them. But at this critical juncture, Wayne arrived with his corps of Pennsylvanians, which emboldened him to make an attempt to save the magazines. Taking a cross road, he suddenly threw himself in front of the British commander, prepared, inferior though he was in numbers, to give him battle. The latter, seeing his antagonist strongly posted, and being made aware of the reinforcements he had received, declined the offered engagement, and began to retreat. Lafayette immediately gave chase, and overtaking his rear-guard at Williamsburgh, killed and wounded a hundred and sixty men, with the loss to himself of less than forty. Thus for a hundred miles did he pursue Cornwallis, and by his boldness and apparent eagerness for an engagement, effectually blind him as to the real strength of his army. Fooled into a disastrous retreat, the British commander kept retiring till he came to Jamestown, where occurred the gallant charge of Wayne, with merely a detachment, on the whole English army. When, from the heavy firing, Lafayette, who was in the rear with the main body, was made aware of the danger of Wayne, he came on a swift gallop to his aid, and, with his usual recklessness of his life, and deaf to the remonstrances of his officers, spurred where the volleys were heaviest, and had two horses shot under him.

He at length forced Cornwallis into York, where he entrenched himself. The plan was then formed to

hem him in seaward with the French fleet, while Washington, at the head of the allied army, should hasten to form a junction with Lafayette. But it was necessary, in the meantime, that "*the boy*" should keep the old soldier he had so completely outwitted, shut up in his retreat, until these forces could be transported South. Cornwallis saw his danger, and at one time thought seriously of retreating into North Carolina, which he could have done. But Lafayette, by his extraordinary exertions, succeeded in keeping him at bay. He called in the militia to guard all the passages, and had his spies in the very heart of the English camp.\*

The siege and capture of Yorktown followed. During its progress, it was necessary to storm two re-

\* Sparks relates an anecdote received from Lafayette too good to be omitted. The Marquis wished to send a spy into the English army, not only to obtain information, but deceive the commander; and Morgan, a Jerseyman, was pointed out to him as a proper person. The brave soldier was ready for any peril for his country, but he hated the character of a spy. He did not care for his life, he said, but for his name. At length, receiving a solemn promise that if he was hung a full account of the matter should be published in the New Jersey papers, he consented, and went over to the enemy. Cornwallis soon sent for him, and in the presence of Tarleton, asked what means Lafayette had of crossing James river. He replied, that he had boats sufficient to transport his whole army across at a moment's warning. Cornwallis, turning to Tarleton, said, "In that case, what I said to you cannot be done;" referring evidently to the projected retreat south. At length, one day, after the arrival of the fleet, Lafayette found in his quarters six men dressed in the English uniform. Morgan had returned, bringing five deserters and a prisoner with him. The brave fellow was offered the rank of sergeant for his behavior, but he refused it, as he did every other offer. The only favor he would ask was the restoration of his gun, which had been lost during his absence. It was found and returned to him.

doubts. The attacks on both were to be made simultaneously—that of the right being intrusted to Lafayette, at the head of American troops, and the one on the left to the Baron Viomenil, with four hundred French grenadiers. The French officer, in speaking of it, intimated that the Americans were not so good as French troops for work of this kind, to which Lafayette simply replied : “ *We shall see.*” At length the storming parties were arranged, Colonel Hamilton leading the van of that under the Marquis. The signal to advance was to be two shells fired—one from the American and the other from the French battery. First the shell arose from the American battery, and the moment the flaming missile reached the zenith, that of the French mounted the heavens, and then the shout “advance,” rang along the steady columns. Hamilton, in his headlong courage, never waited for the abatis to be removed, but rushing over it, mounted the parapet with only three men by his side. Gazing back one moment on his crowding followers, with his sword waving over his head, he summoned them on, and then leaped into the ditch. With a loud and thrilling shout, the brave fellows stormed after their intrepid leader, who still far in advance, was for a moment lost sight of, and thought to have fallen. But he was soon seen in the centre of the redoubt, forming his men. Not a shot had been fired—the naked steel had done it all, and in nine minutes’ time. The Americans carried their redoubt first, and Lafayette remembering what Viomenil had said, sent him word that he had succeeded, and asked if the aid of the Americans was not needed. The latter replied, “Tell Lafayette that I have not

yet carried my redoubt, but shall do so in five minutes." He made good his word.

After the capitulation of Yorktown, Lafayette again returned to France, loaded with eulogies from Washington and Congress. The French king offered him the rank of field-marshal in his army, and honors clustered thick around the youthful brows of the noble champion of liberty.

In the meantime a powerful armament was fitting out in France and Spain in our behalf, and Lafayette was appointed chief of the staff of the combined armies. But England, at length, reluctantly consented to acknowledge our independence—and gave up her vast possessions, which had cost her so much treasure and blood. When the Marquis first heard the news of it, he dispatched a vessel, the *Triumph*, to bring it to this country. He wished to accompany it—to be himself the bearer of the glad tidings, and mingle his joy with that of a ransomed people; but the Spanish court having refused to receive our chargé, Mr. Carmichael, he hastened to Madrid to reconcile the difficulties, and in a few days succeeded in putting things on the most amicable footing. Thus, ever ready to sacrifice his own feelings or pleasure for America, he undertook this unpleasant journey, instead of coming to our arms, to be bedewed with our tears, and covered with our blessings. Washington, in an affectionate letter to him, says, "Your going to Madrid from thence,\* instead of coming immediately to this country, is another instance, my dear Marquis, of your zeal for the

\* Referring to Cadiz, where he was superintending the preparations of the new armament fitting out for our relief.

American cause ; and lays a fresh claim to the gratitude of her sons, who will always receive you with open arms."

In 1784, Lafayette, anxious once more to see Washington, again embarked for this country. He was received with every mark of respect, and pressed with invitations in every city—but in eleven days after his arrival he was in the arms of Washington at Mount Vernon. He remained at the latter place fourteen days ; and the intercourse of these two noble and affectionate men, must ever remain one of those touching incidents which are never revealed to the common gaze. They had pressed shoulder to shoulder together through the battle—slept in the same cloak on the dreadful field of Monmouth—had suffered and rejoiced together—and now they stood side by side, and gazed on the land they had freed ; and saw, with the joy patriots only know, a happy people reposing under the tree of liberty.

He arrived in this country in August, and having visited his old battle-fields, and traversed a large part of the country, set sail again in December, for France.

His farewell to Congress was impressive. That body had passed a resolution, expressing the gratitude and affection of this country for him. He closed up his reply with, "May this immense temple of freedom ever stand as a lesson to oppressors, an example for the oppressed, a sanctuary for the rights of mankind ! and, may these happy United States attain that complete splendor and prosperity, which will illustrate the blessings of their government ; and, for ages to come, rejoice the departed souls of their founders." Washington accompanied him as far as Annapolis, and after-

wards wrote him a farewell letter, full of simplicity and affection—and it is hard to say, whether it honors him or Lafayette most.

After his return, he labored arduously to establish such commercial regulations for us, as would be for our own advantage; and never lost sight of our welfare or interests.

In 1785 he visited Austria, Prussia, and Germany; and was everywhere received, by monarchs and nobles, with the highest honors. Frederic the Great presented him with his miniature, set in diamonds—complimenting him on his distinguished services in America, and, at the same time, expressing his great admiration of Washington.

I cannot give an account of his efforts for the emancipation of the blacks, in which he was seconded by Washington, Patrick Henry, Laurens, Jefferson, and others, nor of the interest he took in the cause of the French Protestants. Hating despotism whether it took the form of unjust taxation, domestic slavery, or religious intolerance—he showed throughout that he had been in the school of Washington, and lived respected by all.

But now he was destined to enter upon a new scene—on a succession of tragedies never before enacted on this earth—the *French Revolution*. It is impossible to go into an account of this terrific event, or trace out its causes. France, burdened with debt, taxed to death, and starving, needed help, and an assembly of Notables was convoked, to deliberate on the means to be adopted. Of this Lafayette was a member, and boldly taking ground for reform in every department of government

moved, among other things, the convocation of the States General—which consisted of representatives from the three orders—the nobility, clergy, and untitled middle classes. This extraordinary body assembled, and the great struggle commenced. The Commons wished the three orders to constitute one assembly, to which the haughty clergy and nobility refused their assent. Lafayette, though one of the nobles, sustained manfully the request of the *tiers etat*, or lower order. Months passed away in this contest, until at last the Commons resolved to constitute themselves *the* National Assembly of France, and did so.

This was the first revolution. The Marquis then boldly separated himself from the nobility, and joined the Assembly, of which he was soon after chosen vice-president. The famous “*declaration of rights*,” which is a mere epitome of our Declaration of Independence, was presented by him, and France moved tumultuously towards a republic. He sat in the Assembly at Versailles on that terrible night, when the attack upon it by the troops was expected—firmly resolved to fall at his post. In the meantime, the Bastile fell, and the great key of that stronghold was sent by him to Washington.

In the midst of this gathering of the elements, Lafayette, by permission of the king, organized the National Guard, and placed upon them the “tri-colored cockade.” In announcing the event to the Assembly, he made the following remarkable declaration: “Gentlemen, I bring you a cockade which shall make the tour of the world; and an institution at once civic and military, which shall change the system of European

tactics, and reduce all absolute governments to the alternative of being beaten if they do not imitate it, or of being overthrown if they dare oppose it." Bold prophecy, half of which has already been fulfilled. With this guard he succeeded in restoring partial order in the city—but the torrent was only arrested, not dried up. Women, beating drums through the streets and crying "bread," thrilled every heart, and rolled into wilder motion the already excited passions of the people.

## STORMING OF VERSAILLES.

From May till October, had the national representatives struggled to save France. Met at every turn by the court and aristocracy, surrounded with obstacles their enemies had constantly thrown in their path, and compelled to spend months on the plainest principles of human liberty and justice, they had been utterly unable to relieve the public distress. For this they were not to blame, but the selfish, blind, higher orders. Everything had been compelled to wait but famine. *That* had never wavered nor faltered, but, with ever-increasing proportions and frightful mien, had stalked over the land, turning women into tigers, and men into fiends.

Suddenly there is a strange and confused uproar on the road from Paris to Versailles. An army of women is on the march for the king's palace. All efforts to disband them have been powerless; and Lafayette, after attempting in vain to keep back the National Guard of 30,000 men, who demand with loud cries to accompany them, is compelled to yield, and they too go thundering along the road. Armed with

pikes, hatchets, and sticks pointed with iron, this motley crowd march on foot through the drenching rain, measuring the weary leagues with aching limbs, and at length stream around the magnificent palace of Versailles. Wild faces look out from dishevelled hair, and haggard features, more fearful than the swaying pikes, move amid this confusion of sexes and hurricane of passion. With eyes upturned to where their monarch dwells, they suddenly shriek out in wild concord, "BREAD!" God in heaven! what a cry from women to their king! Regardless of the falling rain and approaching night, and their toilsome journey, those strange faces are still turned to him who alone can relieve their distress. At length, twelve are conducted as deputies, into the presence of the king. One, young and beautiful, overwhelmed at her own boldness, in thus approaching her monarch, can only faintly utter the word "*bread*," and swoons at his feet." Here was woe, here was suffering, sufficient to bring tears from stones.

Bread was ordered to be distributed to this famished multitude, but was not, and they wandered about searching in vain for means to alleviate their hunger, till at length they came upon a dead horse, and began in savage ferocity to tear out his entrails, and devour his flesh. Tumult was again abroad, and shots were fired from the palace on the crowd, which rush in return up the marble steps, and stream through the royal apartments, demanding blood. But the adored Lafayette is seen moving amid the multitude, and the storm is stayed, and the king is saved. All night long he moved about amid the disorderly crew, to calm their excitement; and at five o'clock, lay down with his

clothes on to snatch a moment's repose. But the first fierce shout brought him to his feet, and, springing on the first horse he found, he burst in a furious gallop among the mob, who were butchering the Life Guards. Having rescued them and sent them away, he suddenly found himself alone in presence of one of the murderers, who was aiming his carbine at him. Undismayed, Lafayette ordered the culprit to be brought to him. The awe-struck mob obeyed, and seizing him, dashed out his brains on the pavement. He then hastened to the palace, and the Life Guards, whom he had saved, received him with shouts of "*Lafayette forever.*" Leading the king forth upon the balcony, he presented him, and afterwards the queen, to the people, kissing her majesty's hand in their presence, while "Vive la Reine!" "Vive Lafayette!" rent the air. The next morning, the shout, "To Paris!" was heard, and Louis was compelled, with his family, to take this wild escort to the capital. The tiger was changed into the fiend. The excitement of the day before—the hunger and murder of the night, and the strange spectacle of the morning, had completely unsettled what little reason the rabble had left, and the procession they form for the king—their furious shouts and bacchanalian songs, and disorderly movement as they carry a gory head aloft on a pike, making it nod and bow to the multitude in grim salutation, are enough to appal the stoutest heart. Kingship is ended—reverence is gone, and all after-respect and loyalty will be but the spasmodic flame of the dying lamp—*Vive le roi! Vive la nation! Vive Lafayette!* are alike incoherent and trustless. But fondly believing that France could follow in the steps

of America, the intrepid Lafayette moved at the head of his faithful troops, preserving order, and guiding with his steady hand the car of the revolution towards a safe goal.

At length a confederation of the entire realm was resolved upon ; to take place on the anniversary of the overthrow of the Bastille.

#### SCENE IN THE CHAMP DE MARS.

The world never exhibited such a scene as the Field of Mars presented, previous to, and at this grand celebration. An area of three hundred thousand square feet was to be scooped out, and fitted up with balconies, seats, &c. ; while a grand altar, on a base twenty feet high, was to be erected in the centre. There were but fifteen days, in which to make all this preparation, and fifteen thousand men were therefore set to work. A mighty army toiled on that open field ; but their united efforts were soon seen to be insufficient to complete the work in time. The excited populace, determined not to be disappointed, and carried away by an enthusiasm, as sudden as it was fearful, then volunteered their labor. In a moment that enthusiasm became madness ; and from every quarter came streaming the shouting, singing multitude. Young girls, with green boughs, and tri-color streamers, marched at the head of columns of men with spades and pickaxes on their shoulders, singing as they advanced. Beautiful women, throwing aside their hats and shawls, seized the wheelbarrows, and with dishevelled locks, toiled on beside the brawny laborers—gay young men stripped to the

task—whole families dashed into the area—the great, the noble, and the learned came, and shouted and heaved away, till a hundred and fifty thousand of all ages, and sexes, and conditions, were gathered in one mighty throng, working and singing on in the July sun. The whole city turned out—advocates and judges—nuns from the convent, with singers from the opera seized the spade or barrow; and amid the deafening strain of *Ca ira*—the work went bravely on. “Beautifullest Hebes, the loveliest in Paris, in their light air-robes, with ribbon girdles of tri-color, are there;—shovelling and wheeling with the rest; their Hebe-eyes brightening with enthusiasm, and long hair, in beautiful dishevelment—hard pressed are their small fingers; but they make the patriot barrow go, and even force it to the summit of the slope, (with a little tracing which, what man’s arm were not too happy to lend?) then bound down with it again, and go for more; with their long locks and tri-colors blown back—graceful as the rosy hours.”\* Lafayette came and looked on; and the king, at last, carried away by this whirlwind of feeling, also comes, and spades are lifted on high, and “*Vive le roi*” rends the air.

Such was the scene which the last night previous to the grand celebration, presented; and never did the setting sun throw his farewell beams on a stranger spectacle. Paris was mad, crazy; and the whole population in a frenzy of excitement. But, at length, the crowd began slowly to retire to their homes, and the Champ de Mars was deserted. The next morning the multitude again assembled, in their gayest ap-

\* Vide Carlyle’s French Revolution.

parel; and soon three hundred thousand men and women crowded that vast amphitheatre. A hundred thousand men accompanied Lafayette and the king in joyful procession.

Mounted on a splendid white charger, the Marquis enters this spacious area, with sixty thousand troops; while the braying of trumpets, and shouts of ten times ten thousand voices, make the very heavens reel. Three hundred priests stand at the four corners of the altar, and celebrate mass, amid the pealing of trumpets and thunder of cannon. A sudden silence succeeds the uproar, and the deep breathing of that vast throng, is like the sigh of the sea. Lafayette then moves forward, and is borne from his steed on the shoulders of grenadiers, to the altar, and placing the point of his sword upon it, swears to defend the constitution to the last. The thunder of artillery, and shouts of the people answer. The king then advances, and with the queen in the background, holding her infant son in her arms, repeats the solemn oath. A thousand standards are lowered at once—the cannon again roar forth their stern approval; and such a shout goes up, as never before shook the earth—“*France is free!*” rings out on every side, and universal joy fills the heart of the nation.

Lafayette was greater than the king on this day; and every eye looked to him as the saviour of his country.

It is impossible, in this brief sketch, to follow him through all the scenes of the revolution. Firm—mild—his integrity undoubted, and his republicanism unquestioned, he moved for awhile like an ark of safety,

amid this sudden and fearful deluge. At the head of his thirty-thousand troops, he carried more authority with him than the king or Assembly.

The next year a revolt broke out in the Champ de Mars, which he no sooner heard of, than he marched to quell it with twelve hundred grenadiers. On his way, a traitor in the ranks fired a pistol at him, but missed his aim. When he came up to the crowd, he ordered them to disperse, but only received a shower of stones in reply. Firing a volley over their heads with no better success, he ordered a volley point-blank, which brought down a hundred men, and dispersed the rest. These energetic measures awed the insurgents, and had they been followed up, would have prevented the reign of terror. But unsustained by the royal authority, he could not carry out the measures he knew to be indispensable to the safety of France, and so the revolution went rolling forward to that awful gulf into which it at last sunk.

At the close of the constituent Assembly, he resigned his command of the National Guard, and retired to private life. But when the war broke out with Austria, he was appointed one of the three commanders of the French army, and hastened to the frontiers on the Rhine. All this time he kept up a constant correspondence with Washington.

While he was here straining every nerve to save the honor of the French army, he heard of that disgusting scene enacted by thirty thousand men and women in the hall of the Assembly, and the after insult offered to the king in the Tuileries; and immediately hastened to Paris. Denouncing the Jacobins, the au

thors of these outrages, he made one more desperate effort to save the revolution; and earnestly besought the king to let him break up the Jacobin club, that nest of vipers. But his request was refused, and the besotted monarch, too proud to resign, and too weak to rule, let this mob power have way, till it usurped the government. Lafayette then attempted to save the royal family, offering to conduct them out of the kingdom. They refusing his generous proposal, he hastened back to the army, determined to wait the issue of things. He saw clearly the tempest that was gathering, but knew it was now too late to arrest it. He had done all he could, and but for the imbecile king, would have saved all.

Soon after the insurrection of the 10th of August took place; the Tuileries ran blood, and amid the storm and terror of that day, the Bourbon dynasty closed. The Jacobins seized the reins of government, and immediately sent commissioners to the army, announcing the change in affairs. But Lafayette would not receive them, and ordered them to be imprisoned. He was in turn accused as a traitor, and measures set on foot to arrest him. Deserted by his associate generals, and seeing that the army was going also, he determined to abandon France and seek an asylum in this country, where liberty could be enjoyed without anarchy. But being seized on his way by the Austrian authorities, he was treated as a prisoner of war. It is true, the magnanimous despots of Austria and Prussia offered him freedom if he would renounce his republican principles. Refusing to do this, he was cast into a dungeon, and after being tossed about from prison to

prison, by those royal villains—who, destitute alike of honor or of truth, coolly covered themselves with infamy in presence of the civilized world—was transferred to the gloomy dungeons of Olmutz, in Austria. Of the sympathy this act of atrocity awakened in the bosoms of all true men—of the efforts of Washington and other Americans in his behalf, and the noble devotion of his wife, who shared his imprisonment, I shall say nothing. The noble attempt made by J. Errick Bollman, a German physician, and Francis Huger, son of Colonel Huger, of South Carolina, at whose house Lafayette was first received on his arrival in this country, have rendered their names immortal. These men of heroic virtue, were thrown into prison for their bold and well-nigh successful effort, where they languished for eight months. After their release, they still exerted themselves in behalf of Lafayette, though without success.

In the meantime, the young Napoleon had mounted to power, and was rolling the revolutionary earthquake under the thrones of Europe. He smote Austria hip and thigh in Italy; and at the peace of Leoben, made one of the chief stipulations, the release of Lafayette from imprisonment. With much reluctance it was acceded to, though the perfidious government endeavored first to make their prisoner promise to go to America, never to return. This the indignant patriot firmly refused to do, even to terminate his long imprisonment. The king delaying and deferring, young Bonaparte gave him to understand in the most peremptory manner, that unless the Marquis was immediately released, he would soon hear the thunder of his cannon. This argument was understood; and Lafayette, after having

suffered five years a close and cruel confinement, was at length permitted to go abroad. This first effort of Napoleon's power, does him more honor than his victories. After his release, Lafayette went first to Holstein, and afterwards to Holland ; where he remained till the revolution, which made Napoleon first consul for life ; and then, under his mighty ægis, returned to France, and received his old rank in the army. He was attached to the First Consul, and well he might be, for he owed him liberty, and the restoration to his old honors and home. Still he was not a person to sympathize with the fierce tempestuous character that was to upset the world ; and Bonaparte felt that Lafayette was a man of a past age, and could effect nothing in carrying out his stupendous plans. Nevertheless, he revered his virtues, and endeavored to bind him to his interests, but the latter gradually retired to private life ; and when the former began his rapid strides towards supreme power, wrote him a plain kind letter, asking for guaranties of the liberties of the people. This letter was never answered, and the writer was well-nigh forgotten in the wondrous events that succeeded. In the retirement of La Grange he listened to the thunder and tumult that accompanied Napoleon's progress ; saw the century-bound despotisms of Europe shaking, like cedars in a tempest as his mighty hand swept over them, and heard the sound of falling thrones, with feelings of mingled wonder and distrust. It seemed a strange dream through which he had passed—from the bright dawns of liberty, his country had sunk into the darkest night that ever shrouded a nation, and then suddenly risen into a vast empire, from whose pres-

once the world shrank in dismay. It was natural, in this confusion of all things at home, he should turn his thoughts to the peaceful Republic he had helped to rear on this side of the water. He made known his intentions to Washington, but political considerations induced the latter to request him to defer his visit, and he continued to live in retirement. But when Jefferson became president, he offered him the governorship of Louisiana, which was declined.

At length the star of Napoleon went down ; but before the nation had time to compose itself, it rose again on the troubled world. At his second assumption of imperial power, Bonaparte endeavored to win Lafayette over to his interests, but the latter stubbornly refused to accept a seat in his new Chamber of Peers—preferring to act as one of the deputies.

After the battle of Waterloo, he took strong ground against the emperor ; and was one of those who procured his abdication. Mindful, however, of his former kindness to him, when a prisoner at Olmutz, he endeavored to stipulate for his personal safety and liberty. At the restoration of the Bourbons, he solemnly warned them against any attempts to revive old despotisms ; but his warnings were unheeded, and he again sunk into private life, a victim to his integrity and unyielding patriotism.

#### HIS LAST VISIT TO THIS COUNTRY.

Again, in his old age, Lafayette determined to look on the young Republic that had escaped the disasters which had overwhelmed France. When his plans

were made known, our government offered to place a national vessel at his disposal; but he declined accepting it, and embarked at Havre in a merchantman, and arrived at New York, August 15, 1824. He was at this time sixty-seven years old.

His reception in this country, and triumphal march through it, is one of the most remarkable events in the history of the world. Such gratitude and unbounded affection were never before received by a man from a foreign nation. As he passed from Staten Island to New York, the bay was covered with gay barges decorated with streamers; and when the beautiful fleet shoved away, the bands struck up, "*Où peut-on être mieux, qu'au sein de sa famille ?*"—"Where can one better be, than in the bosom of his family?" Never did this favorite French air seem so appropriate—not even when the shattered Old Guard closed sternly around its Emperor, and sang it amid the fire of the enemy's guns—as when a free people thus chanted it around the venerable Lafayette. As he touched the shore, the thunder of cannon shook the city—old soldiers rushed weeping into his arms; and, "Welcome Lafayette!" waved from every banner, rung from every trumpet, and was caught up by every voice, till "WELCOME, WELCOME!" rose and fell in deafening shouts from the assembled thousands. During the four days he remained in the city, it was one constant jubilee; and when he left for Boston, all along his route, the people rose to welcome him. He travelled every night till 12 o'clock, and watch-fires were kept burning on the hill-tops, along his line of progress. Blazing through the darkness, they outshone the torches that heralded him,

while in the distance the pealing of bells from every church spire, announced his coming. The same enthusiastic joy received him at Boston; and when he returned to New York, the city was wilder than ever with excitement. In Castle-garden there was a splendid illumination in honor of him—the bridge leading to it was surmounted by a pyramid sixty feet high, with a blazing star at the top, from the centre of which flashed the name of Lafayette. The planks were covered with carpets, and trees and flowers innumerable lined the passage. Over the entrance was a triumphal arch of flowers—huge columns arose from the area, supporting arches of flowers, and flags, and statues. As he entered this wilderness of beauty, the bands struck up, “See the conquering hero comes,” and shouts shook the edifice to its foundations. He had scarcely taken his seat in a splendid marquee, prepared for his reception, when the curtain before the gallery, in front of him, lifted—and there was a beautiful transparency, representing La Grange, with its grounds and towers, and beneath it, “*This is his home.*” Nothing could be more touching and affectionate than this device; and as Lafayette’s eye fell upon it, a tear was seen to gather there, and his lip to quiver with feeling.

Thus the people received the “people’s friend.” From New York he went to Albany, and Troy, and one long shout of welcome rolled the length of the Hudson, as he floated up the noble stream. Returning, he went to Philadelphia; and passing through the same scenes that had been enacted in every city he had visited, continued his route to Mount Vernon, to visit the tomb of Washington. The thunder of cannon

announced his arrival at the consecrated ground, calling to his mind the time when he had seen that, now lifeless chieftain, move through the tumult of battle. Wishing no one to witness his emotions, as he stood beside the ashes of his friend, he descended alone into the vault. With trembling steps, and uncovered head, he passed down to the tomb. The secrets of that meeting of the living with the dead, no one knows; but when the aged veteran came forth again, his face was covered with tears. He then took his son, and secretary by the hand, and led them into the vault. He could not speak—his bursting heart was too full for utterance, and he mutely pointed to the coffin of Washington. They knelt reverently beside it, kissed it, then rising, threw themselves into Lafayette's arms, and burst into tears. It was a touching scene, there in the silent vault, and worthy the noble sleeper.

From thence he went to Yorktown, where a magnificent reception was given him. Proceeding South, he passed through all the principal cities, to New Orleans, and thence up the Mississippi, to Cincinnati, and across to Pittsburg, and finally to western New York, through which he hastened rapidly to Boston, to be present at the laying of the corner-stone of the Bunker's Hill monument.

Previously to his southern trip, however, he had visited Congress, and been received by that body with distinguished honor. A few days after, a bill was passed, giving him a hundred and forty thousand dollars, as payment, in part, for the money he had expended in our behalf. He had clothed and fed our naked, starving soldiers at his own cost—expended

money for the State—fought our battles—endured, suffered, and toiled for our welfare ; yet he never asked, never expected compensation. It had been entirely a free-will offering—his youth, his wealth, his life, all, an unselfish, noble sacrifice to a weak, but brave people, struggling to be free.

This generous, and yet only just remuneration, took Lafayette by surprise, and affected him deeply. Indeed, to a heart like his, the open arms and overflowing affection of the people were a sufficient reward. The entire nation had risen to do him homage. “Honor to Lafayette,” “Welcome to Lafayette—the nation’s guest,” and such like exclamations, had met him at every step. Flowers were strewed along his pathway—his carriage detached from the horses, and dragged by the enthusiastic crowd, along ranks of grateful freemen, who rent the heavens with their acclamations. From the heads of government down to the lowest menial, all had united in pouring blessings on his venerable head. Melted to tears by these demonstrations of love, he had moved like a father amid his children, scattering blessings wherever he went.

One of his last acts in this country, was to lay the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill monument. He had placed the stone over Baron De Kalb’s grave, in South Carolina, and now it was fit that he, the last survivor of the major-generals of the American Revolution, should consecrate the first block in that grand structure. Amid the silent attention of fifty thousand spectators, this aged veteran, and friend of Washington, with uncovered head performed the imposing

ceremonies, and "Long live Lafayette," swelled up from the top of Bunker Hill.

At length, after having passed through almost the entire Union, in the space of a few months, he embarked the eighth of September, for his native land. The Brandywine was sent out by government to convey him home; and when it reached Havre, the officers, wishing to express their admiration of him, deputed their first lieutenant, Gregory, to convey their sentiments. The young officer, overcome by his feelings, was unable to utter a word; but in a spirit of true heroism, ran to the stern of the vessel, and snatching the flag that waved there, handed it to him, saying: "We cannot confide it to more glorious keeping." He then made a short address, to which Lafayette replied, saying: "I hope, that displayed from the most prominent part of my house, at La Grange, it will always testify to all who may see it, the kindness of the American nation towards its adopted and devoted son."

The people thronged around him as he travelled through France, and he was everywhere hailed "The people's friend."

In public and private duties—in the service of his country, and in acts of private charity, he passed his life, until 1830, when Charles X. —mad, like all his race—issued his tyrannical ordinances, which produced the revolution that placed Louis Philippe on the throne. With the first intimation of the outbreak, he hastened to Paris, and at once took sides with the people. On the second day's fight, the students of the Polytechnic School assembled at his house to receive instructions in

the course they should pursue. Lafayette was a man of a past generation, but his name had been a household word ; and it was a touching spectacle to see those fresh and youthful students gather around the man of silver locks, and listen to the words of freedom that dropped from his lips, and then go forth to lay down their lives for their country. On the last day of that terrible struggle,—amid the pealing of the tocsin, the thunder of cannon, and groans of the dying, the name of Lafayette was the watch-word that rung over the tumult, and roused the courage of the patriots. Again the Bourbon throne went down in blood, and again Lafayette put aside the power, which a successful revolution had placed in his hands. Louis Philippe was called to the throne, which the arm of Lafayette alone steadied till the revolution subsided.

It was not very long, however, before he and the king's cabinet disagreed. Louis Philippe had promised to protect the liberties of the people ; but no sooner did he feel the sceptre in his hand, than the blood of a Bourbon began to tingle in his fingers. He had deceived Lafayette—but what could the latter do ? The first revolution broke away from his restraining influence, and raged on till it was quenched in a sea of blood itself had set flowing. Bonaparte had deceived him, and grasped imperial power, and now Louis Philippe had proved false to his promises.

He lived but four years after this, and died of an affection of the kidneys, in 1834, in his seventy-seventh year. His death produced a great sensation in this country, and funeral honors were everywhere paid him.

## HIS CHARACTER.

Lafayette was about six feet high and in his later years somewhat corpulent. His face was oval, with light, large, and prominent eyes, a high forehead and aquiline nose.

He did not possess what is commonly termed genius, nor was he a man of remarkable intellectual powers. In youth, ardent and adventurous, he soon learned, under Washington, to curb his impulses, and act more from his judgment. Left to himself, he probably never would have reached any great eminence—but there could have been no better school for the fiery young republican, than the family of Washington. His affection and reverence for the latter, gradually changed his entire character. Washington was his model, and imitating his self-control and noble patriotism, he became like him in patriotism and virtue. The difference between them was the same as that between an original and a copy. Washington was a man of immense strength of character—not only strong in virtue, but in intellect and will. Everything bent before him, and the entire nation took its impress from his mind. Lafayette was strong in integrity, and nothing could shake his unalterable devotion to the welfare of man. Enthusiastically wedded to republican institutions, no temptation could induce him to seize on, or aid power which threatened to overthrow them. Although somewhat vain and conceited, he was generous, self-sacrificing, and benevolent. Few men have passed through so many and so fearful scenes as he. From a young

courtier, he passed into the self-denying, toilsome life of a general in the ill-clothed, ill-fed, and ill-disciplined American army—thence into the vortex of the French Revolution and all its horrors—thence into the gloomy prison of Olmutz. After a few years of retirement, he appeared on our shores to receive the welcome of a grateful people, and hear a nation shout his praise, and bear him from one limit of the land to another in its arms. A few years pass by, and with his gray hairs falling about his aged countenance, he stands amid the students of Paris, and sends his feeble shout of defiance to the throne of the Bourbon, and it falls. Rising more by his virtue than his intellect, he holds a prominent place in the history of France, and linked with Washington, goes down to a greater immortality than awaits any emperor or mere warrior of the human race.

His love for this country was deep and abiding. To the last his heart turned hither, and well it might:—his career of glory began on our shores—on our cause he staked his reputation, fortune, and life, and in our success received the benediction of the good the world over. That love was returned with interest, and never was a nobler exhibition of a nation's gratitude than our reception of him at his last visit. We love him for what he did for us—we revere him for his consistency to our principles amid all the chaos and revolutions of Europe; and when we cease to speak of him with affection and gratitude, we shall show ourselves unworthy of the blessings we have received at his hands. 'HONOR TO LAFAYETTE!' will ever stand inscribed on our temple of liberty until its ruins shall cover all it now contains.

## XXIII.

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### MAJOR GENERAL DE KALB.

Early serves in this Country- Comes over the second time with Lafayette—Made Major General—A secret Correspondent of the French Government—Sent South—His Bravery and Death at Camden—Eulogy of Washington—His Character.

BUT little remains to be said of this brave stranger, after the description in the first volume of the battle of Camden, where he fell nobly struggling to save the honor of our flag.

DE KALB was a German by birth, though he served so long in the armies of France, that he came here as a French officer. It was he who first introduced Lafayette to Silas Deane. Afterwards he accompanied him to this country, and his fame as an officer of experience caused him to be promoted at once to the rank of major-general. Very little is known of his early life; but he was knight of the order of military merit, and brigadier-general in the French army, when he joined our standard. According to Weems, who makes him sixty-three years old when the battle of Camden was fought, he must have been born in 1717. From remarks which he was heard to make it is evident he came to America in the French war of 1753, as a secret messenger.

of the French government. He always seemed to keep up, during the Revolution, a voluminous correspondence, all of which was written in characters or ciphers. His baggage never amounted to much, yet he was nervously sensitive about it, and invariably requested, when the army was moving, that it should be placed in the centre. This anxiety was evidently on account of his papers rather than from the value of his wardrobe. Abstemious as a hermit, drinking nothing but water, he was as fresh and hearty at sixty as most men are at forty.

He served in the American army three years; but his actions, whatever they may have been, have sunk into oblivion. When Lincoln's overthrow at Charleston opened the South to the British, he was sent with two thousand continentals to operate against them, and had he been left alone, would have given a good account of those noble troops. But Congress hurried off Gates, who immediately changed the cautious and skilful course of De Kalb, and rushed, contrary to the advice of the latter, directly into the arms of the British, and had his army cut to pieces.

In this battle, the thousand continentals under De Kalb were worthy of their leader, who put forth on that disastrous day almost superhuman energy. With his silvered locks streaming in the smoke of battle, and his loud voice ringing over the tumult, he strode amid the carnage, and did all that man could do to win the victory. Against the two thousand British veterans they stood firm as a rock, and when De Kalb saw that they were fast thinning before the superior fire to which they were exposed, and ordered them to charge

bayonets, they rolled the whole hostile army back, and all alone might have won the day, had even the American cavalry remained on the field to keep that of Tarleton in check. But having fled, the latter came thundering on the gaping ranks of those glorious Continentals, and rode them down without mercy. Then De Kalb fell, as before stated, pierced with eleven wounds. Never was the superiority of American over British troops, when equally disciplined, more apparent than in this defeat.

- He was buried near Camden, and Congress voted, though never placed, a monument over his grave. South Carolina, I believe, has since erected one—the foundation-stone of which, Lafayette on his last visit to this country, laid amid appropriate ceremonies. It is said that Washington, visiting his grave many years after his death, sighed, as he bent thoughtfully above it and exclaimed : “ So there lies the brave De Kalb ; the generous stranger, who came from a distant land to fight our battles, and to water, with his blood, the tree of our liberty. Would to God he had lived to share with us its fruits.”

Noble, generous, and frank—De Kalb had the heart of a lion, in a breast where dwelt every tender emotion. His death was a glorious one for a warrior. Fighting for liberty—he fell on the field he struggled so nobly to win ; and by his great example, honored the troops, who honored both him and their cause.

## XXIV.

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### MAJOR GENERALS THOMAS AND McDOUGALL.

JOHN THOMAS was born in Plymouth county, Mass. Little is known of his early life, but he served in the French and Indian war; and at its close was considered an able and efficient officer. Brave, yet prudent, he had such a reputation through the country, that he was looked upon by the colonies as a strong ally, when the struggle between them and the mother country commenced. At the time the battle of Bunker's Hill was fought, he was residing at Kingston. Throwing himself at once, soul and body, into the contest, he in a short time raised an entire regiment, by his own efforts, and marched to Roxbury. Here he received, first, his appointment as brigadier and then as major-general.

After the death of Montgomery he was placed over the army in Canada. Arnold and he could not agree very well, and so the former left. In the spring it became evident that Canada could not be held, and Thomas retreated to Chamblée, where he was taken with the small-pox and died.

ALEXANDER McDOUGALL was the son of a Scotchman, who used to sell milk in New York city. Just

before the Revolution, he, then a captain, wrote a pamphlet, entitled "A Son of Liberty to the Enslaved Inhabitants of the Colony of New York," which caused him to be arrested and thrown into prison, where he remained three months. He was immediately looked upon as a martyr, and the first ladies of the city flocked to visit him. At length a grand jury was packed to try him. It was proposed to try torture, to make him recant his opinions; but he declared, he would see his arm cut off at the bar of the house, before he would retract. Being acquitted, he became a prominent man, and was soon promoted in the army.\*

When Washington retired from New York, and finally drew up his forces in a strong position on White Plains, McDougall was placed over a large body of troops, and ordered to hold Chatterton's Hill—a height about half a mile south of the American right flank, and separated from it by the Bronx. On these the English commander first advanced. The troops crossed the Bronx under a heavy fire from McDougall's cannon; and though severely galled, advanced steadily up the hill, and drove the Americans from their works.

McDougall commanded in the Highlands, and was kept constantly in the field, though engaged in no important battle, except that of Germantown. He was attached to Greene's division in this engagement, and fought bravely. In 1781 he was elected member of Congress, and afterwards of the Senate of New York. He died in June, 1786, living but a few years after the establishment of our Independence.

\* Vide *Life of Hamilton*, by his son.

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## MAJOR GENERALS WOOSTER, HOWE, AND PARSONS.

DAVID WOOSTER was born in Stratford, Connecticut, March 2d, 1710, and hence was an old man when the Revolutionary war commenced.<sup>1</sup> He graduated at Yale College, in 1738, and the next year, when the Spanish war broke out, was made first lieutenant, and afterwards captain of a vessel, fitted out to guard the coast. In the expedition against Louisburg, in 1745, he served as captain, and was distinguished for his intrepidity. Selected as one of the American officers, to take charge of a cartel ship for France and England, he sailed for the former country, but not being permitted to land, went to England. Here he received great attention, and was presented to the king, and became a favorite at court.

In the war of 1756, Wooster was appointed colonel, and afterwards brigadier-general, in the English service. At its close, he embarked in mercantile business, and was quietly descending the declivity of life, when the collision took place between Great Britain and her colonies. Though an officer in the British army, and collector of his majesty's customs in New Haven, he enlisted warmly in our cause. It is said the expedi

tion against Ticonderoga, and the forts on Lake Champlain, was first suggested by him and a few others, who held themselves personally responsible for the money necessary to carry it out.

In 1775, he was appointed brigadier-general in the continental army, and the next year went into Canada. After our army was beaten back, and evacuated the provinces, he returned to his native State, and was appointed major-general of the State militia—he never held this rank in the regular army.

I have already spoken, in my sketch of Arnold, of the gallant behavior of Wooster, when the British attacked Danbury, and of his heroic death at the head of his followers. The old man, then sixty-seven years of age, led on the militia in person, and while endeavoring to encourage them to advance in the volleys before which they recoiled, was himself struck by a ball, and mortally wounded. He lived but a short time; and his last words were, that he hoped and believed his country would gain her independence. Noble old man! but he sleeps among a recreant people, for no monument rises above his ashes.

MAJOR GENERAL HOWE was from North Carolina—but of his birth, and the part he took in the war, I have been able to ascertain but little. He commanded the troops in Savannah at the time it was taken by the British, and was not considered much of a soldier or officer. He afterwards commanded in the Highlands, and was one of the major-generals who composed the court-martial which tried Andre. He seems to have effected but little in military matters, and was probably one of those numerous appointments made out by Con-

gress, to satisfy local feeling, rather than from any fitness of the person for the office.

SAMUEL H. PARSONS was the son of Rev. Jonathan Parsons, of Newburyport. He graduated at Harvard, in 1756; and established himself as a lawyer, in New London county, Connecticut. He was a firm supporter of the cause of the colonies, and devoted all his great powers to the interests of freedom. When the war commenced he threw aside his legal profession, and took the sword. He entered the army as lieutenant-colonel; and though engaged in no important battles, by the skill and energy he showed in his station, soon rose to the rank of major-general. After the peace, he was sent as commissioner to treat with the Indians northwest of the Ohio; and when that country was created into a territorial government, received the appointment of first judge, and removed to Marietta, Ohio. He was drowned in crossing the Great Beaver Creek, near Pittsburgh, November 17th, 1789.

Parsons is another of those generals whose services are not to be measured by the battles they fought. They hold a prominent place in the military *history* of our country, though not so conspicuous in its military scenes. General Parsons was a man of strong intellect—a stanch patriot, and rendered his country great service. The name is one of the first in New England.

## XXVI

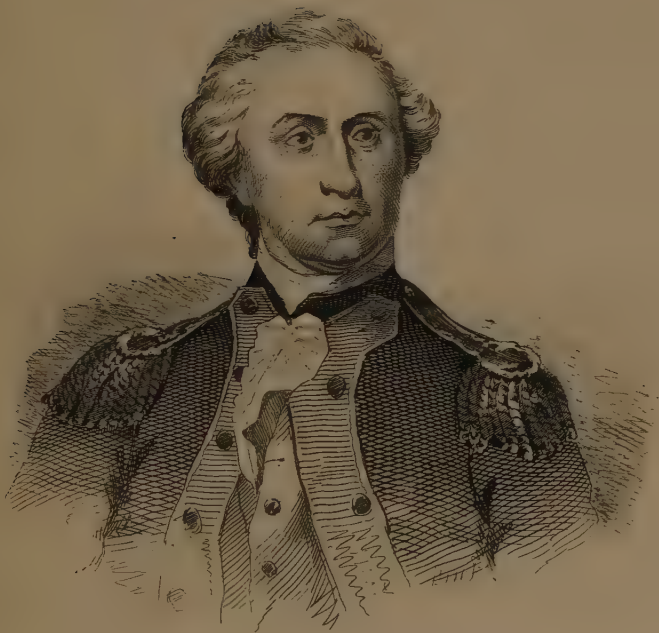
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### COMMODORE PAUL JONES.

Our Navy at the commencement of the Revolution—Birth and early Life of Paul Jones—First Cruise in the Alfred—Commands the Providence—Cruise in the Ranger—Bold Attack on Whitehaven—Battle with the Drake—Prayer of Mr. Shirra—Bloody Engagement with the Serapis—Wreck of the Ariel—Enters the Russian Service—Crosses the Baltic in an open boat—Adventures in the Black Sea—His death and Character.

As it was my design in the present work to illustrate *all* the great features of the Revolution, without going into a detailed history, it seems hardly just to leave out altogether our embryo navy. Marion, though only a state brigadier, is introduced to illustrate our partisan warfare, and PAUL JONES is now added, to bring within the survey, that portion of the struggle which took place on the water, and thus complete the panorama of the Revolution. This departure from my original plan, may detract somewhat from the unity of the work, but I trust it will more than compensate for it in the extent of the field it embraces.

It is impossible to do justice to all the brave men who commanded our national vessels during the Revolution; and hence I have chosen Jones, around whom, perhaps, more interest gathers than any other, to stand as a representative of all.



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PAULSONS



At the outset, Ezekiel Hopkins was appointed commander-in-chief of our naval forces, and hence ranked as commodore ; but after his first cruise he was censured by Congress, and dismissed from service. Captain Nicholson then became the senior officer, but ranked only as captain. In 1776 we had twenty-six vessels, great and small. The number afterwards became reduced, but the activity and energy of this little fleet may be gathered from the fact, that during the first two years of the war, it captured eight hundred English merchantmen.\*

Among the commanders were many who distinguished themselves greatly. Captain Barry was as brave an officer as ever fought a ship. In the *Raleigh* of thirty-two guns, he was attacked by a fleet of British vessels ; and after endeavoring in vain to escape, closed desperately in with the most forward of his antagonists, hoping to carry her by boarding, before the other vessels could come up. Failing in this, he boldly ran his ship ashore, and leaping overboard, with eighty-five men, reached a barren and rocky island. In 1781, then in the *Alliance*, he attacked two English vessels ; and, after a hot engagement, was wounded and carried below. While his wound was dressing, one of his lieutenants came and asked, whether they should surrender ? “ *No,*” exclaimed the intrepid commander ; “ *if the ship can’t be fought without me, I will be carried on deck.*” This reply inspired the men, and both vessels were captured. The next year he extricated himself and his consort, the *Luzerne*, from a whole British squadron, with unsurpassed skill and bravery.

\* Vide Cooper’s Naval History.

He was an officer of great qualities, and did the country good service.

JOSHUA BARNEY was another gallant officer. His capture of the *Monk*—a ship larger than his own the *Hyder Ally*—right in the presence of other vessels, was one of the most brilliant things in our naval history. His deeds, however, belong to the historian of the war of 1812, in which he served as commodore.

JAMES NICHOLSON, the senior officer before mentioned, was an equally able, though less successful commander. He was placed over the *Virginia* of 28 guns, in 1776; but his vessel being soon after blockaded, he joined Washington's army with his crew, and led them into action at Trenton. He afterwards took command of the *Trumbull*. With this vessel he fought the *Watt*, of superior force; and for two hours and a half, lay directly abeam of her, and within musket-shot, pouring in broadside after broadside with terrible effect. The loss of his spars alone prevented him from capturing the enemy. In 1781, after fighting against the most desperate odds, he was compelled to surrender.

The name of such officers as Manly, Harding, Bidle, Robinson, Alexander, Williams, Truxton, Murray, Young, and Dale, can only be mentioned. Some of them rose to high rank afterwards in the navy.

Our first ships were bold cruisers, and in almost every instance, were fought by their commanders with great resolution and bravery.

PAUL JONES, or John Paul, was born July 6th, 1747, in Kirkbean, Leith, Scotland, and was the son of a poor gardener, on the estate of Arbigland. The name of Jones was entirely assumed, though for what purpose is not

stated. It was probably affixed to render him unknown to his friends in Scotland, who might regard him as a traitor, if they knew he was fighting against his country. At all events, he rendered his new name immortal, and the real name, John Paul, is sunk in that of Paul Jones. By a large class of men he is regarded as a sort of freebooter turned patriot—an adventurer to whom the American war was a God-send, in that it kept him from being a pirate. But nothing could be farther from the truth. He was an adventurer, it is true, as all men are who are compelled to make their own fortunes in the world; and had all the boldness and rashness which are necessary to success in military life. Born by the sea-shore, where the tide heaves up the Solway—living on a promontory, whose abrupt sides allowed vessels to approach almost against the shore—surrounded by romantic scenery, and with the words of sea-faring men constantly ringing in his ear, he naturally, at an early age, abandoned his employment as gardener, and became a sailor. Independent of the associations in which he was placed leading to such a course of life, he was of that poetic, romantic temperament, which always builds gorgeous structures in the future. No boy, with a fancy like that of Paul Jones, could be content to live the hum-drum life of a gardener's son. To him this great world presents too wide a field, and opens too many avenues to fame, to be lightly abandoned, and he launches forth with a strong arm and a resolute spirit to hew his way among his fellows.

Paul was but twelve or fourteen years of age when he was received, as a sailor, on board the ship *Friend-*

ship, bound to Rappahannock, Virginia. Thus early were his footsteps directed towards our shores, by which his whole future career was shaped. The young sailor, by his skill and industry, was soon promoted to the rank of third mate, second mate, first mate, supercargo, and finally captain. Thus he continued roaming the sea till he was twenty-six years of age, when, a brother of his, a Virginia planter, having died intestate, without children, he took charge of the estate for the family, and spent two years on the land.

In 1775, when the American Revolution broke out, the young Scotchman commenced his brilliant career. His offer to Congress, to serve in the navy, was accepted, and he was appointed first lieutenant in the *Alfred*. As the commander-in-chief of the squadron came on board, Jones unfurled the national flag—the first time its folds were ever given to the breeze. What that flag was, strange as it may seem, no record or tradition can certainly tell. It was not the stars and the stripes, for they were not adopted till two years after. The generally received opinion is, that it was a pine tree, with a rattlesnake coiled at the roots, as if about to spring, and underneath, the motto, “Don’t tread on me.” At all events, it unrolled to the breeze, and waved over as gallant a young officer as ever trod a quarter-deck. If the flag bore such a symbol, it was most appropriate to Jones, for no serpent was ever more ready to strike than he. Fairly afloat—twenty-nine years of age—healthy—well knit, though of light and slender frame—a commissioned officer in the American navy—the young gardener saw, with joy, the shores receding as the fleet steered for the Bahama

Isles. A skillful seaman—at home on the deck, and a bold and daring man—he could not but distinguish himself, in whatever circumstances he might be placed. The result of this expedition was the capture of *New Providence*, with a hundred cannon, and an abundance of military stores. It came near failing, through the bungling management of the commander-in-chief, and would have done so, but for the perseverance and daring of *Paul Jones*.

As the fleet was returning home, he had an opportunity to try himself in battle. The *Glasgow*, an English ship, was chased by the whole squadron, yet escaped. During the running fight, *Jones* commanded the lower battery of the *Alfred*, and exhibited that coolness and daring which afterwards so characterized him.

Soon after, he was transferred to the sloop *Providence*, and ordered to put to sea on a six weeks' cruise. It required no ordinary skill or boldness to keep this little sloop hovering amid the enemy's cruisers, and yet avoid capture. Indeed, his short career seemed about to end, for he found himself, one day, chased by the English frigate *Solebay*; and despite of every exertion overhauled, so that at the end of four hours, his vessel was brought within musket-shot of the enemy, whose heavy cannon kept thundering against him. Gallantly returning the fire with his light guns, *Jones*, though there seemed no chance of escape, still kept his flag flying, and saved himself by his extraordinary seamanship. Finding himself lost in the course he was pursuing, he gradually worked his little vessel off till he got the *Solebay* on his weather quarter, when he

suddenly exclaimed, "Up helm," to the steersman, and setting every sail that would draw, stood dead before the wind, bearing straight down on the English frigate, and passing within pistol-shot of her. Before the enemy could recover his surprise at this bold and unexpected manœuvre, or bring his ship into the same position, Jones was showing him a clean pair of heels. His little sloop could outsail the frigate, before the wind, and he bore proudly away.

He soon after had another encounter with the English frigate Milford. He was lying to, near the Isle of Sable, fishing, when the Milford hove in sight. Immediately putting his ship in trim, he tried the relative speed of the two vessels, and finding that he could out-sail his antagonist, let him approach. The Englishman kept rounding to as he advanced, and pouring his broadsides on the sloop, but at such a distance that not a shot told. Thus Jones kept irritating his more powerful enemy, keeping him at just such a distance as to make his firing ridiculous. Still it was a hazardous experiment, for a single chance shot, crashing through his rigging, might have reduced his speed so much as to prevent his escape. But to provoke the Englishman still more, Jones, as he walked quietly away, ordered one of his men to return each of the enemy's broadsides with a single musket-shot. This insulting treatment made a perfect farce of the whole chase, and must have enraged the commander of the Milford beyond measure.

He continued cruising about, and at the end of forty-seven days sailed into Newport with sixteen prizes. He next planned an expedition against Cape Breton,

to break up the fisheries; and, though he did not wholly succeed, he returned to Boston in about a month, with four prizes, and a hundred and fifty prisoners. The clothing on its way to the Canada troops, which he captured, came very opportunely for the destitute soldiers of the American army. During this expedition Jones had command of the *Alfred*, but was superseded on his return, and put again on board his old sloop, the *Providence*. This was the commencement of a series of unjust acts on the part of our government towards him, which as yet could not break away from English example, and make brave deeds the only road to rank. It insisted, according to the old continental rule, with which Bonaparte made such wild work, on giving the places of trust to the sons of distinguished gentlemen. Jones remonstrated against this injustice, and pressed the government so closely with his importunities and complaints, that, to get rid of him, it sent him to Boston to select and fit out a ship for himself. In the meantime, he recommended measures to government, respecting the organizing and strengthening of the navy, which show him to have been the most enlightened naval officer in our service, and that his sound and comprehensive views were equal to his bravery. Most of his suggestions were adopted, and the foundation of the American navy laid.

Soon after, (June, 1777,) he was given command of the *Ranger*, and informed in his commission, that the flag of the United States was to be thirteen stripes, and the union thirteen stars on a blue field, representing a new constellation in the heavens. With joy he

hoisted this new flag, and put to sea in his badly-equipped vessel—steering for France, where he was, by order of his government, to take charge of a large vessel, there to be purchased for him by the American Commissioners. Failing in this enterprise, he again set sail in the *Ranger*, and steered for Quiberon Bay. Here, passing through the French fleet, with his brig, he obtained a national salute, the first ever given our colors. Having had the honor first to hoist our flag on the water, and the first to hear the guns of a powerful nation thunder forth their recognition of it, he again put to sea, and boldly entered the Irish Channel, capturing several prizes.

#### ATTACK ON WHITEHAVEN.

Steering for the Isle of Man, he planned an expedition which illustrates the boldness and daring that characterized him. He determined to burn the shipping in Whitehaven, in retaliation for the injuries inflicted on our coast by English ships. More than three hundred vessels lay in this port, protected by two batteries, composed of thirty pieces of artillery, while eighty rods distant was a strong fort. To enter a port so protected, and filled with shipping, with a single brig, and apply the torch, under the very muzzles of the cannon, was an act unrivalled in daring. But Jones seemed to delight in these reckless deeds—there appeared to be a sort of witchery about danger to him, and the greater it was, the more enticing it became. Once, when government was making arrangements to furnish him with a ship, he urged the neces-

sity of giving him a good one, "for," said he "*I intend to go in harm's way.*" This was true, and he generally managed to carry out his intentions.

It was about midnight, on the 22d of April, (1778,) when Jones stood boldly in to the port of Whitehaven. Having got sufficiently near, he took two boats and thirty-one men, and rowed noiselessly away from his gallant little ship. He commanded one boat in person, and took upon himself the task of securing the batteries. With a mere handful of men he scaled the breastwork, seized the sentinel on duty before he could give the alarm, and rushing forward took the astonished soldiers prisoners, and spiked the cannon. Then leaving Lieutenant Wallingsford to fire the shipping, he hastened forward with *only one man* to take the fort. All was silent as he approached, and boldly entering, he spiked every cannon, and then hurried back to his little band. He was surprised, as he approached, not to see the shipping in a blaze; and demanded of his lieutenant, why he had not fulfilled his orders. The latter replied that his light had gone out; but he evidently did not like his mission, and purposely neglected to obey orders. Everything had been managed badly, and to his mortification he saw the day beginning to dawn, and his whole plan, at the moment when it promised complete success, overturned. The people, rousing from their slumbers, saw with alarm a band of men with half-burnt candles in their hands standing on the pier—and assembled in crowds. Jones, however, refused to depart, and indignant at the failure of the expedition, entered alone a large ship, and coolly sat down and kindled a fire in the steerage. He then

hunted about for a barrel of tar, which having found, he poured it over the flames. The blaze shot up around the lofty spars, and wreathed the rigging in their spiral folds, casting a baleful light over the town. The terrified inhabitants seeing the flames shoot heavenward, rushed towards the wharves; but Jones posted himself by the entrance to the ship, with a cocked pistol in his hand, threatening to shoot the first who should approach. They hesitated a moment, and then turned and fled. Gazing a moment on the burning ship and the panic-struck multitude, he entered his boat, and leisurely rowed back to the *Ranger*, that sat like a sea-gull on the water. The bright sun had now risen, and was bathing the land and sea in its light, revealing to the inhabitants the little craft that had so boldly entered their waters; and they hastened to their fort to open their cannon upon it. To their astonishment they found them spiked. They, however, got possession of two guns, which they began to fire; but the shot fell so wide of the mark, that the sailors, in contempt, fired back their pistols.

The expedition had failed through the inefficiency of his men, and especially one deserter, who remained behind to be called the "Saviour of Whitehaven;" but it showed to England that her own coast was not safe from the hand of the spoiler; and that the torch she carried into our ports might be hurled into hers also. In carrying it out, Jones exhibited a daring and coolness never surpassed by any man. The only drawback to it was, that it occurred in the neighborhood of his birth-place, and amid the hallowed associations of his childhood. One would think that the familiar hill-

tops and mountain ranges, and the thronging memories they would bring back on the bold rover, would have sent him to other portions of the coast to inflict distress. It speaks badly for the man's sensibilities, though so well for his courage.

He next entered Kirkcudbright Bay in a single boat, for the purpose of taking Lord Selkirk prisoner. The absence of the nobleman alone prevented his success.

## BATTLE WITH THE DRAKE.

The next day, as he was off Carrickfergus, he saw the Drake, an English ship of war, working slowly out of harbor to go in pursuit of his vessel, that was sending such consternation along the Scottish coast. Five small vessels, filled with citizens, accompanied her part of the way. A heavy tide was setting landward, and the vessel made feeble headway; but at length she made her last tack, and stretched boldly out into the channel. The Ranger, when she first saw the Drake coming out of the harbor, ran down to meet her, and then lay to till the latter had cleared the port. She then filled away, and stood out into the centre of the channel. The Drake had, in volunteers and all, a crew of a hundred and sixty men, besides carrying two guns more than the Ranger. She also belonged to the regular British navy, while Jones had a crew imperfectly organized, and but partially used to the discipline of a vessel of war. He, however, saw with delight his formidable enemy approach, and when the latter hailed him, asking what ship it was, he replied: "The

American continental ship Ranger ! We are waiting for you—come on !”

Alarm fires were burning along both shores, and the hill-tops were covered with spectators, witnessing the meeting of these two ships. The sun was only an hour high, and as the blazing fire-ball stooped to the western wave, Jones commenced the attack. Steering directly across the enemy's bow, he poured in a deadly broadside, which was promptly returned ; and the two ships moved gallantly away, side by side, while broadside after broadside thundered over the deep. Within close musket-shot they continued to sweep slowly and sternly onward for an hour, wreathed in smoke, while the incessant crash of timbers on board the Drake told how terrible was the American's fire. First, her fore and main-topsails were carried away—then the yards began to tumble, one after another ; until at length her ensign, fallen also, dragged in the water. Jones kept pouring in his destructive broadsides, which the Drake answered, but with less effect ; while the topmen of the Ranger made fearful havoc amid the dense crew of the enemy. As the last sunlight was leaving its farewell on the distant mountain-tops, the commander of the Drake fell, shot through the head with a musket-ball, and the British flag was lowered to the stripes and stars—a ceremony which, in after years, became quite common.

Jones returned with his prizes to Paris, and offered his services to France. In hopes of getting command of a larger vessel, he gave up the Ranger, but soon had cause to regret it, for he was left for a long time without employment. He had been promised the In

dian ; and the Prince of Nassau, pleased by the daring of Jones, had promised to accompany him as a volunteer. But this fell through, together with many other projects, and but for the firm friendship of Franklin, he would have fared but poorly in the French capital. After a long series of annoyances and disappointments, he at length obtained command of a vessel, which, out of respect to Franklin, he named "The Bon Homme Richard," "The Poor Richard." With seven ships in all—a snug little squadron for Jones, had the different commanders been subordinate—he set sail from France, and steered for the coast of Ireland. The want of proper subordination was soon made manifest, for in a week's time the vessels, one after another, parted company, to cruise by themselves, till Jones had with him but the Alliance, Pallas, and Vengeance. In a tremendous storm he bore away, and after several days of gales and heavy seas, approached the shore of Scotland. Taking several prizes near the Frith of Forth, he ascertained that a twenty-four gun ship, and two cutters were in the roads. These he determined to cut out, and, landing at Leith, lay the town under contribution. The inhabitants supposed his little fleet to be English vessels in pursuit of Paul Jones ; and a member of Parliament, a wealthy man in the place, sent off a boat, requesting powder and balls to defend himself, as he said, against the "pirate Paul Jones." Jones very politely sent back the bearer with a barrel of powder, expressing his regrets that he had no shot to spare. Soon after, in his pompous, inflated manner, he summoned the town to surrender ; but the wind blowing steadily off the land he could not approach with his vessel.

At length, however, the wind changed, and the Richard stood boldly in for the snore. The inhabitants as they saw her bearing steadily up towards the place were filled with terror, and ran hither and thither in affright; but the good minister, Rev. Mr. Shirra, assembled his flock on the beach, to pray the Lord to deliver them from their enemies. He was an eccentric man, one of the quaintest of the quaint old Scotch divines, so that his prayers, even in those days, were often quoted for their oddity and even roughness.

Whether the following prayer is literally true or not, it is difficult to tell, but there is little doubt that the invocation of the excited eccentric old man was sufficiently odd. It is said that, having gathered his congregation on the beach in full sight of the vessel, which, under a press of canvas, was making a long tack that brought her close to the town, he knelt down on the sand, and thus began: "Now, dear Lord, dinna ye think it a shame for ye to send this vile pirate to rob our folk o' Kirkaldy; for ye ken they're puir enow already, and hae naething to spare. The way the wind blaws he'll be here in a jiffy, and wha kens what he may do? He's nae too good for onything. Mickle's the mischief he has done already. He'll burn their houses, tak their very claes, and tirl them to the sark. And waes me! wha kens but the bluidy villain might take their lives! The puir weemen are maist frightened out o' their wits, and the bairns skirling after them. I canna think of it! I canna think of it! I hae been long a faithful servant to ye Lord; but gin ye dinna turn the wind about, and blaw the scoundrel out of our gate I'll nae stir a foot; but will just sit here till the tide

comes. Sae tak ye'r will o't." To the no little astonishment of the good people, a fierce gale at that moment began to blow, which sent one of Jones's prizes ashore, and forced him to stand out to sea. This fixed forever the reputation of good Mr. Shirra; and he did not himself wholly deny that he believed his intercessions brought on the gale, for whenever his parishioners spoke of it to him, he always replied, "I prayed, but the Lord sent the wind."\*

## DESPERATE COMBAT WITH THE SERAPIS.

Stretching from thence along the English coast, Jones cruised about for a while, and at length fell in with the Alliance, which had parted company with him a short time previous. With this vessel, the Pallas and Vengeance—making, with the Richard, four ships, he stood to the north; when, on the afternoon of September 23d, 1779, he saw a fleet of forty-one sail hugging the coast. This was the Baltic fleet, under the convoy of the Serapis, of forty-one guns, and the Countess of Scarborough, of twenty guns. Jones immediately issued his orders to form line of battle, while with his ship he gave chase. The convoy scattered like wild pigeons, and ran for the shore, to place themselves under the protection of a fort, but the two war-ships advanced to the conflict.

It was a beautiful day, the wind was light, so that not a wave broke the smooth surface of the sea—and all was smiling and tranquil on land, as the hostile forces slowly approached each other. The piers of

\* Vide Mackenzie's Life of Paul Jones.

Scarborough were crowded with spectators, and the old promontory of Flamborough, over three miles distant, was black with the multitude assembled to witness the engagement. The breeze was so light that the vessels approached each other slowly, as if reluctant to come to the mortal struggle, and mar that placid scene and that beautiful evening with the sound of battle. It was a thrilling spectacle, those bold ships with their sails all set, moving sternly up to each other. At length the cloudless sun sunk behind the hills, and twilight deepened over the waters. The next moment the full round moon pushed its broad disc above the horizon, and shed a flood of light over the tranquil waters, bathing in her soft beams the white sails that now seemed like gently moving clouds on the deep.

The Pallas stood for the Countess of Scarborough, while the Alliance, after having also come within range, withdrew and took up a position where she could safely contemplate the fight. Paul Jones, now in his element, paced the deck to and fro, impatient for the contest; and at length approached within pistol-shot of the Serapis. The latter was a new ship, with an excellent crew, and throwing, with every broadside, seventy-five pounds more than the Richard. Jones, however, rated this lightly, and with his old, half-worn out merchantman, closed fearlessly with his powerful antagonist. As he approached the latter, Captain Pearson hailed him with "What ship is that?" "I can't hear what you say," was the reply. "What ship is that?" rung back, "answer immediately, or I shall fire into you." A shot from the Richard was the significant answer and immediately both vessels opened their broadsides

Two of the three old eighteen-pounders of the *Richard* burst at the first fire, and Jones was compelled to close the lower deck ports, which were not opened again during the action. This was an ominous beginning, for it reduced the force of the *Richard* to one-third below that of the *Serapis*. The broadsides now became rapid, presenting a strange spectacle to the people on shore—the flashes of the guns amid the cloud of smoke, followed by the roar that shook the coast, the dim moonlight, serving to but half-reveal the struggling vessels, conspired to render it one of terror and of dread. The two vessels kept moving alongside, constantly crossing each other's track; now passing each other's bow, and now the stern; pouring in such terrific broadsides as made both friend and foe stagger. Thus fighting and manœuvring, they swept onward, until at length the *Richard* got foul of the *Serapis*, and Jones gave orders to board. His men were repulsed, and Captain Pearson hailed him to know if he had struck. "I have not yet begun to fight," was the short and stern reply of Jones; and backing his topsails, while the *Serapis* kept full, the vessels parted, and again came alongside, and broadside answered broadside with fearful effect. But Jones soon saw that this mode of fighting would not answer. The superiority of the enemy in weight of metal gave him great advantage in this heavy cannonading; especially as his vessel was old and rotten, while every timber in that of his antagonist was new and stanch; and so he determined to throw himself aboard of the enemy. In doing this, he fell off farther than he intended, and his vessel catching a moment by the jibboom of the *Serapis*, carried it away, and the two ships

swung close alongside of each other, head and stern the muzzles of the guns touching. Jones immediately ordered them to be lashed together ; and in his eagerness to secure them, helped with his own hands to tie the lashings. Captain Pearson did not like this close fighting, for it destroyed all the advantage his superior sailing and heavier guns gave him, and so let drop an anchor to swing his ship apart. But the two vessels were firmly clenched in the embrace of death ; for, added to all the lashings, a spare anchor of the *Serapis* had hooked the quarter of the *Richard*, so that when the former obeyed her cable, and swung round to the tide, the latter swung also. Finding that he could not unlock the desperate embrace in which his foe had clasped him, the Englishman again opened his broadsides. The action then became terrific ; the guns touched muzzles—and the gunners, in ramming home their cartridges, were compelled frequently to thrust their ramrods into the enemy's ports. Never before had an English commander met such a foeman nor fought such a battle. The timbers rent at every explosion ; and huge gaps opened in the sides of each vessel, while they trembled at each discharge as if in the mouth of a volcano. With his heaviest guns bursted, and part of his deck blown up, Jones still kept up this unequal fight, with a bravery unparalleled in naval warfare. He, with his own hands, helped to work the guns ; and blackened with powder and smoke, moved about among his men with the stern expression never to yield, written on his delicate features in lines not to be mistaken. To compensate for the superiority of the enemy's guns, he had to discharge his own with

greater rapidity, so that after a short time they became so hot that they bounded like mad creatures in their fastenings; and at every discharge the gallant ship trembled like a smitten ox, from keelson to crosstrees, and heeled over till her yard-arms almost swept the water. In the meantime his topmen did terrible execution. Hanging amid the rigging, they dropped hand-grenades on the enemy's decks with fatal precision. One daring fellow walked out on the end of the yard with a bucket full of these missiles in his hand, and hurling them below, finally set fire to a heap of cartridges. The blaze and explosion which followed, were terrific—arms and legs went heavenward together, and nearly sixty men were killed or wounded by this sudden blow. They succeeded at length in driving most of the enemy below decks. The battle then presented a singular aspect—Jones made the upper deck of the *Serapis* too hot for her crew, while the latter tore his lower decks so dreadfully with her broadsides, that his men could not remain there a moment. Thus they fought, one above and the other beneath, the blood in the meantime flowing in rills over the decks of both. Ten times was the *Serapis* on fire, and as often were the flames extinguished. Never did a man struggle braver than the English commander, but a still braver heart opposed him. At this juncture the *Alliance* came up, and instead of pouring her broadsides into the *Serapis*, hurled them against the *Poor Richard*—now poor indeed! Jones was in a transport of rage, but he could not help himself.

In this awful crisis, fighting by the light of the guns, for the smoke had shut out that of the moon, the gunner

and carpenter both rushed up, declaring the ship was sinking. The shot-holes which had pierced the hull of the *Richard* between wind and water had already sunk below the surface, and the water was pouring in like a torrent. The carpenter ran to pull down the colors, which were still flying amid the smoke of battle, while the gunner cried, "Quarter, for God's sake, quarter." Still keeping up this cry, Jones hurled a pistol, which he had just fired at the enemy, at his head, which fractured his skull, and sent him headlong down the hatchway. Captain Pearson hailed to know if he had struck, and was answered by Jones with a "No," accompanied by an oath, that told that, if he could do no better, he would go down, with his colors flying. The master-at-arms, hearing the gunner's cry, and thinking the ship was going to the bottom, released a hundred English prisoners into the midst of the confusion. One of these, passing through the fire to his own ship, told Captain Pearson that the *Richard* was sinking, and if he would hold out a few moments longer, she must go down. Imagine the condition of Jones at this moment—with every battery silenced, except the one at which he still stood unshaken, his ship gradually settling beneath him, a hundred prisoners swarming his deck, and his own consort raking him with her broadsides, his last hope seemed about to expire. Still he would not yield. His officers urged him to surrender, while cries of quarter arose on every side. Undismayed and resolute to the last, he ordered the prisoners to the pumps, declaring if they refused to work he would take them to the bottom with him. Thus making panic fight panic, he continued the conflict. The spectacle

at this moment was awful—both vessels looked like wrecks, and both were on fire. The flames shot heavenward around the masts of the *Serapis*, and at length, at half-past ten, she struck. For a time, the inferior officers did not know which had yielded, such a perfect tumult had the fight become. For three hours and a half had this incessant cannonade, within yard-arm and yard-arm of each other, continued, piling three hundred dead and wounded men on those shattered decks. Nothing but the courage, and stern resolution of Jones never to surrender, saved him from defeat.

When the morning dawned, the *Bon Homme Richard* presented a most deplorable appearance—she lay a complete wreck on the sea, riddled through, and literally stove to pieces. There were six feet of water in the hold, while above she was on fire in two places. Jones put forth every effort to save the vessel in which he had won such renown, but in vain. He kept her afloat all the following day and night, but next morning she was found to be going. The waves rolled through her—she swayed from side to side, like a dying man—then gave a lurch forward, and went down head foremost. Jones stood on the deck of the English ship, and watched her as he would a dying friend, and finally, with a swelling heart, saw her last mast disappear, and the eddying waves close, with a rushing sound, over her as she sunk with the dead, who had so nobly fallen on her decks. They could have wished no better coffin or burial.

Captain Pearson was made a knight, for the bravery with which he had defended his ship. When it was told to Jones, he wittily remarked, that if he ever

caught him at sea again he would make a lord of him.

Landais, of the Alliance, who had evidently designed to destroy Jones, then take the English vessel and claim the honor of the victory, was disgraced for his conduct. Franklin could not conceal his joy at the result of the action, and received the heroic Jones with transport.

The remainder of this year was one of annoyance to Jones. Landais continued to give him trouble, and the French government constantly put him off in his requests to be furnished with a ship. But at length the Alliance, which had borne such a disgraceful part in the engagement with the Serapis, was placed under his command, and he determined to return to America. But he lay wind-bound for some time in the Texel, while an English squadron guarded the entrance of the port. During this delay he was subject to constant annoyances from the Dutch Admiral of the port. The latter inquired whether his vessel was French or American; and demanded, if it was French, that he should hoist the national colors, and if American, that he should leave immediately. Jones would bear no flag but that of his adopted country, and promised to depart, notwithstanding the presence of the English squadron watching for him, the moment the wind would permit. At length, losing all patience with the conduct of the Dutch Admiral, he coolly sent word to him that, although he commanded a sixty-four, if the two vessels were out to sea, his insolence would not be tolerated a moment.

The wind finally shifting, he hoisted sail, and with the

stripes floating in the breeze, stood fearlessly out of the harbor. With his usual good luck, he escaped the vigilance of the English squadron, cleared the channel, and with all his sails set, and under a "staggering breeze," stretched away towards the Spanish coast. Nothing of consequence occurred during this cruise, and the next year we find him again in Paris, and in hot water respecting the infamous Landais, whom Arthur Lee, one of the American commissioners at Paris, presumed to favor. At length, however, he was appointed to the *Ariel*, and ordered to leave for America with military stores. In the meantime, however, the French king had presented him a magnificent sword, and bestowed on him the cross of military merit.

On the 7th of September he finally put to sea, but had hardly left the coast when the wind changed, and began to blow a hurricane. Jones attempted to stretch northward, and clear the land, but in vain. He found himself close on a reef of rocks, and unable to carry a rag of canvas. So fierce was the wind, that although blowing simply on the naked spars and deck, it buried the ship waist deep in the sea, and she rolled so heavily, that her yards would frequently be under water. Added to all the horrors of his position she began to leak badly, while the pumps would not work. Jones heaved the lead with his own hand, and found that he was rapidly shoaling water. There seemed now no way of escape; yet as a last feeble hope he let go an anchor; but so fierce and wild were the wind and sea, that it did not even bring the ship's head to, and she kept driving broadside towards the rocks. Cable after cable was spliced on, yet still she surged

heavily landward. He then cut away the foremast, when the anchor, probably catching in a rock, brough, the ship round. That good anchor held like the hand of fate, and though the vessel jerked at every blow of the billows, as if she would wrench everything apart, yet still she lay chained amid the chaos of waters. At length the mainmast fell with a crash against the mizenmast, carrying that away also, and the poor Ariel, swept to her decks, lay a complete wreck on the waves. In this position she acted like a mad creature, chained by the head to a ring that no power can sunder. She leaped, and plunged, and rolled from side to side, as if striving with all her untamed energy to rend the link that bound her, and madly rush on the rocks, over which the foam rose like the spray from the foot of a cataract. For two days and three nights did Jones thus meet the full terror of the tempest. At last it abated, and he was enabled to return to port. The coast was strewn with wrecks, and the escape of the Ariel seemed almost a miracle. But Jones was one of those fortunate beings, who, though ever seeking the storm and the tumult, are destined finally to die in their beds.

Early the next year he reached Philadelphia, and received a vote of thanks from Congress. After vexatious delays in his attempts to get the command of a large vessel he at length joined the French fleet in its expedition to the West Indies. Peace soon after being proclaimed, he returned to France, and failing in a projected expedition to the Northwest coast, sailed again for the United States. Congress voted him a gold medal, and he was treated with distinction where-

ever he went. Failing again in his efforts to get command of a large vessel, he returned to France. Years had now passed away, and Jones was forty years of age. He had won an imperishable name, and the renown of his deeds been spread throughout the world. The title of chevalier had been given him by the French king, and he was at an age when it might be supposed he would repose on his laurels.

But Russia, then at war with Turkey, sought his services, and made brilliant offers, which he at last accepted, and prepared to depart for St. Petersburg. On reaching Stockholm he found the Gulf of Bothnia so blocked with ice that it was impossible to cross it; but impatient to be on his way, he determined to sail round the ice, to the southward, in the open Baltic. Hiring an open boat, about thirty feet long, he started on his perilous expedition. Knowing that the boatmen would refuse to accompany him, if made acquainted with his desperate plan, he kept them in ignorance until he got fairly out to sea, then drew his pistol, and told them to stretch away into the Baltic. The poor fellows, placed between Scylla and Charybdis, obeyed, and the frail craft was soon tossing in the darkness. Escaping every danger, he at length on the fourth day reached Revel, and set off for Petersburg, amid the astonishment of the people, who looked upon his escape as almost miraculous. He was received with honor by the Empress, who immediately conferred on him the rank of rear-admiral. A brilliant career now seemed before him. Nobles and foreign ambassadors thronged his residence, and there appeared no end to the wonder his adventurous life had created. He soon after departed for the Black Sea, and

took command of a squadron under the direction of Prince Potemkin, the former lover of the Empress, and the real Czar of Russia. Jones fought gallantly under this haughty prince, but at length, disgusted with the annoyances to which he was subjected, he came to an open quarrel, and finally returned to St. Petersburg. Here he for a while fell into disgrace, on account of some unjust accusations against his moral character; but finally, through Count Segur, the French ambassador, was restored to favor.

In 1792 he was taken sick at Paris, and gradually declined. He had been making strenuous efforts in behalf of the American prisoners in Algiers, but never lived to see his benevolent plans carried out. On the 18th of July, 1792, he made his will, and his friends, after witnessing it, bade him good evening and departed. His physician coming soon after, perceived his chair vacant; and, going to his bed, found him stretched upon it dead. A few days after, a dispatch was received from the United States, appointing him commissioner to treat with Algiers for the ransom of the American prisoners in captivity there. The National Assembly of France decreed that twelve of its members should assist at the funeral ceremonies of "Admiral Paul Jones," and a eulogium was pronounced over his tomb.

Thus died Paul Jones, at the age of forty-five—leaving a name that shall live as long as the American navy rides the sea.

## HIS CHARACTER.

In person Jones was slight, being only five feet and a half high. A stoop in his shoulders diminished still more his stature. But he was firmly knit, and capable of enduring great fatigue. He had dark eyes, and a thoughtful, pensive look when not engaged in conversation, but his countenance lighted up in moments of excitement, and in battle became terribly determined. His lips closed like a vice, while his brow contracted with the rigidity of iron. The tones of his voice were then haughty in the extreme, and his words had an emphasis in them which those who heard never forgot. That he was brave, even to recklessness, no one will doubt. He seemed unconscious of fear, and moved amid the storm of battle, and trod the deck of his shattered and wrecked vessel like one who rules his own destiny. I do not believe he ever entertained the thought of surrendering his vessel to any force. It was a contingency he was unprepared for, and he acted as if convinced that his own iron will and resolute courage could overcome every obstacle. Thus, in his fight with the *Serapis*, he was fairly beaten several times but did not seem to know it, and no doubt had resolved to sink with his flag flying. His boldness and success appear the more strange when one remembers what kind of vessels he commanded, of what materials his crews were composed, and the well-manned and ably-commanded vessels of his adversary. He would cruise without fear in a single sloop right before the harbors of England, and sail amid ships double the size of his own.

But with all his fierceness in the hour of battle, he had as kind a heart as ever beat. His sympathy seemed almost like sentimentality. To see him in a hot engagement, covered with the smoke of cannon, himself working the guns, while the timbers around him were constantly ripping with the enemy's shot; or watch him on the deck of his dismasted vessel, over which the hurricane swept and the sea rolled, one would think him destitute of emotion. But his reports of these scenes afterwards, resembled the descriptions of an excited spectator, unaccustomed to scenes of carnage and terror. He was an old Roman soldier in danger, but a poet in his after accounts of it.

Jones had great defects of character, but most of them sprung from his want of early education. He was haughty to his under officers, and frequently overbearing to his superiors. But his chief fault was his unbounded vanity. He would admit no superior, and hence never acknowledged that he received his deserts; and constantly pushing his claims, wearied out his friends, and sometimes disgusted his admirers. He was as bombastic as he was brave—a contradiction of character seldom exhibited. There was something of the charlatan about him, which reminds one frequently of Bernadotte, and he never hesitated to puff himself, and dilate eloquently on his own achievements. Out of this same vanity grew his inordinate love of pomp and display. In this respect he aped the nobles with whom he associated. But money was frequently wanted to carry out his extravagant notions, and hence he became unscrupulous in the means he used to obtain it. He was chivalric in his admiration of women

—writing poetry and making love to some one in every port where he stopped—and frequently became involved in intrigues that lessen our respect for his character. He was a restless being, and his brain constantly teemed with schemes, all of which he deemed practicable; and therefore became querulous and fault-finding when others disagreed with him. Many of his plans for the improvement of our marine were excellent. His restlessness grew out of his amazing energy—he was ever seeking something on which to expend himself, and this was the reason he joined the Russian service, after peace was proclaimed in the United States. It was this alone that carried him from his low condition, through so many trials, and over so many obstacles, to the height of fame he at last reached.

He was not a mere adventurer—owing his elevation to headlong daring—he was a hard student as well as hard fighter, and had a strong intellect as well as strong arm. He wrote with astonishing fluency, considering the neglect of his early education. He even wrote eloquently at times, and always with force. His words were well chosen, and he was as able to defend himself with the pen as with the sword. He now and then indulged in poetic effusions, especially in his epistles to the ladies; and his verses were as good as the general run of poetry of that kind.

Paul Jones was an irregular character, but his good qualities predominated over his bad ones; and as the man who first hoisted the American flag at sea; and received the first salute offered it by a foreign nation; and the first who carried it victoriously through the

fight on the waves, he deserves our highest praise and most grateful remembrance.

With such a commander to lead the American navy, and stand before it as the model of a brave man, no wonder it has covered itself with glory.

## XXVII.

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### THE BRIGADIER GENERALS.

It was my intention, at first, to give a short biography of each brigadier-general; but the number is so great, that I find it impossible to do so. Besides, there were many colonels in the army who performed more real service than some of the brigadiers. COLONEL LEE, for instance, was one of the finest officers in the American army, and accomplished more than half the major-generals; yet it would be hardly just to give a lengthened sketch of him, and omit other officers of equal rank, because they performed less. In their stations they may have fought and suffered with equal alacrity.

At Powles' Hook, where Lee surprised the English garrison, and took it with the loss of only two killed, and three wounded on his part—with his swift cavalry, as a portion of that immortal rear-guard which covered Greene's retreat through the Carolinas—at Guilford fighting with unsurpassed bravery—co-operating with Marion—at Eutaw Springs, and throughout the war, he exhibited all the qualities of a great and skilful officer. He stands prominent in the history of our Revolution, and one can hardly refrain from sketching his brilliant career. Hereafter perhaps, should it

be demanded, I may give lengthened sketches of all these noble men.

GENERAL SUMPTER, with his headlong courage—chivalric feeling, and lofty patriotism, is another character dear to the South, and to the country. At Rocky Mount, and Hanging Rock, and Blackstock's Hill, where he defeated Tarleton, with great loss; and throughout the vicissitudes of the Southern war, he fought bravely, and rendered incalculable service to the country. Fearless, decided, and untiring, his eventful life furnishes themes for the painter and poet, as well as matter for the historian. The stern and self-sacrificing patriot lived to be near a century old—dying in his ninety-seventh year.

GENERAL ANDREW PICKENS was another Southern officer of great merit, and at Cowpens, where he was a host in himself, and led on the militia to as gallant a charge as ever was made; and at Eutaw, where he covered himself with glory, he showed himself worthy of the trust reposed in him.

GENERAL POOR was also an efficient commander. At Saratoga, he advanced with his brigade on the English guns, in the face of a tremendous fire, and at length, after great efforts, drove the Hessians before him. He accompanied Sullivan on his western expedition; and at Monmouth, and on various occasions evinced the highest qualities of a general. His brilliant career was cut short by sickness. He died in the camp of Washington, in New Jersey, of a putrid fever, and the most imposing ceremonies honored his funeral.

JOSEPH REED was one of those rare men in the

world, who seem to combine the good qualities generally found divided among many. Polished, refined, brave, and of unsullied honor, he passed through the Revolution the friend and counsellor of Washington. Although he wrote with great fluency, and had an eloquent tongue, the short reply he made to Governor Johnstone, who wished to corrupt him, has immortalized him more than all he ever wrote or said. To the offer of fifty thousand dollars, and the best office in the colonies, if he would join the royal standard, he answered: "*I am not worth purchasing; but such as I am, the King of Great Britain is not rich enough to do it!*" Noble words, and constituting his best eulogy.

He had several horses shot from under him during the war, but never received a wound himself.

GENERAL CADWALLADER also ranked among the personal friends of Washington, and served as a volunteer beside him, at Princeton, Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth. Of his duel with Conway I have before spoken, in my sketch of the latter.

GENERALS GIST and SWALWOOD are coupled together, for they won together an imperishable name in the disastrous battle of Camden. They fought side by side also in the battle of Long Island, where the company of the latter was literally cut to pieces.

There never was greater heroism shown, than exhibited by them at Camden. After the battle was irretrievably lost, Gist, excited to the highest pitch, rode about amid the storm of fire, his handsome face lighted up with enthusiasm—and steadied his men to the onset with unparalled bravery. He and Smallwood were the rocks on which De Kalb leaned in that

dreadful hour ; and no wonder on his dying bed the latter dictated to them a letter of thanks. They were both splendid officers.

GENERAL HUGH MERCER, though a Scotchman by birth, and a physician by profession, was one of our best brigadiers. He served with Washington in the opening of his military career, and the two young men became warm friends. At Braddock's defeat he was so severely wounded through the shoulder, that he was unable to keep up with the shattered army in its wild retreat, and lay down behind a fallen tree. An Indian in pursuit leaped upon the log, and Mercer gave himself up as lost ; but the excited savage, in his eagerness to detect the track of the fugitives, of whom Mercer was one, never saw the wounded man at his feet ; and after gazing about a moment, sprang away. He lay here bleeding, and racked with pain, while the Indians were scalping the dead, and tomahawking the wounded. After their infernal labor was over, and the field was cleared, Mercer, parched with fever and faint from loss of blood, crawled forth, and succeeded in reaching a little brook, on the bank of which he lay down and drank. Finding himself somewhat refreshed by the cooling draught, he began to limp away on the track of the army. Night came on and found him, alone and bleeding, in the depths of the forest, and a hundred miles from a settlement. Halting every now and then to rest, he made but slow progress ; and it was evident he must die of famine, before he could reach the abodes of civilization. Pale and exhausted he stumbled on, thinking only of the slow and painful death before him, when he saw a rattlesnake in his

path. By a great effort he made out to kill the viper, and then with one hand succeed in skinning it. Devouring a part of it raw, he threw the rest over his unwounded shoulder, and pressed forwards. When the pangs of hunger overcame all other feelings, he would chew a piece of the rattlesnake;—and managing thus, finally made out to reach Fort Cumberland on the Potomac—though when he arrived, he looked more like a walking ghost than a living man.

He fought bravely at Princeton, as mentioned in the description of that battle. When he was wounded, he found that it was impossible to escape, and so surrendered; but the British soldiers, enraged at the three destructive volleys they had received, and the loss of their officers, paid no regard to his request for the treatment due a prisoner, and rushing upon him, knocked him down, piercing him with thirteen bayonets. As he lay with the blood gushing from every part of his body, one of the brutal soldiers exclaimed, “D—n him, he is dead, let us leave him;” and passed on. After the battle he was discovered on the field, and taken to the house of Thomas Clark, where he lingered a few days, and then died.\*

OTHO H. WILLIAMS, early taken prisoner in the surrender of Fort Washington, was afterwards exchanged for Major Ackland, and joined Gates, when he took command of the Southern army. He fought bravely at Camden, but he exhibited his greatest qualities as adjutant-general to Greene. Especially as commander of the rear-guard, in the famous retreat of the latter, his genius shone with transcendent lustre.

\* Vide Wilkinson's Memoirs.

Ney, as commander of the rear-guard of Napoleon's army, in his flight from Moscow, showed scarcely more heroism or skill, than did Williams in this retreat through the Carolinas. For self-denial, firmness, constancy, courage, and success, it stands unsurpassed. One cannot think of Williams, as hovering between Greene and Cornwallis, sullenly and sternly retiring, still keeping the enemy at bay, and holding his exhausted and famished troops to the trial, without the profoundest admiration. And then, his noble determination, when on seeing the still-blazing camp-fires of the main army, he thought it was overtaken, and resolved to fall with the fury of one bent on self-destruction, upon the foe, to arrest their progress—throws a flood of light on his character. No wonder Greene loved and trusted him.

But no sooner did Greene stop retreating, and assume the offensive, than Williams, with that same corps of brave men, became at once the vanguard, and hung threateningly on the retiring ranks of Cornwallis. Side by side with his fearless commander, he formed one of his chief props during that long unequal struggle; and in the last great battle at Eutaw, led on those matchless Marylanders in their terrible charge with the bayonet.

He possessed an almost faultless form, and presented a striking appearance on the battle-field. Cool and steady in the conflict, urbane and affable in society, he was at once a gentleman and a soldier.

ETHAN ALLEN has acquired a prominence in our Revolutionary history, not so much for the service he rendered, as from the sufferings he endured.

His successful surprise of Ticonderoga filled the

country with his praises. He had with him in this daring enterprise, two hundred and thirty men, though he took the fort with half of them. The following is his own account of the matter, after the troops had effected a landing : " The men at this time being drawn up in three ranks, each poised his firelock : I ordered them to face to the right, and at the head of the centre file, marched them immediately to the wicket-gate aforesaid, where I found a sentry posted, who instantly snapped his fusee at me. I ran immediately towards him, and he retreated through the covered way, into the parade within the garrison, gave a halloo, and ran under the bomb-proof. My party, who followed me into the fort, I formed on the parade, in such a manner as to face the barracks, which faced each other. The garrison being asleep, except the sentries, we gave three huzzas, which greatly surprised them. One of the sentries made a pass at one of my officers with a charged bayonet, which slightly wounded him. My first thought was to kill him with my sword, but in an instant I altered the design and fury of the blow to a slight cut on the side of the head ; upon which he dropped his gun, and asked quarter, which I readily granted him, and demanded the place where the commanding officer slept. He showed me a pair of stairs in the front of the garrison, which led up a second story in said barracks, to which I immediately repaired, and ordered the commander, Captain De la Place, to come forth instantly or I would sacrifice the whole garrison : at which the captain came immediately to the door, with his breeches in his hand, when I ordered him to deliver me the fort instantly. He asked me by what

authority I demanded it. I answered him, '*In the name of the great Jehovah, and the Continental Congress.*' The authority of Congress being very little known at that time, he began to speak again: but I interrupted him, and with my drawn sword near him, again demanded an immediate surrender of the garrison. In the meantime, some of my officers had given orders; and in consequence thereof, sundry of the barrack doors were beat down, and about one-third of the garrison imprisoned." The surprise was complete; and this strong hold fell without the loss of a single life. It was boldly planned, and boldly carried out; and Allen was looked upon as one of the chief men in the approaching struggle.

But his brilliant career soon terminated. Joined to the army of Montgomery, he foolishly suffered himself to be captured.

Allen was immediately put in heavy irons, and treated with the greatest cruelty. After being tossed about from ship to ship, he was at last sent to England, and lodged in Pendennis Castle, near Falmouth. In his vest and breeches of sagathy, short jacket on deerskin, plain shirt, worsted stockings, and red worsted cap, he presented a strange appearance to the English, and excited their curiosity almost as much as if he had come from another world. While here proposals were made him to join the British cause; backed by large offers of the land in the United States. To these Allen replied, that promises of and in the United States reminded him of Satan's offer to Jesus Christ, of all the kingdoms of the world if he would fall down and worship him; "when," said he, "at the same time

the poor devil had not one foot of land upon the earth." There are a multitude of anecdotes related of him, characteristic, whether true or not; and which correspond well with his original, strong, and independent character.

He was finally shipped to this country, and after undergoing the severest trials from the brutality of his captors, was eventually exchanged in 1778, and set at liberty. He was promoted to brigadier-general in his native state, but performed no military service. He lived but few years after peace was proclaimed.

Of the noble HUGER, gallant STEVENS, and SUMNER; of SETH POMEROY, the tireless patriot; the intrepid MAXWELL, TEN BROECK, LEARNED; of EWING, ARMSTRONG, PATTERSON, GRANT, GREY, BUTLER, EATON, LAWSON, FREEMAN, DICKENSON, DEARBORN, KOSCIUSKO, PULASKI, MCINTOSH, HUNTINGTON, WADSWORTH, the ill-fated NASH, and a host of others, my limits forbade me to speak. Brave men were they all, and deserved well of their country.

## XXVIII.

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### BRIGADIER GENERAL MORGAN.

A Wagoner in Braddock's Army—Receives five hundred lashes—Made Ensign—Severely wounded by the Indians—Narrow Escape—Becomes a Street Fighter—Joins the American Army—His Military Career—Becomes a religious man—His Character and death—Character and dress of his Riflemen.

PERHAPS no man performed more efficient service in the Revolution than Morgan. His riflemen became the terror of the enemy, and with his trusty band around him, he was a most dangerous foe to meet.

He was born in New Jersey, in 1736, of humble parents; and his early life is wrapped in obscurity. In 1755 he removed to Virginia, where he continued for a while to work as day laborer—and then turned wagoner. He accompanied Braddock's army, as a teamster; and for some offence committed against a British officer, was condemned to receive five hundred lashes—though, as he always jocosely affirmed, the drummer miscounted, and gave him but four hundred and ninety-nine.

Soon after Braddock's defeat, he received an ensign's commission in the army, and repaired again to the frontier. One day, in carrying dispatches from

one post to another, accompanied by only two men, he was suddenly attacked by a large party of Indians. Both his companions fell at the first fire, and he received a ball in the back part of the neck, which passed entirely through, coming out at the left cheek, and shattering his jaw dreadfully. He immediately fell forward on his horse, but fortunately had the presence of mind to seize him by the neck and hold fast. Believing himself mortally wounded, and thinking only of getting his body beyond the reach of the savages, he struck his heels in his steed, and darted away like an arrow. He was mounted on a noble animal, and was soon out of the range of the rifles ; but one Indian kept beside him, running at the top of his speed, expecting every moment to see Morgan fall. He had no time to kill him, for the horse was on a furious gallop, and it required the exertion of every nerve to keep up. Panting with fatigue, his mouth open, and his tomahawk in his hand, the blood-thirsty savage for a while held his speed—but at length exhausted, and finding the noble steed distancing him with every spring, he halted and threw his tomahawk. Missing his aim, he gave a yell of disappointment, and abandoned the pursuit.

Morgan reached the fort, but more dead than alive. He was taken from his horse insensible, and remained an invalid for six months.

After his recovery he returned to Barrystown, in Frederick county, where he evidently became a swaggerer and a bruiser. He was constantly engaged in fights ; and though sometimes worsted, never gave up the contest till he came off victorious. He kept this little place in

such a perpetual broil, that it became notorius, and finally received the cognomen of "*Battletown*." Still he did not appear to be ferocious in his disposition—it was simply a love of action and of conflict. He was industrious, with all his fighting propensities; and buying a piece of land, he settled down as a farmer, and was rapidly acquiring property, when the Revolution took place.

After the battle of Bunker Hill he immediately left his fields, and began to enlist a rifle company. So high was his reputation as a man of firmness, bravery, and withal judgment, that he had it complete in less than a week, and marched to Boston.

He commanded the advanced guard of Arnold in that dreary march through the wilderness; and after the fall of the latter in the storming of Quebec, took command of the column, and led it on through the driving snow-storm to the assault. His bravery and the account of his capture, are given in the sketch of Montgomery. During his captivity he was treated with kindness, and offered a colonel's commission in the British army, if he would join it. But, though Morgan had a rough heart, it was above meanness, and he rejected the proposal with a scorn and fierceness that prevented its repetition. After his exchange he joined the army, and received the command of a regiment. At the two battles of Saratoga he fought nobly, and his riflemen did terrible execution—yet Gates never mentioned him in his dispatches. The two, Arnold and Morgan, who did more for him than any others in capturing Burgoyne, were studiously neglected.

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After the surrender, Gates endeavored to corrupt him, and prejudice him against Washington, saying, that the reputation of the commander-in-chief was on the decline, and a change was needed. To this in famous attack on his integrity, the fearless rifleman replied: "Sir, I have one favor to ask—never mention to me again this hateful subject; under no other man but General Washington as commander-in-chief, will I serve." This severe rebuff so enraged Gates, that afterwards, when he gave the English officers a dinner, Morgan was not invited. The latter continued to serve in the field till 1780, when, broken down by his constant and great exertions, he obtained leave to retire for awhile to his home.

When Gates took command of the Southern army, he endeavored to induce Morgan to join it; but the latter bluntly told him, he had not forgotten his unjust treatment; and that no motives of personal kindness would prompt him to accept his proposal—the call of his country he would obey, but not that of a commander who had not the magnanimity to acknowledge the services of his subordinate officers—and they parted.

But soon after, Congress sent him the appointment of brigadier-general, with the request he should join Gates. He immediately set out, but the battle of Camden took place before he reached the army, and he was saved the mortification of participating in that shameful defeat.

When Greene superseded Gates, Morgan entered cheerfully into the contest; and opened that arduous, but glorious campaign, with the victory of Cowpens

This battle did Morgan infinite credit, both in the plan and management of it, and stamped him at once the able and skilful commander. But his career in the South was soon cut short by severe and repeated attacks of rheumatism, which so disabled him, that he was compelled to retire from the service altogether. The war soon after closing, he never entered the field again, except in 1794, when he was called out to suppress the insurrection in Pennsylvania. On his return he was elected to Congress. Broken down by disease, he served only two sessions, and then retired to his farm. In 1800 he removed to Winchester, where he lived for nearly two years a helpless invalid—he expired at the age of sixty-six.

Morgan was of gigantic proportions, six feet high, and of Herculean strength. His features were regular, and the whole expression of his face indicated decision and energy. Possessed of a strong mind, it wanted only the breadth and compass imparted by education, to have made him a great commander. But he was better fitted for movements on a small scale, and indeed loved a partisan warfare better than open field fight. He was no great disciplinarian, and relied more upon the affection of his troops, than on his own authority. He was a fearful man in battle, and fought with an obstinacy that nothing seemed able to overcome—indeed, he seldom was beaten; and even when defeated, *“his retreat was sullen, stern, and dangerous.”*

He exhibited a curious contradiction in his character—for, notwithstanding the utter recklessness he exhibited in battle, he was, when unexcited, nervously

afraid of death. He once said, that he would ageee to pass half his time as a galley-slave rather than quit this world for another." This, as in the case of Doctor Johnson, was doubtless owing to a strong religious tendency in his character, which would, now and then, exert its influence in spite of himself. Indeed, in the latter part of his life, he had many serious convictions, and spent a great portion of his time in reading the Bible, and in acts of devotion, and died a worthy member of the Presbyterian church.

His riflemen were the terror of the British, and no wonder; for, before their unerring rifles, officers fell with frightful rapidity. Their uniform was "an elegant loose dress, reaching to the middle of the thigh, ornamented with fringes in various parts, and meeting the pantaloons of the same material and color, fringed and ornamented in a corresponding style. The officers wore the usual crimson sash over this, and around the waist:—the straps, belt, &c., were black."\* This dress gave the riflemen a picturesque appearance as they moved through the forest. The precision of their fire was astonishing. Morgan had a curious way of collecting them, when dispersed, as was frequently the case, where each was accustomed to fight so much on his own responsibility. He always carried a turkey-call, a small instrument used by hunters to decoy the wild turkey—and when his men heard its shrill whistle, they immediately began to gather.

Our troops have always been distinguished as marksmen—owing no doubt, to their being accustomed to

\* Vide National Portrait Gallery

the use of fire-arms from boyhood. A large proportion of European troops never handle a musket till they do it on drill ; while most of our people can pick off a squirrel from a tree-top before they are old enough to become soldiers. The consequence is, that our fire is much more deadly—one out of fifty shots taking effect ; while but one out of every hundred is calculated to hit in European battles.\*

It is a curious fact, that notwithstanding the sparseness of our population at the time of the Revolution, our battles then were the bloodiest we have ever fought. At Bunker Hill we lost five hundred, to the British fifteen hundred. At Brandywine we lost, probably, over a thousand—at Germantown a thousand, the British nearly the same. In each of the two battles of Guilford and Eutaw, Greene lost six hundred. In the latter engagement, his loss equalled a *quarter* of his entire army. In the storming of Savannah over a thousand fell in a *single hour*. Such mortality in our battles with the Mexicans would stun the nation.

\* This is an average estimate—some say one out of two hundred in this country, and one out of four hundred in Europe, but all agree in the *proportion*.







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